

Raekwon

"Yessir"

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[feat. Crooked I & Ghostface Killah]

[Intro: w/ Raekwon ad-libs]

[Raekwon:]

No more rocks, Rubber glocks homie
Move here all I hear, Call the cops on me
Ankle gold straight for my chucks, Chevy truck
Good CD, I rhyme to every nigga with I'll weed
We at the cheeba house toast'n, Rhymes we roast'n a
hundred K
All they say is Rae and Ghost shitted
Mind frame puzzled, Bezzle cost one million franks
The Louie luggage bordered in Brussels
No he didn't, Harry Winston watch, My time's limit
I.C.S., The G kitted, We fitted
Making my way all through the garden
Large nigga respect, Yep, The Chef up, He kept calling
Counter move'n with my shorty, We both lizard down
Her neck, My ring blizzard down, Get up in the South
Cooling with the hood goonies
The Mickey Rooney's of the Project when mad logic
step in the room

[Hook: Raekwon]

(Yes sir)

Where niggas rock mink coats and carry a mink tote
We got our bitches on mean boats

(Yes Sir)

The money that come we spending it, Getting it
Don't give a fuck you get shot in the rented kid

(Yes Sir)

Don't play with the Kings with blings on

(Yes Sir)

No fake shit, Say the wrong thing and your team's gone

(Yes Sir)

From killers and rap niggas who clap niggas up

What, Yeah but, Go get your little gats nigga

[Ghostface Killah:]

Yo this ain't your average type boss shit

Steel pipes big enough to blow out your fausete
We car buying, Bar buying, Not to mention
My wall got flicks of me standing in the back of a large
lion
Shearling on, Shirt chill burning my man up
Style is back up in this like P. and E. Sermon
So what ya'll wanna do these bars is French toast
Sin City style I'm like Marv in the trench coat
Busting off arrows like Cupid
The truth is I got the mother load from my girl and
booked it
Went to my cell shitted out then pooped it
Sat broken down twenty dollars for two sticks
Uhh, I'm a hustler, Ya'll my customers
Broke niggas just wanna smoke like a muffler homie
It's Crooked I and the Chef, And of course me
Michael Phelps of this shit who wanna endorse me

[Hook]

[Crooked I:]

If it's war I'm reaching for the heat
I got bullets the size prehistoric teeth
That'll bite you like the heater or the beef
So I feed it more to eat, To lead a boy your sleep
Leave em leaking on the street
Then I'm creeping low, Discreet
I'm the reason for police when I'm squeezing on my
piece
Like I be squeezing on your piece
When she drinking on my skeet
She move when a gangsta say so
She wanna pop skittles, Wanna taste the rainbow
You never know, Crooked could be poke'n your Mom
In? while smoke'n a bong, The ultimate Don
Closed mouth don't get feed, I'm quoting you Psalms
Closed fists don't get bread, So open your palms
Yeah, How can you not feel that
I'm on Rodeo with the top peeled back yelling C.O.B.
I took a vow of abstinence for ya sucker emcees
Which mean I swear to God none of ya'll fucking with
me, Uhh

[Outro: w/ Raekwon ad-libs]

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