

Raekwon

"We Will Rob You"

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[Kung fu sample]

Who the hell teaches you kung fu?

Your master must be an ignorant idiot as well!

(Uncle Ricky, would you read us a bedtime story?)

Nah kid, but I'mma give you one them old Raekwon
crime joints

Feel me? We will, we will

We will, we will -- here we go

Well it was late one night, walking through the park

With my leathered down coat and

wallabee Clarks

Getting my step on, big shit, big six, big wrist

So much excitement in the air, I was crisp

Money suitcase, Louis joint

(yo, Rae, I'mma get some shit just like yours!)

Go make it happen, black God and get rich

Saw the D's fly by, in a New Yorker, yup, tints and shit

They made a right on me, them last two dicks

Know I seen 'em, Max loaded, jog right back to the car

They spun around again and blast their shit

I dropped a Backwood, a puff and then a 6-4-5

You'se a live nigga, you almost smashed your shit

I'mma don my way out the bitch, moving through the
car

Nice and slow, two hoodies on and a

golden pit

Nigga had a white eye, they both blacked down

What's the clown shit for?

The dog jumped in the whip

It was a trained one, wops pointed at me (yo, nigga,
freeze)

I told the Chef Raekwon, pump the breaks

Slow it down, you know these C-Cypher Punks scanned
your plates

Release the seatbelt off the shoulders, a mile ahead

Then the vibe got a lot colder when the marksman said

"Black niggas in the Jeep, get the fuck out the car"

"Put your hands where my eyes can see or suffer a
scar"

He was a veteran, who kept, pepper spray in the
cannister

Donut shop lounge, thirty eight brandisher

On top of that, the blunt smoke just rang a bell
Of his bloodhound who had an acute sense of smell
Beef tripping, saliva dripping from razor sharp teeth
That was pointy as the daggers of the Indian Chiefs
Same cops known for extorting pimps and booking
whores
Aimed Glocks at me and Rae, cause they was looking
for
A few MC's wanted for a string of break-ins
Last seen, wearing long minks and snakeskins
[Hook: Slick Rick]
We will, we will, rob you
We will, we will, Glock you
We will, we will, what? who? (not you)
Here we go
You know my Clan done ran from Japan to Atlanta
With stamina
Chef
Mr. Meth
, with the Iron Lung breath
Ghostface Kill'
U-G ill
Deck so real
Dr. Ason Unique
Allah Just
The Abbott
, ya'll niggas can't forget it
You might catch a Cap if your shit ain't Street
Allah Mathematics make the cypher complete
See knowledge is the foundation of existence
To know starts the spark of the flow
Wisdom activation of the Nation moving
Wise words, show and prove or understand the 13
letters
Masta
, culture be the way of life
Freedom is reward, who will pay the price for the power
Spending hour after hour, preparing his self
For the hour, now look how refined
When the mind and body is one, every part of me
Supreme equality, manifest the nature of self
G-O-D, now build and add on to the truth
Destroy the bullshit, born incomplete

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