

Stenge-o-matic f/ Crooked I, Ghostface Killah, Raekwon

"Yes Sir"

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(Intro w/ Raekwon ad-libs) [Raekwon] No more rocks,
Rubber glocks homie Move here all I hear, Call the cops
on me Ankle gold straight for my chucks, Chevy truck
Good CD, I rhyme to every nigga wit ill weed We at the
cheeba house toast'n, Rhymes we roast'n a hundred K
All they say is Rae and Ghost shitted Mind frame
puzzled, Bezzle cost one million franks The Louie
luggage bordered in Brussels No he didn't, Harry
Winston watch, My time's limit I.C.S., The G kitted, We
fitted Making my way all through the garden Large
nigga respect, Yep, The Chef up, He kept calling
Counter move'n with my shorty, We both lizard down
Her neck, My ring blizzard down, Get up in the South
Cooling with the hood goonies The Mickey Rooney's of
the Project when mad logic step in the room [Hook:
Raekwon] (Yes sir) Where niggas rock mink coats and
carry a mink tote We got our bitches on mean boats
(Yes Sir) The money that come we spending it, Getting
it Don't give a fuck you get shot in the rented kid (Yes
Sir) Don't play with the Kings with blings on (Yes Sir) No
fake shit, Say the wrong thing and your team's gone
(Yes Sir) From killers and rap niggas who clap niggas
up What, Yeah but, Go get your little gats nigga
[Ghostface Killah] Yo this aint your average type boss
shit Steel pipes big enough to blow out your fausete We
car buying, Bar buying, Not to mention My wall got
flicks of me standing in the back of a large lion
Shearling on, Shirt chill burning my man up Style is
back up in this like P. and E. Sermon So what yall wanna
do these bars is French toast Sin City style I'm like Marv
in the trench coat Busting off arrows like Cupid The
truth is I got the mother load from my girl and booked
it Went to my cell shitted out then pooped it Sat broken
down twenty dollars for two sticks Uhh, I'm a hustler,
Yall my customers Broke niggas just wanna smoke like
a muffler homie It's Crooked I and the Chef, And of
course me Michael Phelps of this shit who wanna
endorse me [Hook] [Crooked I] If it's war I'm reaching
for the heat I got bullets the size prehistoric teeth
That'll bite you like the heater or the beef So I feed it
more to eat, To lead a boy your sleep Leave em leaking

on the street Then I'm creeping low, Discreet I'm the
reason for police when I'm squeezing on my piece Like
I be squeezing on your piece when she drinking on my
skeet She move when a gangsta say so She wanna pop
skittles, Wanna taste the rainbow You never know,
Crooked could be poke'n your Mom In _____ while
smoke'n a bong, The ultimate Don Closed mouth don't
get feed, I'm quoting you Psalms Closed fists don't get
bread, So open your palms Yeah, How can you not feel
that I'm on Rodeo with the top peeled back yelling
C.O.B. I took a vow of abstinence for ya sucker emcees
Which mean I swear to God none of yall fucking with
me, Uhh (Outro w/ Raekwon ad-libs)

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