

Raekwon f/ Ghostface Killah, Method Man "New Wu"

Visit "[New Wu](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Raekwon] Uh-huh, what up son? Yeah
Maintaining, maintaining, you know? You good, right?
Everything proper, still, right? Of course, come on,
man, what's the matter wit you, man? Ain't nothing, I
just want us to be on [Chorus: Method Man] Tell a
friend, it's that symbol again, that W Coming through,
bust a shot on your block, give me a suu Get it right, all
my chicks hold ya tits, let's get it in All my niggas take
a toke off this weed, let it begin Here we go, yo, ya'll
already know what it do Brand new, nigga, back from
the slums, it be the Wu Now throw ya W's up, back from
the slums, it be the Wu [Raekwon] You know how to
dress a lad, get rocked, hundred bags, black doorags
Ski masks is on, g-rags Nigga try to take pictures,
relax, still in the grass You'll learn respect, burst when I
ask Rhyme master busy, Rizzy on the subject Love
Deck, thug buried, drug vest, snub sets, killing the
most Night time toast, gorillas in boats, three boats
Realers is killa, gangsta feel notes Hibernation yo,
switch up, liver nation, fly information Vivid vacation,
deliberation moments Move like '91 Romans, cloning
everything Gents only, the rent's on the stove, I'm in
Rome Maxed out, Amex style, my team brand bandits
Make a move and get blown off the planet, baby Hold
that cannon, just understand we got the whole shit
Padlocked down, my niggas won't have it [Chorus]
[Ghostface Killah] Aiyo, jumping out of Benz wagons,
my family live in the Hill They call us Bin Ladins,
laughing, turbaned up Niggas get murdered up, these
streets is like radio beef So watch how the kid turn it up
Bulletproof tuxes, knuckle games is clarkers and
busters Eighteen niggas, bringing the ruckus Flame
throwers on our backs and shoulders, the rusty joints
still work The trey eight'll blow one of your doujas When
it's mad, he the mad calm, walk around Gold collect,
36, so before G bomb My inner strength flowing, I
mastered chi kung Ya'll Planet of the Apes, standing
next to King Kong Forensic file, ultraviolet hype, sky
blue Bales Laying niggas like ceramic tile I'm like
Urlacher, beasting at the top of the pile Laying niggas
in the nuts, nigga, damn I'm foul [Chorus] [Method

Man] We blow money, got game, hold it, we pop things
Vote for money, crams in my pocket, Chef cook for me
Blue Magic bundles, I'm dope, but on the humble I'm a
good dude, don't short change me, seen as a hood
dude Beer drinkin', Cuban Linking, new way of thinking
God me thinking up, break the handcuffs, run out the
precint This is hard body, hard knocks, if you pushing
that hard rock Then let these niggas go off top We rock
fitted, dropkick it, I lived it and not quit it I'm pinching,
my pops lift it, need business, I'm not finished I'm
sniff too hot wit it, you bitching, the plot thicken I'm
shitting the glow, spitting, if nigga don't stop snitching
Just what the block missing, the two-seater wit the top
missing And two divas wit they tops missing Now that's
living to me, I'm what these kids is killing to be But I
don't want my children to be [Chorus]

Visit [Raekwon f/ Ghostface Killah, Method Man](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.