

Raekwon

"Luxury Rap"

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[Featuring: Fred the Godson]

[Verse 1: Raekwon]

This the Terrordome, where niggas get tied up,
Berretta blown
Or whip the vanilla 200X lebanon
Doofie gauge, 38s, 300 rebels strong
Out in Grenada, chilling snow pebbles on prosperous
Hugh Heffâ€™s fucking?
Favorite color purple, we would circle the jets
He talk base, in a I-8 racing clear doors we face
In life, in trying to get away from these whores
Or rolling uptown in gambling stores
Stealing clothes in Macyâ€™s, running out with like
five, six Valores
Thug couple Rugby boys who get fly and break jaws
And take papes the stakes is yours

[Verse 2: Fred Da Godson]

Rae told me victoryâ€™s unexpected
They hating on my chain, misery from a necklace
See my YouTube and hear me spitting, know Iâ€™m
reckless
First nigga ever selling metaphors on Craig's List
Fresh shit, we on it, no matter what the joint
You the Hornets, you lost Chris Paul, whatâ€™s your
point?
I could spit a freestyle and be on
This beat feel like I should rhyme with some Wallabees
on
I would wrong if I told everybody get your weight up
But back to the real shit, that wave up, phase up
If he owe me dough, I hope that he pay up
Hand on that trigger when that finger roll heâ€™ll lay
up
Wait up, itâ€™s just homicide humor
I couldâ€™ve bodied you sooner
I just provided the rumor
Whatever he rhyiming on, Iâ€™ll bring it to you
Iâ€™m a phenomenon, Travolta with the tumor

[Verse 3]

Blowing exotic kush, watermelon flavor, no seeds
Burn it by the O-Z, imported from O-T
Export it from T-O, salute to the OG
Flips is high risk, but the moves is low key
Young hustlers, dreaming about awards and tours
The world is ours, and any store accepting the credit
card
Bought her: fly boosters, designer shades, and all that
Hit it in the back, then fell back in the callback
I'm busy chasing paper on the cash rule major
All we do is see numbers like an old school pager
Double your wager, we busy clocking like Flavor
Time waits for no man, man don't be a hater
Land of opportunity, keep your mule and forty acres
I'd rather forty mill and own a piece of the Lakers
Dancing with devils, and two stepping with saints
We young, black, and getting it, everything that you
ain't ever

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