

## Raekwon f/ Ill Bill

### "Brazil"

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[Raekwon] Wire cell frames on me, good Nike, yeah  
True, alotta chains on, this is how we do the thing,  
enlight me Clubbed out, bugged out, this is what them  
thugs bout Bust off shotties, knock niggas mother's out  
Rolling in them renters in winter, too much bones get  
bent up The saw'll eat up, your chrome for dinner We  
tasting VS's, very special Cognac since G.S.'s Now we  
leaning Louis sneakers and C.L.S.'s I'm far from your  
average rapper, yeah Shallah, hit with an actor Cutting  
through your time, then slap ya Yo, you see me on  
them Smack shits, all of my Skittles on In black whips,  
living comfortable in some glass cribs Word to Jabari,  
my junior, only two years old Swimming with the  
sharks, I'mma feed you tuna Your pops been a whale  
since jail Was taking niggas out to Brazil [Ill Bill] Where  
carnivale mamis is ill Take me to Paul Wall, buy me a  
grill I got groupies, buying me Gucci's and exclusive  
Nike's, it's real I stay biz in the kitchen with the Chef  
Rae-Kwiz It's easy five mill or I'mma have to take they  
kids I figured out how to rape the system, I made more  
than your album budget Off of a freestyle, on this  
mixtape, a hustler That understand dollars and cents I  
get blowjobs from runway models in France The rap  
Burt Reynolds, when I married the world troubles  
Producing earthquakes, turning ya stone hedge to  
pebbles The life we chose, the path we lead, ain't none  
of us'll See heaven, that's our own guarantee Never,  
rat on your friends, always keep your mouth shut The  
back of the Benz, put this in your mouth, slut I saw, I  
conquered, I came and I'm out Laid it out, all on the  
tonsils, then skeet in her mouth

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