

Raekwon f/ Postaboy

"Purple Jag"

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[Intro: Raekwon (Postaboy)] What up soldier? (What up playboy?) Yeah, yeah this is Shaolin reporting in (OK) Checkin' you out, I'm hearin' about Force Reveal (yeah, yeah) They said one kid, that's standin' real grown out there right now (I, go, by the name of Posta) That's my man! So, yo, son? (What up, Rae?) You know what you gotta do! [Postaboy] Aiyo, I don't give a fuck what level you on When the metal is drawn, either your life or your vessel is gone I don't really wanna hurt ya'll fags but I'm sitting on paper I got Universal mad, Raekwon in a purple Jag P.B. in a canteloupe Hummer with commercial tags Ya'll ask the chicks who wrap the bricks I'm out to give Harlem, a quick flashback of Rich I'm blow like C4, burn up B-More Layin' at Cheetah, next day in a G4 Think like a veteran, choppin' and measurin' Always got a way, but God got eleven in Little kids follow me, women, they acknowledge me New year, new rules, and a new policy Posta good, Posta hood, Posta real, Posta do what Posta could P.B. stay blowin' a sting When the girls give me a hug, they all smell the drawer in the mink Go line for line, dart for dart, heart to heart We layin' on top of charts See me buggin on Melrose, low top shell toes Suede addition, U.S. don't sell those Posta hot, Posta not, did Posta flop? Please get off of, of Posta cock [Interlude; Postaboy] OK? Ya'll little chumps roll out the red carpet For the Postaboy, man, I got Uncle Rae with me Raekwon the Chef, is in the building Might wanna holla! [Raekwon] Catch me at a Balley convention, sweater look, worth the money Auctionin' and buy me a building Matter fact niggas, might try to bubble in it You know, the X.T. Click, niggas fell in love with it Jumpin' out of Akademic jumpers, Nike pumps, jewelry down G'in' like Trump, sweetie, you drunk Position my thoughts, heavy loss Root for the Maybach, one for your girl, you write it off With the new color, only six made, we in the world, like Whatever we rockin', that's on the trade Whata's the verdict? It's murder, we preserve, niggas Automatic birds, hang gun hammers, grenades, got words on you Swerve on you, browsin', all through your housing Jakes stop me, try to take forty thousand

Playin' it kid, you won't make a thousand Yeah, the
Larry Davis version, force to build Shaolin [Outro:
sample] But now my time, has come And time, time, is
not on you side

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