

## Schwarze Feen

### "Spot Rusherz"

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{\*street noise and a St. Ide's commercial play in the background\*}  
(these raps are best guess based on what's heard as Rae talks)

[Ghost] Who's the Wallabe kid, dressed down, could never be Son  
Ricochet daily hit the deli for a cold one  
May I be blessed yes? My rap is like a laser beam  
that blow between the bushes, St. Ide's and I the king of tings

[U-God] Crack the bottle of the St. Ide's, sippin it's real  
and thrillin will I, drink it and we only  
too be dope, you can't die, them peoples do lie  
And if the street don't know, you're full of slang cane pain

[RZA] It was hot, on the spot, so I jetted up the block  
I said, ock, I'm hot, let's go sit on the bay by the docks  
of the black, I'm fully packed, always got my Trojan  
Heads got bottles open, fill my cup till flowin

\*conversation\*  
All that good shit  
Yeah  
Knowhatl'msayin, you come in, you come in lookin  
flavorful  
Word  
Youknowhatlmean? You the whole shit of the whole  
night  
But I've seen it though, knowhatl'msayin? Like I seen it  
You know, my G is too futuristic for that shit,  
knowhatl'msayin?  
Word, did you try to get a little swerve kid on?  
Tried to man, youknowhatl'msayin, but she was come  
pullin off  
Word  
Word?  
Just come pullin off her as her drawers  
Worrrd

Fuck that bitch though, knowhatl'msayin? Shoulda, on  
the real  
Yo yo tonight feel like a nigga gonna get burnt  
Yeah yeah  
It's like you hear something tomorrow right  
Some like yo, blahzay blahe  
It's the wind, I'm tellin you  
Yeah yeah word  
It's the air, I can feel it  
It feel hot, it feel feel hot at night and shit like  
the sun ain't even out  
Yo the sun don't shine nobody, knowhatl'msayin?

[Lyrics: Raekwon the Chef]

Yeah  
One-two, one-two, nigga  
Line for line, line for line  
How we get down wit da rhyme  
Yo, it be a line for line, line for line  
This is how we get down  
Yeah, line for line, line for line  
This is how we get down

Yo! Can you feel me?  
Storytellin rap Magellan I ain't tellin  
Them niggaz ran in the spot for sellin  
Word up, pushed up, man got mushed up  
Seen him at a rap show actin like fat cat though  
Glasses gold, shinin like a real big boy  
This nigga had mega ice on Chips Ahoy!  
Cat surrounded, this political brown kid  
All out the wind yo, my man walked in  
Pullin mints out son had mad clientele  
Order me Cristal twice Kion, chill!  
Watch them niggaz, aiyyo that clique's from outta state  
They bubble weight in Far Rockaway with Blake  
Carrington  
You know the kid with the most doe-getters  
And terrors on fat shit clique they rock Lo sweaters  
That's my man, that's my man too  
Call him up on the strength of the Wu  
And watch me game, yo grab the cell  
I got a heist to pull off well  
At the end of the week, I'm buyin you a L  
Lexus nigga, I ain't talkin bout Hancock  
No time for weed plus no time to get locked  
That night, up in the staircase  
Cousin had me laced out, skeed all outta my face  
We gon' get dat cruchy chump for all of his lump  
Don't try to front, you was sweatin this Hilfidiger  
Guess who walked in - Abbott and his man from

Farragut

Confront him wit the Ruger on his back, walk in black

Where's your man, where's the sky blue Land at?

Stop playin Wu in the back, smacked him wit the gat

(Yo, money said he be here in fifteen!)

Stop lyin, wait for the Millenia green to pull up

He got the Donna Karen shit on, two rings

Six carats a piece plus the chain swing

Like anchors on ships flooded wit all diamond chips

Back pockets: two clips - four-fifths wit rubber grips

Layin, two bottles of brass I was slayin

Meditatin, red dot be waitin for my payment

Heard the key in the lock, cocked the glock

Turn the lights out, dip behind the couch

Kion, gag his mouth

Infra-redded his head when he entered

But a soft Perry Ellis leather with Dorinda

A friend of, Kion's wife, Kenya, the bitch larger than life

Yo, shorty be fuckin mad Columbian niggaz

Fuck it, get on the floor meet the black Lex Luthor

Stripped fast, the bitch had on Claiborne drawers

Yo Rae, you about to scrape her, chill Ghost

Thought for a second, turned around

Threw the nine in his meatloaf

Yo, where's the cash and the stash that's mixed?

I don't know!

Shot his hand, he started screamin like a bitch!

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