

Raekwon the Chef "Fuck Them"

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Method Man:

Yo, yo, yo, yo

Fuck you

Chorus: 2x

What you wanna be when you grow up

You wanna be thugs

You wanna be pranksters

You wanna sell drugs

You wanna be gangsters

Thats what silly boys are made of

Raekwon:

Aiyyo, aiyyo

Cool G's and forty seven flavors

Display swade gators

We comin through

To blaze neighbors

Meet mark and pardon me to heat mark

A dutch spark it

Lex Leonardo arts profit

Apple cranberry mixed with crystal

Fan worry

Desert mountain crib in the ground

We arsonists

One point five a liter

Take a taste

Splash your heater

Smack your face twice

Clap your sneakers

Shit is like a mission to Mars

Fishin' for bars

Takin' whats ours

Knowledge the car Pa

Dont be stupid

Get a little cash

Better swoop it

Throw it in the ground and recoup it

Next check was best

Your family pack your shit

Get vexed

Leave a nigga standing in a bag of leaves

Some niggas catch on later
Try to put them on they haters
I met eighty of them niggas yo
Waitin' on the sidelines droolin'
Some need schoolin'
Let me teach yo
And roll a student what
Rule one
Yo respect if you lose son
Dont be big back about to learn to move dunn
All hell to niggas in jails
With sharks in they fishtanks
Now he come home he a whale
Wolves in the projo's, projo's yo
We realer up in my shows yo
Middle finger five O's
Take time to climb vines yo
Lay on the lines
Like Laury only lovin' Rae kind
Sun splash cash layin like three bags of hash
Fully wrapped in a indian man's stash
Method Man:
Aiyyo

Chorus: 2x

Raekwon:
Aiyyo, get up
Lex should be braggin'
Get it up
Fuck shorty got cream in a mean truck
Prop-ness she hollar like the Loch Ness
He large rock this
Fresh Ferrari in a drop six
Fro's
Yo talkin about the dough on his clothes
Glaze is crushed up pokin on rolls yo
Oh yeah and maybe gettin' cream
See what I mean black queen
Stop actin' like crack fiends an'
Brawl we wanna thank all of y'all
Play the wall hype
Checkin how this lady walks stay hawkin'
Grab the remain, divorce (Uh)
Shame came to yours
We like green
Rock the same gameplan, ours (Yo, Yo)

Method Man;
Ladies and gentlemen
Your about to see

A pastime hobby about to be
Takin' to the next degree
By M-E-TH and the bloody Chef Boyardee
Watch out bitches is too nosey
Backhand slappin' the phoney
Got to walk it off can't mosey
Who got you open up
Crack pipe still smokin'
Face frozen
Coke straw stickin' out your nose and D
Proposin' that you bleed on the Chef apron
My thing hold down the play-pen
And say the nursery rhymes they makin
Come on now
Shits too real
Fuck you and now your man feel
Time don't stand still for y'all bitches
Wanna Big Ball
I got two for you to juggle in your jizzals
Im losin' it now
Throw in the pieces like a jig-saw
Aiyyo
She multi-colored like a rainbow
Mr. Meth and the Cuban Link kiddo
On tracks we connect, politic ditto
Take that to that

Chorus: 2x

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