

Raekwon the Chef "Friday"

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Friday nigga
Whats the word
You got something for me
I'ma see you in 2 seconds
Right, yo pull my Rover on the side
Right there police coming man
Heard me

Verse 1:

Yo up in the game on 4 in the morning
And it's storming and we blitzed
Just rocked another wig yeah we on it
God had blood on his sweat pants
The way the tech dance
On a nigga face
Son ain't have a chance
Seen him high pitch yellow nigga
>From outta town a young mellow ally
Trying to run through
Hell and song called the dogs to get on him
When we caught him the only famous nigga
Was a lord in his forum
Bum nigga fresh outta jail
I used to play baseball wid him
'Til he got large son bought a whale
As you're by the entrance
Guess it's real nigga night out
He moving on his own negligence
Yo Lexxy strap up meet you in the back
In the Acura spectacular big key stackeler
Seen a nigga gymed down fresh haircut
Trying to swim now
Aqua green Avias on brim style wild
We walked by eyeing 'im
Shorty ain't looked
He trying to get fly
My niggas ain't dived on him
Kase had the mack in the vest
The way he moving might be dressed
He made two rights nigga move left
Standing by the incinerator

Thank God he your generator
I can tell bought his lady swade gators
Yo now it's time to move
Spit nozzles on the tools
Might just bust him quiet style rules
He walked out the crib yup dranked
We at the elevator base
Staring at the nigga chains shake
We looked at him seen all crooked
The we flashed on him
He knew we was live
My man Boo stashed on him
Pulled out take of the wool
Nigga cool out
Walk you out the bulding
Betta run nigga move out
This nigga liver than fuck
Larger than fuck betta kill me
All y'all niggas is butt
What spray it up
Took the chains in case
Shot him at point blank range
He started screaming like a cave man
Blood got a salty taste
I can tell furniture fell out his place
Laced now it's a case
Threw up vomit on my Kobe
Snatched all his ice now
Chrome teeth boating of a loan key
Didn't know the kid was large
Hour later call from jail
Mexicans surrounding the Gods
Chill you bigga than the ocean
Slow motion play it off no emotion
But my man in there grossing
What to do they might kill him
We might kill you circulate death
That's how the real do
We sat there 3 live macks of the year
Crack beers one nigga in the back
Washing off his trackers
Don't take it serious
Vivid flow luxurious
I'm hearing this'll
Make a real nigga curious
Friday my day chill pop
Leave 'em on the highway
Betty won't never fly my way

