

Raekwon f/ Ill Bill, Skam2

"Thousands to M's"

Visit "[Thousands to M's](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Raekwon] Yo, send all the workers up to five b
man, you know what time it is man Niggas did good
this week man, let's celebrate [Raekwon] Bottles of
crew, bagging in the living room, high noon Couple
rachets, snares, the razors and earmuffs Walking
joints, chirping niggas downstairs in the lobby
converting There's something next to live wires and
goons All in the sets hundreds to thousands,
thousands to ms Then tackle up the rims store, go and
buy timbs Hit the Popeyes, cops got eyes We breezing
through with nothing but fives Puffing herb, we gon let
the sun rise They don't know niggas is slinging,
what's the lingering? Niggas ain't fiends, \$400 jeans,
cooling like it's England Rather see me role in a hole,
rocking state jeans and sneakers Square sandwich,
juices and peaches Not right now dick, this is our valve,
we get down dick None of that clown shit, we built it
from a thou See straight watchers, my niggas sleep, all
of my unique poppers Legends from the eighties came
home, we got em eating poppers Take money, eating
steaks, being rude, feeding snakes This is what get us
all the planes and the eights This is my land like
Thailand, why? Cuz I control it and I own it, But some
say it's FBI land [Chorus 2X: Skam2] Now just gimme
that, don't make me take that The minute I'm finished
with it, I go straight back Re up and reload, keep up my
workload Homeboy this block is mine cuz I say so
(what) [Ill Bill] Violation of the fequent statue to cash
rules Cocaine is a hell of a drug, the fortune of
intelligent thugs We the ones that they write movies
about Beautiful pounds, got the best doobies in town
Shoot it the fuck out, wash money, wipe the blood off of
Benjamin's face Defenders of the faith, measure the
weight Forever by itself, reaping pleasure from pain
We the best in the game, hit you in the chest and the
brain Now move weight homie and expand like
Scarface Leave you hanging from the chopper like
Omar Suave Ill Bill, suicidal live ayatollah, keeps it liver
than Al Qaidia soldeirs Sign in the name of Allah
Jehovah Portable wars, the blowjobs never stop Freak
bitches won't stop, snocker till their nose pop Nose

candy enthusiast Bitches able to swallow an entire one liter bottle, abuser shit We super gangsta, accurately cruising for bangers Ya'll in the womb rappers, have to leave ya, remove you with hangers We move like a federation of terror Put you under the dirt, cus ain't no room in the equation for error [Chorus 2X]

Visit [Raekwon f/ Ill Bill, Skam2](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

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