

## Raekwon

### "Thousands To M's"

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[Intro: Raekwon]

Yo, send all the workers up to five b man, you know  
what time it is man  
Niggas did good this week man, let's celebrate

[Raekwon:]

Bottles of crew, bagging in the living room, high noon  
Couple rachets, snares, the razors and earmuffs  
Walking joints, chirping niggas downstairs in the lobby  
converting  
There's something next to live wires and goons  
All in the sets hundreds to thousands, thousands to ms  
Then tackle up the rims store, go and buy timbs  
Hit the Popeyes, cops got eyes  
We breezing through with nothing but fives  
Puffing herb, we gon let the sun rise  
They don't know niggas is slinging, what's the  
lingering?  
Niggas ain't fiends, \$400 jeans, cooling like it's  
England  
Rather see me role in a hole, rocking state jeans and  
sneakers  
Square sandwich, juices and peaches  
Not right now dick, this is our valve, we get down dick  
None of that clown shit, we built it from a thou  
See straight watchers, my niggas sleep, all of my  
unique poppers  
Legends from the eighties came home, we got em  
eating poppers  
Take money, eating steaks, being rude, feeding  
snakes  
This is what get us all the planes and the eights  
This is my land like Thailand, why?  
Cause I control it and I own it, But some say it's FBI land

[Chorus x2: Skam2]

Now just gimme that, don't make me take that  
The minute I'm finished with it, I go straight back  
Re up and reload, keep up my workload  
Homeboy this block is mine cause I say so (what)

[Ill Bill:]

Violation of the fequent statue to cash rules  
Cocaine is a hell of a drug, the fortune of intelligent  
thugs  
We the ones that they write movies about  
Beautiful pounds, got the best doobies in town  
Shoot it the fuck out, wash money, wipe the blood off of  
Benjamin's face  
Defenders of the faith, measure the weight  
Forever by itself, reaping pleasure from pain  
We the best in the game, hit you in the chest and the  
brain  
Now move weight homie and expand like Scarface  
Leave you hanging from the chopper like Omar Suave  
Ill Bill, suicidal live ayatollah, keeps it liver than Al  
Qaidia soldeirs  
Sign in the name of Allah Jehovah  
Portable wars, the blowjobs never stop  
Freak bitches won't stop, snocker till their nose pop  
Nose candy enthusiast  
Bitches able to swallow an entire one liter bottle,  
abuser shit  
We super gangsta, accurately cruising for bangers  
Ya'll in the womb rappers, have to leave ya, remove  
you with hangers  
We move like a federation of terror  
Put you under the dirt, cus ain't no room in the equation  
for error

[Chorus x2]

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