

Wu-Syndicate

"Cash Still Rules/Scary Hours"

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Raekwon]

Shake them niggaz

Scary hours no money out, smash the Guinness Stout

Play the outfield, Lucille, switched cracks on shields

She's a rich fiend, sacrifice her fam, shift them niggaz

to Queens, Guess jeans she charged thirty-five beans

Hit the cell phone, regulate with well known tone

A Wally kingpin, who also slam and strike edition

Whattup, Corleone smoke the bone Tone phone me

Whattup he tried to slang there, address him with
chrome only

Grady with the gray beard, transport for him

Rockin Nike at? Rastafarianburg, pipin that

Switchin Benzes, ten carat nigga with gold lenses

Frontin like he's sittin on a lump he's sittin on junk

You wanna pull a heist, draw guns and robberies

You wanna rock rep, step in yellow Wallabies

Names arraigned, the century fox, little glocks

Them niggaz with stocks, wail on your blocks

Rich lifestyle, small like an ordinary white child

But right now, Son is still shine, shed light now

Breakdown, liquidate God, fuck it grab the nickel plate

Spencer for Hire, tension when we mention Dryer

He's a slave cop, behave pop

Blue suits who bay stop us blow that cat

at the Purple Haze spot

[Method Man]

I remember stickin fiends at the one-six-oooh

when we was starvin, duckin five-oh, payin em dues

Times is hard in the slums I'm from, they got us barred
in

We warrin and cage dodgin, rippin and robbin

Got the NARC sabotagin, slippin cracks in

your camofloughin, now you snitchin on the squadron

That's somethin niggaz can't pardon

City overrun by young gun with bad intention, and Wu-
Wear garment

So I see no need to mention, the potency

of a sting from a killa bee, kickin the battery

out the back of them wisecracks

Distorted for your get high you hijack
These friendly skies ain't for you, they for me and mine
This the year of the grimy nigga, ragtime
Keep these niggaz on the run, peep my Clan emblem
Iron Lung ain't got to tell you where it's comin from

Catch us swimmin with these sharks now, you rap
villains
(I feel the same way you niggaz feelin)
We feel the same way you feelin, let it be known (let it
be known)
together What the blood clot you niggaz dealin, you
crash dummies
Cash rules, still don't nuttin move but the money

[Ghostface]
Aiyyo strongarm that kid right there with wavy hair
Billy Johnson, snatched him out his whip in Times
Square
Took his Pumas, nameplate, dude lost weight
Summer eighty-eight, started a fight, that can't wait
Ask Dorothy, same kid pussy up in Marsey
Blazin that Tad Rossi, up in the Marquis
He lost like a hundred ounces, Jake rushed his houses
Had him on the porch, ass no trousers
This souped up, individual stuck, the new stuff
Same kid cryin on the stand with Judge Cuffner
Kissed him with art num it's three to nine style
Before he left he flashin his face like Denzel
Richard Dale took his Beaver, off the wall pullin his whip
Mussy dropped and split his wig with the heater
His safe butt was all fucked up, as he had me laughin
God you see how he was laid out, in the grass
with dirt in his mouth, Slim woke him up told him he
wild out
Blood leakin from his teeth he smiled like he gunned
out
Big bolo, stackin his shit financed a Volvo
He copped his shit from a small, coffeeshop in SoHo
He still pussy, he sell his dust up on the Lower East
Posin like he rappin out

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