

# Raekwon The Chef, Yae Yo

We doing this baby,  
Oh shit!  
What the f\*\*k happened  
Nah man, Nah  
Nah this what I'ma do  
I'ma get on the phone one time  
Stupid, yo, ayyo  
Ayyo

Verse 1:

Why this shit ain't cooking up right  
Papi told me this is solid white  
F\*\*k it wrap it up take it back up  
Still in all it's a play out  
Tired of spending money  
Might get them niggas laid out  
Yo, yo Fernando sent me yo  
Stop acting hostile yo  
And yo don't point that shit at me  
Bad enough I gotta come in the crib  
Wid spanish niggas using languages and shit  
I'm feeling like a dick  
Left the crib wit my hand brolic  
This is some bullshit  
Might get knocked take the wrist coward  
Yo Fernando what happened?  
Shit cooking up backwards  
Light up a Backwood  
Don't make me backtrack  
Blew it dime it the llelo lay low  
Saying in my mind  
F\*\*k that papi gotta pay off  
Cash rules the Power-Wu chant it  
Yo Louis this ain't our product  
This is Carlos family  
Oh y'all wanna play me like a smoker  
Coming out my ice choker  
My man in the back, looking colder  
Papi yo why y'all wanna jucks me  
Yo listen B we got the best clientele since '83  
F\*\*k it, pull out the pot let's cook it  
Light the stove up  
Julie go to the store get some flour  
Sat back burning a big dutch  
With the crisp 18 shot glock, stashed in my nuts  
Poured it in the Pyrex sizzling  
Now it start drizzling  
Rainy day murder black won't miss him  
Still I'm yelling this shit is business  
But they still ain't gon' violate  
What I stand for wid these drizzers  
He took it off the stove run the water  
Trying to work me yo  
Knew I shouldn'ta hit the nigga's daughter  
He mighta showed more love  
Than went in the freezer  
Broke the ice down, pour it in  
We both looking at it on the twirl around particles grew  
Fly Khaluas is mad sliding Coronas through  
Feeling like Castro's cousin  
Gave them niggas all of my life  
All of my paper all my judgement  
It droppa only like an ounce worth

Should I just come out my shirt  
Go berserk and let the Macks burst  
Skate off body in the Bronx  
Same shit Gotti was on  
Shallah they gonna get your's play it calm  
Seventeen five was the total plus the five,  
Hundred for the cab driver that was rolling