

## Raekwon

### "MTV Cribs"

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[feat. Busta Rhymes]

[Intro: Raekwon]

Ladies and gentlemen, welcome to the most  
extravagant flashy lifestyle  
Of the wealthy and comfortable. I'm a be your host  
tonight  
We gonna be exhibiting the fly palace of my brother  
Raekwon the Chef's  
Nineteen thousand square feet deluxe villa. Let's walk  
inside

[Verse 1: Raekwon]

Hey yo, Pyrex vision, gangster intermission  
Snow fishing over the stove, frozen glisten  
Wall unit 360 spin, see the digital gym  
There's the watch rack, right near the brims  
Frigerator see-thru, walls got a different type texture  
Peeped out the sectional true  
Vodka mugs, Ace of Spade rugs, Louis cups and  
candles  
Fila forks, gold Kangols  
Travel over here, priceless lights  
Tub full of ice  
Granddaddy pinecones, leather bikes  
Gear junkie, monkey Timbs blunt me  
Yeah, kinda sloppy - my maids, they be coming in  
monthly  
Silk towel, red leathers, green hats, mean sweater,  
jeans  
You should let us be your stylist, get you better  
Octagon mirrors, box of sneakers  
Louis, Gucc, Nike, Clark, Avia I bought in Peru  
Yeah, plasma toilet, go go Gadget stuff  
If I gotta squeeze, running out of time  
This automatic button right here blow the house down  
I'm walking slow in my fire jumper  
Tom Ford and Bloomberg got too  
Polo drawers, go blast your door  
Cover girl sent, tap it in the toilet seat

[Interlude: Raekwon]

Yes, ladies and gentlemen. These are the most exotic  
Illustrious mansions in the world. We will step inside  
My nigga Bussa Bus next level, tri-dimensional sector  
of his  
Exclusive imported ceramic style-slash-frontier shit. Mr.  
Bus

[Busta Rhymes:]

Yo

[Raekwon:]

Can you walk us through the front, sir?

[Verse 2: Busta Rhymes]

I welcome y'all to my crib  
The fortress of I self, lord and master  
Crystal chandeliers looking like satellite dishes from  
NASA  
Yeah, you niggas is bugged  
Shoes forbidden in the crib, especially on my Alaskan  
polar bear rugs  
Pictures with billies and parties out in Ibiza  
Living room floor laced with imported marble from  
Indonesia  
High ceilings, eighteenth century paintings is basic  
With litters of money, many casinos in the basement  
A million letter way a nigga parlay  
With money to wrinkle your face up like a Shar Pei  
Limited box of cigars from diplomats in Cubana  
Rare art of Basquiat feeding fruit to Madonna  
Copacabana, I'm a celebrate til they respect a  
Success story with trucks unloading imperial nectar  
Too many whips, I built a valet  
Hundred thousand dollar drapes  
Dancing and swinging like a ballet  
I showed you all enough to where this shit's a hassle  
I'm sorry, your time is up, niggas - now get up out my  
castle

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