

Raekwon the Chef

"New Wu"

Visit "[New Wu](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Raekwon]

Uh-huh, what up son? Yeah
Maintaining, maintaining, you know?
You good, right? Everything proper, still, right?
Of course, come on, man, what's the matter wit you,
man?
Ain't nothing, I just want us to be on

[Chorus: Method Man]

Tell a friend, it's that symbol again, that W
Coming through, bust a shot on your block, give me a
suu
Get it right, all my chicks hold ya tits, let's get it in
All my niggas take a toke off this weed, let it begin
Here we go, yo, ya'll already know what it do
Brand new, nigga, back from the slums, it be the Wu
Now throw ya W's up, back from the slums, it be the Wu

[Raekwon]

You know how to dress a lad, get rocked, hundred
bags, black doorags
Ski masks is on, g-rags
Nigga try to take pictures, relax, still in the grass
You'll learn respect, burst when I ask
Rhyme master busy, Rizzy on the subject
Love Deck, thug buried, drug vest, snub sets, killing
the most
Night time toast, gorillas in boats, three boats
Realers is killa, gangsta feel notes
Hibernation yo, switch up, liver nation, fly information
Vivid vacation, deliberation moments
Move like '91 Romans, cloning everything
Gents only, the rent's on the stove, I'm in Rome
Maxed out, Amex style, my team brand bandits
Make a move and get blown off the planet, baby
Hold that cannon, just understand we got the whole
shit
Padlocked down, my niggas won't have it

[Chorus]

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, jumping out of Benz wagons, my family live in the Hill

They call us Bin Ladins, laughing, turbaned up
faggot Niggas get murdered up, these streets is like
radio beef

So watch how the kid turn it up

Bulletproof tuxes, knuckle games is clarkers and
busters

Eighteen niggas, bringing the ruckus

Flame throwers on our backs and shoulders, the rusty
joints still work

The trey eight'll blow one of your doujas

When it's mad, he the mad calm, walk around

Gold collect, 36, so before G bomb

My inner strength flowing, I mastered chi kung

Ya'll Planet of the Apes, standing next to King Kong

Forensic file, ultraviolet hype, sky blue Bales

Laying niggas like ceramic tile

I'm like Urlacher, beasting at the top of the pile

kneeing niggas in the nuts, nigga, damn I'm foul

[Chorus]

[Method Man]

We blow money, got game, hold it, we pop things

Vote for money, crams in my pocket, Chef cook for me

Blue Magic bundles, I'm dope, but on the humble

I'm a good dude, don't short change me, seen as a
hood dude

Beer drinkin', Cuban Linking, new way of thinking

God me thinking up, break the handcuffs, run out the
precint

This is hard body, hard knocks, if you pushing that
hard rock

Then let these niggas go off top

We rock fitted, dropkick it, I lived it and not quit it

I'm pinching, my pops lift it, need business, I'm not
finished

I'm *sniff* too hot wit it, you bitching, the plot thicken

I'm shitting the glow, spitting, if nigga don't stop
snitching

Just what the block missing, the two-seater wit the top
missing

And two divas wit they tops missing

Now that's living to me, I'm what these kids is killing to
be

But I don't want my children to be

