

## **Raekwon the Chef "Pop Shit"**

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[Conversation]:

Keep everything on  
Blaze always  
Nigga this only nineteen thousand  
(yo check this shit out)  
I want my thousand dollars now  
I dont give a fuck  
I went up in the club  
And like a thousand niggas  
A thousand chicks  
Was doing the James Brown  
Get the fuck out of here  
Im like oh shit  
You lying, you lying  
Shit was real son  
Stop lying man  
Cream Team walked in  
We started doing it  
Wild man  
Feel me?  
So what happened, let me on

[Verse]:

Aiyyo, aiyyo  
E-lec-tric slide on them niggaz  
Drive by on them niggaz  
Show'em that killas is live and fly figures  
Fruit-flavored Nikes  
Now im in a six hundred white piece  
Send half my love out to wif-e  
Fillin out tax reports  
Lookin live up in Guess shorts  
Bitches show love and support  
Table teaspoons  
Fake goons with balloons shit it out  
Make room  
How them niggas ate strait tunes yo  
Horror flick scriptures  
Godfather flicks  
Superfriends equal foul niggas

Bar miss you'll flip yo  
Aim the nozzle  
With the head brace the bottle  
Get your dang licked  
Six thousand square feet  
Paid shit  
Stretch Auroras in Florida  
Kilo's comin out of water  
Watch me slaughter  
Take your daughter over yo  
Space shit  
Boat across your shit  
Cargo shit  
Well Fargo got Renaldos shit  
Reclining chair  
Drunk billionaire  
Willie like a bear  
The whole block suck cock on a leap year  
No remorse  
Heavy plaque red and white  
Eddie Bauer jaws  
Bout the bitch smack five out of yours  
Pens bleeding  
Got my shit soft  
Figure like Ike Frost  
Icy chain  
Cop and hangin on a horse  
Lames laws  
Got your name crossed  
You cannot claim boss  
Unless he kiss braid hair  
That aint yours  
Fly statistics lystics  
Slang optimistic  
Two bats a tie and a biscuit  
Kissed it  
Mmm-aa  
Diamond on the wrist kid  
Misfit  
Bought it like a ten dollar outfit  
Pop Shit get your house lit  
Strait up  
The route mouse shit  
Get your style shit  
I announced it  
Slang lordy yo  
Staring at my man Gordy Laury  
The bitch bought'em on  
She'll reward me  
Flossed it, cost it, tossed it  
The same Main Source shit

You at the "BBQ" eatin horse dick  
Sneak up link up  
Nigga tie your sneaker  
You wink what  
Speed it up  
Caught you in that beated-up truck it was luck  
Fuck page your uncle thirty bucks  
Ran in your shit  
Blew you with your hands in your nuts  
Louis  
Thats the same crew as those  
Milliwakee brewers  
Rocking Wu shoes with Kaoluas  
Time for lotti  
Bald Gotti here  
Dont make me throw shots trough your body  
Everybody out of here  
Thats my word  
God through Shakespeare 'ere  
Take me there  
Get your fastened  
And take clear  
Its so real we might face years  
Cuddled up in HDM's  
Chill baby on and a nigga here  
You start screamin and your scared  
And shorty came on last year  
And lapped danced my man for a wack pair  
ill I smell it in your hair  
My faculties remained clear  
Pussy in a refrigerator back here  
Damn watch your mouth  
Hear it on the air  
Like a grand prize  
Freak nigga that taps shit

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