

Raekwon The Chef, Nasty Immigrants

Intro: Raekwon

Yeah yeah, that's us
Hit me hit me hit me, I ain't got nothin to do with none of that
Besides, whatever
Louis Rich Diamonds (yeah)
12 O'Clock, Gambinos
Those crazy boneyard boys is back once again

Verse One: 12 O'Clock

It's nine-six I'ma bang you with some hits
In two-thousand six I got my son makin hits
A nine to five it's a job to survive
F--k the lies and connives and all them company bribes
I'm Family Ties for my seeds I'd die
I want the whole f--kin pie save them slice for eighty-fives
And besides, see I never had a million
Got beefs that got millions and in buy-outs worth billions
Knotty n-gga with a plan platinum jam
Found a million fans in the Lexus to the Lands
So whose the cat in the comfy black Ac?
As a matter of fact, I sick/six fingers I'm from fat
My projects be the livest that it gets
Watch me ---- back Tex and do murders in the backsteps
I want that b---h with a Lex, a house out in New Mex
She disrespect, she buys a Rolex
12 O'Clock sells you stock business
Drive in Benzes, see my dog were tremendous
In case I didn't mention
I'm killin your whole startin team and all them n----z on the benches
So please play your distance
I'm givin a sentence that pull more pain than a dentist
Most def, I'm professional
Twenty G's a show, Germany to Tokyo
Show me lies, suck my beach
I got fans in Puerto Rico that love what I throw

Chorus: Raekwon

Introducing these nasty immigrants
Who want to flinch, move on him he got bank like Merrill/Lynch
Styles recorded like a porcelain swordsman
So let RaZAh rip across your face, you're frosting

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Push this s--t out like nine months
Rock Swahali and suede fronts, get paid from n----z
lifestyle, like a knife in a child
Mail the brick out, Israel, mistrial, blowin like fish scale
Wu, dominate s--t majorly, flavorly
Jubilant cats they keep pagin me
Peace what's the signs ock?
Fruit of life like the apricot
Cocktails tossin em at cops on blocks
Park Hillian, drug hillbillies made billions
Get a gun, kidnap, eight nine Jimmyians
Yo, he had about this amount in his Swiss account
Gunnin this out we reminescs on this b---h's house
Back in time, was a bad fiend
Now I flex mad green get cream seven-fifty n----l gleam
Say hi to chocolate t--i f----d lives
Stop and analyze in eighty-five Hawaiian c--e flex three lives

Caesar Halfmoon, pardon my scalp
Buildin and breathin
You front I'll leave your ass bleedin and sweetened

Chorus

Chorus 1/2

Chorus