

## Raekwon f/ Busta Rhymes

### "About Me"

Visit "[About Me](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro: Busta Rhymes (Raekwon)] Aiyo, Shallah, what up? (Yeah, you know how we do it) (Turn me up, kid, let's get it popping) Crazy, let's go get 'em killa (Yo Dre, good looking on this coke, man) (This shit is official) [Raekwon] Aiyo, it's back to business, making them diskettes, pushing sixes Rocking wild animals on jackets are sickening Hear me? From here to Rockaway to Cali, we flipped this Broad day, Chef'll saute, his lyrics is crispy Now I got Dre up in the kitchen, Rae stuck in position Bout to flame broil his coke and get busy What? Politics, pop collars and drive violent whips Stay fly, hungry and wise, you know the code, honor it Sit back, yelling it's nothing, unless his buttons get pressed We don't stress nothing, we only get dressed Stretched out, moving professional, frying more fish I heard it in slurs, them niggas is blessed While we ball to the maximum, give me the floor, for real I show off and let my money get stretched Take it to a new level, new bezzle, few rebels Few wolves with medals on, you know we get test [Chorus: Raekwon (Busta Rhymes)] Me, nigga, me, that's who, Cash Rule (Hah, better slow it down, niggas'll smash you, homey, uh) Me, nigga, me, pass through, rascals (Hah, half gorilla, half ape in them track suits, black, come on) Me, nigga, me, capsules, birds, whips Ounces and fifths (no licking the glass, duke, yeah) Yeah, yea-yea-yeah, yea-yea-yeah, yeah (yeah) I'm here, so it's there, yea-yea-yea-yeah, yeah [Busta Rhymes] Here comes the, a lethal presentation taking you places you never been Deadlier than the combination of coke and heroin I see the weakness in most of you niggas that be hollering So I toned it down, so these words be piercing your lower abdomen What I meant to say abdomen, keep on listening and following While I'm detecting a German, hateful niggas, chicks be swallowing And if you look funny to me, and there's a problem then I put you under an ultraviolet light or a halogen As if I was busy deciphering counterfeit dollars and Hoes in like some kind of Biblical figure, King Solomon Hah, just for the record, what we do is essential While I captivate the masses and keep the moments eventful Doc Dre, Bust,

Shallah Rae, see the vision? Most you niggas still in disbelief, just came into fruition now Pop the cork up off this bottle and you pour it So euphoric, document this moment, shit is so historic [Chorus] [Raekwon] King of kings spit blood, all on my apron Wash a nigga face with the mack, smoke 'em like Steak-umm's Yeah my dynasty's brolic for real, we hunt E, catch the rat Blow his waist, float in the stream You know we all-pro with it, anti auto-tune Boom, my flow fire, sit by the stove, hit it Real niggas, official as listeners, gangstas and visitors Step in the shit, we all prisoners Might take the hammer from you, know I'm the animal Rock a spur fur hat, no niggas in sandals, boo Everyday get money and dress rugged, these are the times Keep a nine on you, blow off in public And I will surely feed my niggas the streets Cop the hottest things to get, and haters they can eat and then preach And while it go down, worldwide, this the team, this the theme Me, Dre, Rhymes, my money makers is mean, what? [Chorus]

Visit [Raekwon f/ Busta Rhymes](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

---

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.