

## Scorpions

### "Nasty Immigrants \*"

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Intro: Raekwon the Chef

Yeah yeah, that's us  
Hit me hit me hit me, I ain't got nothin to do with none  
of that  
Besides, whatever  
Louis Rich Diamonds (yeah)  
12 O'Clock, Gambinos  
Those crazy boneyard boys is back once again

Verse One: 12 O'Clock

It's nine-six I'ma bang you with some hits  
In two-thousand six I got my son makin hits  
A nine to five it's a job to survive  
F--k the lies and connives and all them company bribes  
I'm Family Ties for my seeds I'd die  
I want the whole f--kin pie save them slice for eighty-  
fives  
And besides, see I never had a million  
Got beefs that got millions and in buy-outs worth  
billions  
Knotty n-gga with a plan platinum jam  
Found a million fans in the Lexus to the Lands  
So whose the cat in the comfy black Ac?  
As a matter of fact, I sick/six fingers I'm from fat  
My projects be the livest that it gets  
Watch me ---- back Tex and do murders in the  
backsteps  
I want that b---h with a Lex, a house out in New Mex  
She disrespect, she buys a Rolex  
12 O'Clock sells you stock business  
Drive in Benzes, see my dog were tremendous  
In case I didn't mention  
I'm killin your whole startin team and all them n----z on  
the benches  
So please play your distance  
I'm givin a sentence that pull more pain than a dentist  
Most def, I'm professional  
Twenty G's a show, Germany to Tokyo  
Show me lies, suck my beach

I got fans in Puerto Rico that love what I throw

Chorus: Raekwon

Introducing these nasty immigrants  
Who want to flinch, move on him he got bank like  
Merill/Lynch  
Styles recorded like a porcelain swordsman  
So let RaZAh rip across your face, you're frosting

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Push this s--t out like nine months  
Rock Swahali and suede fronts, get paid from n----z  
lifestyle, like a knife in a child  
Mail the brick out, Israel, mistrial, blowin like fish scale  
Wu, dominate s--t majorly, flavorly  
Jubilant cats they keep pagin me  
Peace what's the signs ock?  
Fruit of life like the apricot  
Cocktails tossin em at cops on blocks  
Park Hillian, drug hillbillies made billions  
Get a gun, kidnap, eight nine Jimmyians  
Yo, he had about this amount in his Swiss account  
Gunnin this out we reminisces on this b---h's house  
Back in time, was a bad fiend  
Now I flex mad green get cream seven-fifty n----l gleam  
Say hi to chocolate t--i f----d lives  
Stop and analyze in eighty-five Hawaiian c---e flex three  
lives  
Caesar Halfmoon, pardon my scalp  
Buildin and breathin  
You front I'll leave your ass bleedin and sweetened

Chorus

Chorus 1/2

Chorus

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