

Raekwon

"Walk Wit Me"

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[Intro: Raekwon w/ others]

[sniff] Yo, boo, calm down, man
Chill 'fore you break your nose, man
What up, what up, king (yo what's going on?)
(Yo, oh, who the fuck is this?)
(Yo, walk this bitch outta here, man)
(Her hands is all white and shit, looking all crazy)
Fingerprints all over the refrigerator
Yo, girl, chill chill, come on, man
Just give me papi number, man, for real, man, you
playing

[Raekwon:]

I'm on the crisp blue yacht, with my hand on the twat
With a Commodore CD, a bottle of stock
On a green rug, GG's on it, a mean snub
Bad little Asian, named Asia, my love
Had connects, plus fame favorite flick, Black Rain
Pinky finger rocked up, giving me brain
Like Grizelda's little flame, ran with her for forty
months
Came home, her estate was insane
Vuitton toilet paper, Polo walls, Jimmy Choo
Pots and pans, this broad had a horse
Cash it in, yo, Masta, live with me, take it all
You can have whatever, five hundred leathers
Bruno Mag' sweaters, Gucci rain boots
Brook Brothers, New Eras, jew killers
New line sponsored by fellas, catch 'em in the hall
balling
I thought about it, whatever

[Chorus: Raekwon (sample)]

(Walk with me) Relax and get your facts right
(Walk with me) You know we only getting cash in the
fast life
(Walk with me) Living, giving my all, I give it back, right
(Walk with me) We die, we die together, this the last
night

[Raekwon:]

CNN watching, ESPN friend
Coat shopping, lochness, smothered up, god damn
Boo living it good, Aspen, the color of wood
On the outside, vibe is good
Knowing I'm hood, I should, escape project life
Run with my rifle, live in the woods
Grow a rugged beard, and chill, poppa real
Poppa eat, poppa a rolling stone, for real
This the deal, chill, this how we live in the Hill
Kill a nigga for me, kill or be killed
Share that money and still, when it's time to reveal
You never met me, but respect me, you will
Dinosaur wheels we peel, skated with the fly seals
She broke out, died in Brazil
Met her younger cousin Nil', you looking for birds,
right?
Yeah, my cousin said you real, you gotta

[Chorus]

[Raekwon:]

Oh shit, gold slagger in the gold dagger in a gold
Acura
A gold Phantom pulled up, yo, go backwards
They had a package on 'em, hold half a bit, it's half
rough
But still, I got me forty traffickers
Riding through Manhattan tough, got my mavericks up
We on, rolling thirty deep in the gadget trucks
Spending magic bucks, fuck around, get an Aston truck
Fly around, fucking actress sluts
We been clashing with the masses, what
Put the gasses up, flame 'em out his lab, splash him up
That's how we get it on, that's what's up
Don't ever wrassle us, you might get shackled in your
castle, what
Play with the boys, that's the stuff
I'm talking bout, niggas they die, faster than a pastor
fuck
Seeing 'em mourn me, flash a buck
Pull a bulb out, like Con Ed, keep it on a massive hush

[Chorus]

[Outro: Raekwon]

Come on, man, word up, let 'em talk
Put this bag out, and after that, take it to heed
Man, I see you in a minute, chill
You got to lay on the other side of the fucking wall for
you
Word up, this the nigga face, man, I only got four

million, man
Straight up, last thing I heard, the nigga grandmother
was in Argentina
I want her too, for real, for real, we ain't playing no
games, man
The nigga like to shop and floor shine
He stay on 44th, catch the nigga by Delancey, too
For real, I got his baby pictures and everything
Word up, his cousin, his cousin is a security guard at
Barnes/Nobles
For real, his little nephew, his little nephew work in the
Muthafucking fish store
Up in, 138th and Harlem, man...
This all the money for today, man
A lot of paper came in today, a lot of Franklins
Bring the other bag, son, yeah, hold it, huh
Toaster head nigga, get the fuck off of me

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