

## **Raekwon f/ GZA, Masta Killa, Slick Rick**

### **"We Will Rob You"**

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[kung fu sample] Who the hell teaches you kung fu?  
Your master must be an ignorant idiot as well! [Intro:  
Slick Rick] (Uncle Ricky, would you read us a bedtime  
story?) Nah kid, but I'mma give you one them old  
Raekwon crime joints Feel me? We will, we will... We  
will, we will -- here we go [Raekwon] Well it was late one  
night, walking through the park With my leathered  
down coat and wallabee Clarks Getting my step on, big  
shit, big six, big wrist So much excitement in the air, I  
was crisp Money suitcase, Louis joint (yo, Rae, I'mma  
get some shit just like yours!) Go make it happen, black  
God and get rich Saw the D's fly by, in a New Yorker,  
yup, tints and shit They made a right on me, them last  
two dicks Know I seen 'em, Max loaded, jog right back  
to the car They spun around again and blast they shits I  
dropped a Backwood, a puff and then a 6-4-5 You'se a  
live nigga, you almost smashed yo shit I'mma don my  
way out the bitch, moving through the car Nice and  
slow, two hoodies on and a golden pit Nigga had a  
white eye, they both blacked down What's the clown  
shit for? The dog jumped in the whip It was a trained  
one, wops pointed at me (yo, nigga, freeze) [GZA] I  
told the Chef Raekwon, pump the breaks Slow it down,  
you know these C-Cypher Punks scanned your plates  
Release the seatbelt off the shoulders, a mile ahead  
Then the vibe got a lot colder when the marksman said  
"Black niggas in the Jeep, get the fuck out the car" "Put  
your hands where my eyes can see or suffer a scar" He  
was a veteran, who kept, pepper spray in the cannister  
Donut shop lounge, thirty eight brandisher On top of  
that, the blunt smoke just rang a bell Of his bloodhound  
who had an acute sense of smell Beef tripping, saliva  
dripping from razor sharp teeth That was pointy as the  
daggers of the Indian Chiefs Same cops known for  
exorting pimps and booking whores Aimed glocks at  
me and Rae, cuz they was looking for A few MC's  
wanted for a string of break-ins Last seen, wearing  
long minks and snakeskins [Chorus: Slick Rick] We will,  
we will, rob you We will, we will, glock you We will, we  
will, what? who? (not you) Here we go... [Masta Killa]  
You know my Clan done ran from Japan to Atlanta With

stamina, peace to Chef, Mr. Meth Move it on your left,  
with the Iron Lung breath Ghostface Kill', U-G ill Deck so  
real, Dr. Ason Unique, the medic Ahh, Allah Just, The  
Abbott, ya'll niggas can't forget it You might catch a  
Cap if your shit ain't Street Allah Mathematics make the  
cypher complete See knowledge is the foundation of  
existence To know starts the spark of the flow Wisdom  
activation of the Nation moving Wise words, show and  
prove or understand the 13 letters And the Masta,  
culture be the way of life Freedom is reward, who will  
pay the price for the power Spending hour after hour,  
preparing his self For the hour, now look how refined  
When the mind and body is one, every part of me  
Supreme equality, manifest the nature of self G-O-D,  
now build and add on to the truth Destroy the bullshit,  
born incomplete

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