

Raekwon the Chef

"Last Trip To Scotland"

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[Intro: Raekwon]

Yo

What up man

What's good

Gimme the joint man

Yea, n*gga hold this money right here

We already got it knocked out ya know

Don't stress it

We good

"N*ggaz got mad coke inside a Luvs...Luvs Pamper box

n*gga"

Ya n*ggaz is stupid

[Raekwon]

That n*gga pussy doin pig Latin

He can't come to the hood

Might kill him off top up in the Staten

Son think he better than n*ggaz

I think his rebels is resentful

Tried to kill him in his rental

He had an Idi Amin approach

Hittin the roach, had a hunger face

He drove his mom's 7 in the ocean

He's a wild cowboy slangin' heron

Who rock a dead arm

Knock a DEA agent out his Chevron

All of his Eli's machette'd up stainless

[Sample]

Never heard nothing, all you hear is the guns bangin'

Rockin' pastel blazers with a shorty from Iceland

Who old dad put 'em up on white sand

Starving to make a wack debut he came through the lobby

Three culture Devilles with him, a whitey

This pathetic, braggin' monkey face faggot deaded

Comin' through the stairs with blow in his mouth,
desperate

Watchin' him lookin' stupid, son know we on foot patrol

Come through the hole, n*ggaz is swoopin'

700 shots, all leather gloves, 6 thugs
Two had a mask on, they took 'em off what
We got you now n*gga knowin' you down
N*ggaz is foul, this is trauma king, by any means baow
They pushed his face in, fell out his Saconies
Snatched his homeys, took his Glock
You gonna be my Tenderonies?

[Lloyd Banks]

Metal exchanges, the hoods a gun range
Everybody's a target, depending on how you aim
Dice games and ice chains, pennants spellin' your
name
OG's settin' the wrong example, tellin' the same
Look at Shorty Sh*t Stain, grew up to be a f*ckin' mess
Before his clique came
He banged and never tucked his chest
Project full of them thangs he caught the gun connect
Ridin' round with A and Lou, Nino when they want
respect
Son cold, Nino want to show
Everybody know they straight shippin' hood b*tches to
the bungalow
Pillow talking led to birds talking
Chattin' bout what happened and when and where they
comin' back in
Champagne slackin' traffickin' while they travel
Word got back at old time friends and snakes rattled
Two different 'burbans but the one that dropped the
birds got tailed
Information for the ones who light the steel got mill.
Pussy power made the plans sour
Apartment full of party powder outside a stakeout for
hours
Click clacks from big gats and rags
Soon as the door squeaks they runnin' up on the grass
BANG FLASH shots right on path, broken glass
Comedy of laughs while they haul ass with the bags
Legends in my hood play back
Twin Benz's whippin' in black
And that was like the old Maybach

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