

Raekwon**"Rec-Room Therapy"**

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Ight, now, this is how we gon' do this shit
You know what I'm saying? Niggaz wasn't out in the
streets back then
When was doing this shit son, you know what I mean?
Yeah, check the story

I done flushed bags of powder down project toilets
You could of found of me on the steps dusted, unable
to call it
Jums in my pocket, the rental was stolen, tapping
pockets
On the local drug dealers, just to see what they holding
I know, niggaz with crack viles stuck to they colon

The acid, done bubbled up, now they stomach's is
swollen
That just, life in the hood, surrounded class, who we
bag in our stash
The ultraviolet haze, we hit it and pass
We toast to the Ghost of old days, yeah, old ager hump
We rap renegades, must stay paid

Get money
(Get money)
Get money, Ghost
(Get money)

Get money
(Get money)
Get money, Ghost
(Get money)

Big fluffed out geoses on, Stan Smiths
The housing cops can suck our dicks, we jumping out
Of convertible matchbox shit, next drip inhaling
Chilling, my throat frozen, my orange brick

Bottles of Cru, bitches with Baby Phats, they swinging
ax
They singing, you still blinging, daddy, now bring it
back

The smokest rap niggas, honey, I'mma need a match
To bust the game wide open, I'mma need an axe

I juggle this, practice, smuggle heroin in the cactus
Keep a hood, I still go and fuck a fat bitch
Actress, slinging the backs of five Cleopatra's
A cocaine Chef, I stretch money like elastic
Nigga, my raps is bigger, dynamics with the muscle
advantage
Jake Cutler on dust, when I blam shit

Get money
(Get money)
Get money, Ghost
(Get money)

Get money
(Get money)
Get money, Ghost
(Get money)

Yo, we been bagging since eighteen, kid, polo rugs on
with gloves on
Rented cars, fronting on winning broads
Gum slow, half moon, leather pants, Avia days
Keep your hands off my blunt and my waves

Benetton, Superman bomb, everybody in the lobby, we
clapping
Hats on, protecting your moms, you know how we play
Spray something down if the team say
It's on, I dedicate my lines to the PJ's
Triple beams, Pyrex jars, smoking nickle weeds
All we did is look mad fly, icicle rings

Whatever homeboy, you want it, you could get your
receipt
A little closer, you can sense we got heat
It's only me plus four other ill gangstas
We all anxious to blow up your block and spank shit

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I'm down for the get down, hit the town, sick the
bloodhounds on 'em
I rip clowns, I flip pounds, I spit rounds
I'm on the prowl, my stomach growl, crushed by the
crowd
Rush through Loud Records, drop mushroom clouds
I'm not a rapper, I'm spellbound, I melt down your G-
Force
With heat walks, free falling to a better money, bet he's
hungry

Spread the honey, big head inside the Humvee
Mix lead inside my lungies, spend bread on my
Dungarees
And such and such, Ghost plugged me with this slut
Please, don't hug me, bug me, I'm ugly when I fuck
I'm hard like a jungle hunter, bust off in Heather

Double cross me, lift your boss off your feet, 'course
he's feather
Whatever, whatever, he cried independence
Tennis players get fried, playing both sides of the ends
Keep your eyes on your friends, 'cuz they spy for the
feds
Watch me rise from the dead, I got ties with the dreads

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Get money, Ghost
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