

## Raekwon

### "Die Tonight"

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(Intro)

Yeah, yeah!

What up, son?

Oh, word?

You fuckin' with her, right?

Uh, that bitch is crazy, B

She do anything, nigga

That bitch eat cookies in the bed and all that shit, man

Be careful, man - word up, man

Aight?

Hold it down, hold it down, one

(Verse 1)

So when it's over, we demandin' our weapons

Stop, cock, shoot - now I'm in the Ghost of  
perfections

Smooth Willie chillin' with his Spartans

Park in front of your bitch, squeeze her tits, move  
aside, pardon

Paid niggas don't talk, just straight to the bar

Buy the whole shit out, then light up a bark

Colorful kings, wardrobes is different from yours

You don't want no beef, better take it to Moe's

Put the drink on the side and said "what?"

My mans with the turban on mouth froze, y'all niggas  
is fucked

He was my son out of Gun Hill, I know him through Tek

If it's the last thing we do we gon' get at his neck

Bartender give me the check, keep him right here, I'll  
be back

Now everybody knowin' I'm connected

Hopped in the Seven, left 57 on my wools

This is personal... niggas don't fret

(Hook)

One more man gon' die tonight

One more hand gon' rob tonight

If it's a M on the table I'm down

Yo, don't be yappin' off at the mouth

When niggas don't see through the round

One more man gon' die tonight

One more hand gon' rob tonight  
If it's a M on the table I'm down  
Yo, don't be yappin' off at the mouth  
When niggas don't see through the round

(Verse 2)

Eatin' Kentucky Fired, lucky guy, him and his kid  
From the first bite a bullet would've flew through his  
wig  
Beast move, chill, wait for the kids  
Older nigga not that stupid - I see the gun on his rib  
Fuckin' catch him by the crib, yo, he live with his whiz  
She the bow-legged stripper bitch we fingered and  
lived  
For a buck she will guzzle your kids  
And let you kick it to him, pour a Heineken up in this  
shit  
This wack-ass nigga frontin', he actin' all bitch  
Behind the walls, niggas pissed on him, gave him the  
biz  
Just a tough guy frontin' - 'cause he famous and shit  
Back in '89, baby crimes, rapin' some shit  
We should've killed him then...  
He dusted, look at his piff  
I should've milked him right there and then  
Fuck it, son - yo, guzzle the gin  
Let's make the movie occur, then blow up in the spur,  
yellin' "win"

(Hook)

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One more hand gon' rob tonight  
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