

## Raekwon

### "Lead Season"

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(Intro)

Yeah

Talk to me, man

Word up, man

Park that thing over there, man

Yeah, all that inside is marble, nigga

Take me over there and give me three White Owls,  
nigga

Word up, man

Yeah

Give me that shit, man

Let's go, nigga

(Verse 1)

Park the Red Baron Beamer in the back of the cleaners

Â'LaxinÂ' with a army, gun team of meta Yinas

And my blow like Floyd Landis

The chain I wear is skinny, baby, but the weight 80  
grand

JumpinÂ' out of solid shit, rugby marathon

This the raw paragon, smoke with Agallah

Flow is designed for the Ghost

But I don't want if it's not biting the head off

Come see me slap a don

Great, take me and the connect with the crimies

Back when me and Flex kidnapped the 90s

I was king, call me Luther Lebron

Make a dream team appear, courtside seats in them

Karmas

Known for my get-down and fly wear

It's usually my eyewear that make me buy up  
everything, bong

I'm an old Fila king with wings on

C-card night suit, sharp A, gold-faced Milan

(Hook)

We gettinÂ' bread in the building

Niggas gettingÂ' money, quick to spread in the  
building

Get lead in the building

Bosses don't bite they write checks

I want the nigga head in the building, get fed in the wilderness  
We gettin' bread in the building  
Niggas getting' money, quick to spread in the building  
Get lead in the building  
Bosses don't bite they write checks  
I want the nigga head in the building, get fed in the wilderness

(Verse 2)

Aye yo, full linen goose down to the Timbs  
The gems is coke boy money, lay in the 700 Benz  
Blowin' cheeba, dumpin' ashes  
The class of last year, that'll throw your head through the glass  
.45 all diamonds in it, grimies did it  
Chinese killers'll jump out and give it  
I will post in the New York Post  
Blueberry Ghost, use steady motion when I'm aimin' my bitch  
We young niggas who die hard, fly, ride hard  
Soft-top, that means to push your head off  
I be famous but my bodyguard Spanglish  
It's all miscellaneous, ain't nobody tellin', it ain't a issue  
Fakes get cakes with bombs in it  
Coolin' in the velvet room, pullin' mad pussy, I'm born with it  
Yeah, boo, the texture is cashmere  
I'll beat your man up, drop 500 and blow and smash gears

(Hook)

We gettin' bread in the building  
Niggas getting' money, quick to spread in the building  
Get lead in the building  
Bosses don't bite they write checks  
I want the nigga head in the building, get fed in the wilderness  
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