

Raekwon**"R.A.G.U"**

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Hold it

Now you get out of here, I'm warning you

You bastards can't push us around, wanna fight?

I'll take you on

That nigga's twisted, stop playin' with that clip man

Close them fuckin' blinds too man, y'knahmsayin'?

Yo, Don my, man, get out of the stove, man

Get away from the stove, nigga

Stop playin' man, the fuck is you talkin' 'bout?

I'm in the crib watchin' Larry King Live

The new Guccis on refrigerator, smokin' some kush

This nigga's a lighter swisher, becomin' a roach

Go get the glass ashtray, pour the glass of Crut

Tap the bottle then toast

Barrie took a sip for the cause, yeah my son

Soon to be three, tried to fill his bottle then run

Then I got a collect call, heard niggaz down the block is
fightin'

Some nigga got, knifed up brawlin'

Heard the kid was nineteen, Lil' Infinity too

His father worked up at the dealer, he loved boo

They tried him for his Louis', son wasn't havin' it though

Yeah, yeah, my nigga, the color of glue

Decided on a intervene, guess who tried to wild on me
my nigga

This is like out of the blue

I'm in the Range stretch, jumped out, tucked the chain

Proceeded to talk to him, then you heard the heavy
face slap

Think I broke my wrist, now I'm at the hospital vexed

Fucked up my writing hand, that's my check

Now I wanna kill this lil' nigga true

Only thing that stop my gun flamin' 'cause he related to
you

Who? He ain't related to me
Just that I knew him for like eighteen years until he
violated
Stealin' my gear
If my lil' homey, yo he eat anything for me

Send him uptown, he get bagged, yo he never call me
Come home and still blow cats for me
Pump crack, stabbin' all them hoodrat shorties
A live gunslinger well known, born to dance when the
heat is on

Stapleton days, shoot himself in the groin'
The gun went off, it looked like a flick
When he fell to the floor, holdin' his nuts
Screamin' "God damnit, shit I put one in my balls"

What the fuck y'all lookin' at me for?
Call the police, do somethin'
Motherfuckers standin' around, watch when I get better
All hell's gonna be terror
Death to you, you," he pointed at Red

I said chill that's fam duke
He put real work in that make you cute, fuck that
But anyway, son, indeed, he stole two Polo ruggies
Swore to his dead mother, I couldn't take it

Yo, Lord, I knocked out his teeth
Now he's rockin' those false joints like everything's
peace

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