

Raekwon f/ Doo Wop

"You Might Die"

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[Raekwon] Yo, at night time, reflection from the mural
Federal bureau with ikes, did it all our lives We Swiss
bankers, cream making in Australia Floss whales, we
live, men, plus the son of the Mahalias Gold plated
horse with the wooden face, catch me up grace Iceberg
blanket, Queen Cheeba sheets The Giganti's, paparazzi
nazi, elbow money Invisible glaciers, laying over rastas
Let the stars know, the crescent is the blessing We
came here to show and prove, make moves, for every
dollar in the groove Rhymes that's imported, wore
platinum kitchens and shit Niggas gave bitches, most
got extorted [Doo Wop] Yo, aqua swiss iceberg wrist,
the chocolate swiss miss Love the Spanish kid, with the
Starburst twist Marvelous, with the '59, 50 fitteds,
matching the kicks That's crispier than Saint Nicolas
fish Do take, niggas slipping the disk, Wop and Rae
world premiere shit Like Sermon and Smith, homey, my
sermom is swift I got them powerful verse, that if This
was a church, the'll give a cripple person a lift And now
he cripp walking, I ain't just talking I do this thing often,
ask Kenyon Martin Last week, I gave his chain a bone
And told him, take this with you to Boston (the kid's
awesome) [Chorus 2X: Raekwon] From every borough
to borough, every castle to castle We connect, put it
down, and we ask you Real niggas rapidly past you,
mumbling, come on Standing right in front of the
building, son, nigga, you might die [Doo Wop] Yo, I
came across the Verrazano, to polly with Mr. Polly,
himself Plus I need a pair of wally's with the cheddar
melt Goat snake skin to coincide with the belt It's doe
or die, baby, like Sosa, hold your penny up high
[Raekwon] Aiyo, inkless colorless Aston, toast, nigga,
post One of the finest made taylors to sow My
medicine's growth, young popes, greatest of all time
Spoke, who drove off, had sixty horses on post It's
automatic magic, thirty kangols Understand, fabric
spray at faggots, close The legacy's dying, fakers
approach, hit him with the hater soap Clap at your
gators and snatch your hoe [Doo Wop] It's the 2 double
0 3, version of the Cold Crush And Force MC's, I'm bout
to force mc's To get their weight up, yo Rae, I'm a DJ,

and I'm still telling Rap cats, to step they game up, ain't
that some shit, playa? [Interlude: Raekwon] Hahaha,
yeah bulletproof armor tank shit, nigga P-9 material
only, real niggas, Sing Sing style Word up [Chorus 2X]

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