

**Ghostface Killah f/ Raekwon****"R.A.G.U"**Visit "[R.A.G.U](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Intro]

HoIIIIIIId it!

Now you get out of here, I'm warning you

(You bastards can't push us around - wanna fight?)

I'll take you on

[Raekwon]

That nigga's twisted

Stop playin with that clip man

Close them fuckin blinds too man, y'knahmsayin?

Yo Don my man, get out of the stove man

Get away from the stove nigga

Stop playin man, the fuck is you talkin 'bout?

I'm in the crib watchin Larry King Live, the new Guccis  
on

Refridgerator, smokin some kush, this nigga's a lighter

Swisher, becomin a roach, go get the glass ashtray

Pour the glass of Crut, tap the bottle then toast

Barrie took a sip for the cause, yeah my son

Soon to be 3, tried to fill his bottle then run

Then I got a collect call, heard niggaz down the block is  
fightin

Some nigga got, knifed up brawlin

Heard the kid was 19, Lil' Infinity too

His father worked up at the dealer he loved boo

They tried him for his Louis', son wasn't havin it though

Yeah, yeah my nigga, the color of glue

Decided on a intervene, guess who tried to wild on me  
my nigga

This is like out of the blue

I'm in the Range stretch, jumped out, tucked the chain

Proceded to talk to him, then you heard the heavy face  
slap

Think I broke my wrist, now I'm at the hospital vexed

Fucked up my writing hand, that's my check

Now I wanna kill this lil' nigga true

Only thing that stop my gun flamin cause he related to  
you

[Ghostface]

Who? He ain't related to me  
Just that I knew him for like 18 years until he violated,  
stealin my gear  
If my lil' homey, yo he eat anything for me  
Send him uptown, he get bagged, yo he never call me  
Come home and still blow cats for me  
Pump crack, stabbin all them hoodrat shorties  
A live gunslinger well known, born to dance  
When the heat is on, Stapleton days, shoot hisself in  
the groin  
The gun went off, it looked like a flick  
When he fell to the floor, holdin his nuts, screamin  
"God damnit  
Shit I put one in my balls, what the fuck y'all lookin at  
me for?  
Call the police, do somethin  
Motherfuckers standin around, watch when I get better  
All hell's gonna be terror  
Death to you, you," he pointed at Red  
I said chill that's fam duke  
He put real work in that make you cute, fuck that  
But anyway son indeed, he stole two Polo rugbyies  
Swore to his dead mother, I couldn't take it  
Yo Lord I knocked out his teeth  
Now he's rockin those false joints like everything's  
peace

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