

## **Raekwon the Chef**

### **"Motherless child"**

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[Sometimes I feel... like a motherless child]  
(Yo yo guzzlin forties, let's get it on fella, no doubt)  
The wiley Wu-Tang comes back, Iron Man strikes back  
(Lou Diamonds, Tony Starks) Raid your whole empire  
No doubt!

[Verse One: Raekwon the Chef]  
Rich man, poor man, read the headlines  
Nigga getting murdered for spot and bigger dimes  
Jobs and drug wars  
Living by gun law  
Jailcats come home and want to take yours  
As the young one, growing up broke me and my people  
as the self, huh, I guess we all in the same boat  
Think it, plus drinkin that 90-proof  
Playin' on the roof sayin'  
we need a next man to shoot...

[Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child...]

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killah]  
Yo, I know a rich kid, who got hit for three bricks  
Showin off his 850 plus, what a nice whip  
Young blood guzzlin' forties hussled in a rain  
Old Earth, shootin' dope in her veins  
He never had it all, the kid loved basketball  
Had a favorite song, "I Miss You" written by Aaron Hall  
Now back to the original, neighborhood, criminals  
Clocking dollars, by the hour like his digital  
Styrofoam silencers, he rolled around with the  
Wildest niggaz peeling caps known as the Islanders  
from Staten, where crazy clips be clappin  
Slept in his principal spreads, threads, made of satin  
Labeled as the cow he had crazy beef  
Seen him at the flicks, he pulled out on Duke, Hez and  
Latief  
But he fucked up, he shoulda kept it real and went for  
kill  
cuz if he don't, these niggaz with black barrels will  
But, shit will never calm down, one day downtown  
He dropped an ounce off

Money had slept like a nightgown  
He rolled up in the Albee Square, relax like he lived in there  
Two kids was beamin him, them niggaz from the movie theatre  
One had all Guess on, lookin like he had a vest on  
The other felly pell tucked with a firearm  
Movin slow, baseball hats, crazy down low  
Word life God, this bull kag nigga gotta go  
Oh shit! Bookhead, just bought a 5, G headed King Tudpea  
About the size of Little Maurice  
We got to get up baby, no cousin, count to ten  
I'm runnin in my first instance, is to return em the time is now  
Warfare and pull delf  
Remember me, the nigga from the UA and you pulled out  
Don't move don't even flinch  
Fix em up, drop the head, don't want to get blood in the tux  
He burped, I shot him, bitch screamed out I'm robbin him  
Had to hit him ten more times make sure I got him  
Told the owner lay on the floor, shake the comedy  
Randy came out wacked out with a half a shotty  
I laughed, grab the King Tud head and the cash  
Then he shot my man in the ass and broke mega glass  
Damn, had to go out with a blast  
I shot my way up out of the Albee fast  
[Sometimes I feel, like a motherless child]  
Oh shit, what the fuck?  
This shit is horrible.

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