Tash, Rap Life

(feat. Raekwon the Chef)

[Tash]

Uh, expensive things, diamond rings and things You know, rap life, rap life, say what, ah, uh

Rap niggaz, we dippin individuals Some of us be frontin, some of us is really criminals Swimmin in the women and money we never had, it's sad Rap could turn a good nigga bad But not CaTash though I gaffle respect with no hassle I'm still the same nigga, light skinded, curly afro Whats up though, I'm still the same nigga, a superfreak I blow a G a week, catch me burnin rubber up the street Rap niggaz, always smokin indo So everytime we puff, it's twenty dollars out the window But what is friends fo', we gonna blow that dough regardless My niggaz live the life and they ain't even rap artists Rap money, we get that shit and blow it We trick thirty G's and ain't got shit to show for it Let me get that case of Moet, let me get that CLK Let me get that ounce of bomb from my man from East L.A. Let me get that

[Chorus: Raekwon the Chef]

Rap niggaz get money, press up and get hundreds
Be like all them niggaz on it
Which side rock the most, it don't matter cause it get notes
Meet you on the left side of the boat
Coast, drivin it most, we like where them niggaz go
We like everywhere, party where the fans go
It's all rap hype, young black niggaz that's mad hype
Got ya station in a smash right

[Tash]

My Likwit niggaz made a killin

We dropped three albums and got the whole world dancin on the ceilin So I'm feelin like the villian that cracked that safe's combo My nigga had some hoes, I told him shoot em through my condo He shot em through, they peeped my CD through They startin askin questions, but fuck the interview What y'all really wanna do? They said, "Pop the Crist'" I said you like rap? Well wrap ya mouth around this! Rap niggas, young niggaz ballin We on the motorcyles doin ninety down my hall and with the gold chain swingin fallin to the street This rap life got us buyin shit we don't need We don't need the jet skis but let's buy em, just to try em We splashin out the Lex and got all the ladies eyein us now, and we don't fuck around with no wife Cause all my niggaz is livin the rap life

[Chorus]

[Raekwon the Chef]
First of all before we move on
Shit is like a Yukon son, slide shit on like Grey Poupon
Mergin in the suburbs, gettin raw with greenery herb
Real ill niggaz smack birds
Fat words showin proof how my gat work, go shoot, kill
Smack a blackbird, jettin in an Ac-hurse
Big Jim stay grinnin in a six spinnin it kid
Nigga who flex, lex threw ten in him

Stand posin blowin shit, coast from east and west
We rockin our vest, cannon might roast you
High powered hydrolic Eddie Bauer Rockwilder
Who wilder, slang bit niggas on the collar
Amp might blow, I might land, set up shop and glow
Shinin like a lamp post, my camp post
Cream leather green leaves forever
Goin to do whatever, corns and crab niggaz, they roll together
What up Tash, black hash, we invented the spaz
High like sixteen niggaz over ten bags
Real niggas gon ride, fake niggaz gon slidide
Check the next issue faggot in the vidibe

[Tash]

Rap drama, the drama never calms
I be on the celly phone trippin off my baby moms
Tryna make her understand I get paid to rhyme
I don't show up at your job, so don't show up at mine!
Cause there's no biz like shobiz if y'all niggaz ask me
Show money, that's like pimpin, cause we get it tax free
Catch a check for 33, cut straight from SRC
Take it straight to any counter, cash my shit with no I.D.
Rap women, they always be around us
Cause we from out of town and they be lovin out of towners
Wash up in motherfuckas like a T.V. evangelist
Cause they from where they from and we straight from Los Angeles
Rap money

(Rae) Yo, what up
(Tash) Whats up nigga
(Rae) What's goin on?
(Tash) Hey, whats up Rae, lets go half on a football team nigga, hehe
(Rae) Yo, I was thinkin about buyin two basketball teams
Whats up? What we gonna do?
(Tash) Hey, hehe
(Rae) Matter fact, we can do that. Lets do that

[Chorus]