

Raekwon f/ Ghostface Killah

"Gihad"

Visit "[Gihad](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Raekwon] One-two (you got that?) Yeah, yeah (official) Let's go, silent king, (oh shit) the big park shit You know how it go, in them alleys (I'mma holla at you though) aiyo [Raekwon] Since rap got locked right before we visit the '90's Chef in the kitchen, cooking up with the crimey's It's late for a dime season, we bought the crib Next to Bill Clinton mother, cuz she fuck with the Chinese They hitting niggas with heroin, it's fourteen of us with beemers We won't stop pitching the Chevron It's packed, kid, black kid, don't know how to act They flashing macks, Gillette's, a couple of stacks, yo The systems is 'oopid', yup, shorty with the pumps on And dunks get provided and scooped, kid And bloodhounds is hating, they knowing how the kid get down Silent shotties with grenades, I'm waiting And everybody love vintage, you see like 4, 5 niggas With half moons and wave intentions (oooooh) What's really good? The 'dro hit 'em, killed 'em in the hotel Heard he had some old chick with him [Chorus: Raekwon] That's how we make it happen, that's how we break it down Hood all day, nigga, watch how we take the town That's why we do the do, just know who is who Acknowledge me all day, and understand Wu is Wu [Ghostface Killah] Yo, but on the other side of town it's Toney, laid up This white chick wanna gargle my nuts I put the Bailey's down, tap the blunt out, grabbed her by her hair Watch blondie love whip my dick out Spit dripping down my balls, she slobbering me That's right, suck that dick, get it hard for me Pyrex in one hand, large amount of grams and it rocked up And she pregnant, my little man got her knocked up He popped up (oh shit), I'm like a crooked cop Richard Gere, big smirk on, getting my cock sucked He pulled the joint out, a bullet spun out, but it was too late Already nutted on the side of her mouth Side of her face, and hair like Something About Mary I can't front, my son gun look scary, chill She's a whore, you knew it from the time we ran trains on her And you still went and fucked her raw Come on, son, give me the gun, you gon' kill me over this Bum ass bitch, you can't resist Remember Vel had her in the telly, taking the fist Watch how you aiming that shit,

you should be aiming at Trish She take a bone like a
rib-eye steak, your loose Christ' Yo, be easy on the
trigger, son, you squeezing the fifth I only did it just to
show you, she's the easiest bitch He came close, had
to duff him, nigga, give me that shit [Chorus] [Outro:
Ghostface Killah] Fuck a gun, muthafucka, I dare Pull a
fucking gun on me again, nigga I blow your little balls
off Go to store and get me a fucking forty Before I
smack the shit out you, man Word up, while you at it, yo
Go in the freezer, get a steak, man For your eye,
nigga, word up Put some bologna on your face or
something, nigga Make sure my forty cold too, when
you bring it back When you get back, bag the shit up,
nigga Word up, I don't give a fuck if you 25, nigga You
my son, nigga, word up, that's why I let you slide,
nigga Word, get you a forty too, and a pacifier, nigga
And a bib and a diaper...

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

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