

## Raekwon f/ Ultra "Rakim Tribute"

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[Intro: Raekwon]

Yeah, what, what, yeah  
Shout out the 18th letter, you know?  
Word up... we gon' do it like this  
And pay homage to the most livest  
Yeah.. yo...

[Raekwon]

I ain't no joke, I used to let the mic smoke  
Now I slam it when I'm done, give me my ten G coat  
To perform another song, cuz I won't let  
Nobody press up and mess up, the scene I wet  
I like to stand in the crowd, and watch niggas wonder  
Damn, then think about, then you wonder  
Clan, they just rag shit, rip shit, bruise shit  
Maybe that's the rap shit, I gotta prove shit  
Even if it's jazz or the quiet storm  
Now flip the beat up, convert it to a hip hop joint  
Write a rhyme and graffiti in, every show you see me in  
Deep concentration, swift like the beamer, kid  
Go with the crowd, while my lyrics spit flames  
I flow-tate the vowel, cuz it's all in my veins  
Another remedy, fly niggas is enemy  
Cuz I'm live as some rap niggas with energy  
Now do it, cuz I'mma put the nine on pause  
My sharks beaming, catch you on the side of the store  
Call your bluff, make you stare in my face, ya team  
suck  
Remember me? The one you got your ideas from  
How soon you start to suffer, until you get stuck up  
When you start to fuck up, that's when you get bucked  
up  
Bitin me, you think you dope, I smash your boat, with  
bad coke  
You should of wrote, because I ain't no joke

[Chorus 2X: Ultra]

It's been a long time, I shouldn't have let you  
Without a re-up to connect to  
Think of all the weak product you slept through  
Time's up, I'm sorry I kept you

[Raekwon]

I was a fiend, before I was seventeen  
I melt the microphone like blowing some evergreen  
It's all in the making, from where hip hop was  
originated  
Peace to the streets, the bubblers, mark & dated  
Cuz I grab the mic, now I say "yes ya'll"  
Ya'll yell 'scrape it', then I'mma say 'let's ball'  
Come on, cool, cuz I'mma get on rep  
Twist a 'dro on the speaker, pull the snub and then flex  
Back to them crabs, ya'll niggas had ya'll laughs  
And then I spaz on the rhymes I splashed  
From back to your brother gun, then I grab the double  
pump  
Then this the opposite, and ask if another come  
Cuz I'mma get busy, get dough with my team, yup  
I don't need a cigarette, know what I mean?  
I'm raging, rip up the stage and don't it amazing  
Cuz every line is laid in  
Caught up, thoughts are sort a, an addiction  
Bags of pies, smell of bricks, kid  
Vocals vocabulary, the stage is a suction  
The mic is a draino, volcanos erupting  
Lines overblowing, gradually glowing  
Every thing is written in the cold, slick & coin'  
Slide.. my thoughts'll glide  
Forty-eight MAC's and knives  
The invincible, microphone fiend, Raekwon  
Spread the word, cuz it's on  
B-E-R-E-A-L, a smooth operator with notorious crack  
sales

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