

## **Raekwon**

# **"Clientele Kidd"**

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Straight up, last minute, you know what time it is?  
Word up, yeah, yeah, yeah  
Word up, word up, blip blip blap blap blap  
What up?

Who don't know? They don't know, betta let 'em know  
There they go, here we go  
Who don't know? They don't know, betta let 'em know  
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Aiyo, aiyo Clientele Kidd layin' in the crib gettin' ill  
money  
Those who 8 hours get gig got rugby's on and 4/5ths  
Attractin' them niggaz I go against, the money was his  
One nasty unit of murderers, all type of Goons'll watch

Then four minutes later they burglars  
I heard from the grapevine mine made it  
Elevate the name up, this gift gotta reign and his game  
went up  
And now he's stronger than ever, Nike jackets and  
Classics

Go against it and it's instant vendettas  
He run things, gun down kings  
Check the joint, the kid flyin' in  
Crib in Africa with two lions

Somethin' like the prince of a jewel thief, so smack the  
millions  
Came back, wrapped it up, too sweet  
The game is missin' somethin' unique  
I put too much to fall back on, I rather just sleep

(Chef)  
We designin', rhymin' with Diamonds  
(Chef)  
Ice Water, it was all in the timin'  
(Chef)  
He gave y'all niggaz bricks on consignment  
(Chef)  
To the death and he Billboard climbin'

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Yeah uh, yo Don Carta' bomb harder over nearly  
everybody  
Very rarely you find me without the mini-shotti  
Just waitin' for Rae to give me the cue and  
You see about 100 Puerto Rican niggaz shootin'

Nigga get down, lay down, we don't play around  
I don't know what you heard but we don't play around  
It's cooked coke but look, but what the fuck happened?  
How you leave the dope game to pursue rappin'?

Already knowin' that ya shit was trash  
Breathin' hard on the mic when yo' click is ass  
All we tryin' to do is bring dignity to rap  
And you kiddin' me? I'm literally the epitome of that

Uh, we much better than y'all, Terre-error the Squad  
My niggaz set it when we get in the yard  
Whether Marcy or Comstock, triggers 'pon cock  
Straight punch in ya lung and you niggaz gon' drop  
What?

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Yo yo yo, shoot him in his mouth

Fuck him, get the gasoline tell Terry to pull the act up  
Bring him to Rae warehouse, hang him from hooks  
then skin his ass  
As lame as he look he ready to cook

And he pleadin' for mercy, bleedin' from his dome and  
he thirsty  
The first week we made him eat shit  
Videotaped his wiz and I fucked his bitch  
Made him watch me on the couch havin' fun with his  
kids

So now what hurts more? Is it me showin' love to ya fam  
Or you in the box laid under the floor  
Or keep you alive blow torchin' ya balls?  
My murder chainsaw, ya bloods on my Scarface walls

Not even Ajax can clean that, Jack  
We need that maintenance man shit that kill  
That greasy blood on contact, finish you off 'cuz I'm  
pressed for time  
Your man and 'em will be next to die, motherfucker

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