

Raekwon

"Purple Jag"

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(feat. Postaboy)

[Intro: Raekwon (Postaboy)]

What up soldier? (What up playboy?)

Yeah, yeah this is Shaolin reporting in (OK)

Checkin' you out, I'm hearin' about Force Reveal (yeah, yeah)

They said one kid, that's standin' real grown out there right now

(I, go, by the name of Posta)

That's my man! So, yo, son? (What up, Rae?)

You know what you gotta do!

[Postaboy:]

Aiyo, I don't give a fuck what level you on

When the metal is drawn, either your life or your vessel is gone

I don't really wanna hurt ya'll fags but I'm sitting on paper

I got Universal mad, Raekwon in a purple Jag

P.B. in a canteloupe Hummer with commercial tags

Ya'll ask the chicks who wrap the bricks

I'm out to give Harlem, a quick flashback of Rich

I'm blow like C4, burn up B-More

Layin' at Cheetah, next day in a G4

Think like a veteran, choppin' and measurin'

Always got a way, but God got eleven in

Little kids follow me, women, they acknowledge me

New year, new rules, and a new policy

Posta good, Posta hood, Posta real, Posta do what

Posta could

P.B. stay blowin' a sting

When the girls give me a hug, they all smell the drawer in the mink

Go line for line, dart for dart, heart to heart

We layin' on top of charts

See me buggin on Melrose, low top shell toes

Suede addition, U.S. don't sell those

Posta hot, Posta not, did Posta flop?

Please get off of, of Posta cock

[Interlude; Postaboy]

OK? Ya'll little chumps roll out the red carpet
For the Postaboy, man, I got Uncle Rae with me
Raekwon the Chef, is in the building
Might wanna holla!

[Raekwon:]

Catch me at a Balley convention, sweater look, worth
the money
Auctionin' and buy me a building
Matter fact niggas, might try to bubble in it
You know, the X.T. Click, niggas fell in love with it
Jumpin' out of Akademic jumpers, Nike pumps, jewelry
down
G'in' like Trump, sweetie, you drunk
Position my thoughts, heavy loss
Root for the Maybach, one for your girl, you write it off
With the new color, only six made, we in the world, like
Whatever we rockin', that's on the trade
Whata's the verdict? It's murder, we preserve, niggas
Automatic birds, hang gun hammers, grenades, got
words on you
Swerve on you, browsin', all through your housing
Jakes stop me, try to take forty thousand
Playin' it kid, you won't make a thousand
Yeah, the Larry Davis version, force to build Shaolin

[Outro: sample]

But now my time, has come
And time, time, is not on you side

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