

Raekwon

"Uncle"

Visit "[Uncle](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Raekwon]

Word up, unc's is a live nigga
Hey, Uncle, uncle! What up baby?
Yeah, yeah, I need a pair of kicks, pa
Hold me down, man, for real, for real, for real
Love you to death, nigga
Word up, word up, uncle, uncle, uncle
Yeah, fuck them niggas, homey

[Raekwon]

For years, he had the coast's on lock
Jamaicans make bread, Cubans call him pop
Was a young O.G., considerate, fly gangsta anxious
His face is rude, that made him more dangerous
Went suddenly blind, he couldn't see faces
He rock glaciers, well known in strange places
Been killin' niggas, all ages
Paid his way up out of court cases, extortin mazes
Love stay greens, livin' in Queens
Cousin named Dahoom, who you, nigga I'm Team
Dressed real ill proper, when he locked up
Playin' the wall, one foot up, what, the kid was into
soccer
Love family, nigga in Miami, right, Air Force's on
Four horses smokin' on china white, they bad
He had the Shaft look, and then he yell Rae
He had cribs hooked, he had nasty books
Him and his right hand, worth a hundred in the can
Little short Dominican, little Duran was fam
Eyes bloody, pop Vasine and he studied
Gave rides to me, dropped me and Old Earth in
Brooklyn
I mean Brook-lan, a super crook don off the hook
He had the juks look, and he loves Benzes and gongs
Get wands, daddy, Yukon, grow up get on's daddy
Be sure, watch for, eat all that, daddy
Yeah, young'n's, supposed to marry
Don't play me close, kept the loot in his boats, he threw
the toast at me
I wanted to be with him badly
Had me like a little nigga, runnin' with wolves, they all

glow gladly
Heavenly, now he seventy, got rich representin' me
He won't throw me no cash, play pool, baby
I be like, ooh, no you didn't, baby, get drunk money
You'se a slick dude, baby, slip through, baby
Yeah, I'm on, makin' records now, I be gettin' money
after you gone
He's a Don, slick Juan, Marijuan', Don Juan
Eatin' Caribbean food, feedin' me wrong
Breathe from the tongue, Chef you live
Make these niggas realize you gon' be number one

[Chorus: n/a (Raekwon)]

He's a high roller, he's a shot caller
He's a slick talker, he's a big baller
(Wise words he spoke to me, look how it's suppose to
be)

Visit [Raekwon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.