

Icewater f/ Pimp C, Raekwon

"Knuckle Up"

Visit "[Knuckle Up](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Raekwon]

We slang kilos, eighths to them shorties, bring G loads
A paper to the hood, we got you, cop three of those
And get your hustle right, whether you a trapper
or a gun clapper, make sure your weapon is hype
We got all kinds of shooters, sprayers, pitchers
Nigga who hit playa, catch you in ya gators
Haters that love rockin nigga for bread, lead fly
Hit in you back of your head, he gettin dough, all that's
dead now
Yo, no more hallucinatin, we just used to hatin
Go 'head and violate, we murder clicks, who you takin?
Not none of us! You know my gun'll bust
And every town state, niggaz pull they guns for us
And peel somethin up, and kill somethin up
We "Go Hard" like Tennessee boys, hit 'em up
We get it every day and, it's like a matinee and
We on the block hard, Allah said "Rae, you made it"
It's time to take it over, it ain't a safe promoter
Out there, give me my change or get thrown in the
Rover

[D.C.]

It's Donnie, I get lots of bread, though as far as that
block
I got it locked, like a rasta's dreads
And I will infra-beem dot ya head, put a couple of shots
Inside your top, tryna stop my spread
Fuck cops, I just watch for feds
Cause I know they be hatin on how I'm cakin
want me boxed or dead
I move with birds by the flock, instead - D.C
I keep whoopin, keep cookin, 'til the pots is red
Keep pushin, I don't stop at reds, fuck a red light
It's red light specials, when I pop that lead
I can even make a boxer beg, catch ya pops in bed
Pop his legs, while you watch him beg
The name's Donnie, I was mobster bred, so you know
I'm a don
Plus I was born with that shottas edge
I keep that chopper filled with copperheads, I bust a

couple of shots
It'll leave a couple coppers dead
And you can run a couple blocks ahead, and wont get
away
Unless you wore some shit today that blocks ya head

...

[Pimp C]
Huh, step up yo' game, you off the square (square)
You cain't be a pimp just 'cause you got long hair (hair)
'Lacs don't make macks, AK's don't make killas
Scary niggaz shoot first, if you a G, it's a curse (curse)
+Last of a Dying Breed+ like Brad JORDAN
Pimp C, bitch! Words nuts and my foreign
If I say it in the streets, I'll say it to ya face
Knock ya whole muthafuckin off, take my case
Never give 'em my connects, never hit P.C
I'm a young fuckin HOG! Bitch, +The Game Belong to
Me+
Dick ain't free, fuck a promo show
You ain't got fifty thousand cash, bitch, fuck the radio!
(beyatch!)
Fuck BET and fuck, Diana Ross
Shut the fuck up, old bitch! Slim THUG is the BOSS
(BOSS)
J. Prince the Godfather, DJ Screw is the King
Ride my dick, a Cadillac, got'cho advance in my pinky
rang, BEEEEEE-YATCH!!!
(In my pinky rang, BEEEEEE-YATCH!!!)
BEEEEEE-YATCH!!!...Sweet Jones, BEE-YATCH!!
Hol' up, motherfucker!
Motherfucker, smoke sum'hin, BEE-YATCH!!
Trademark, knahmtalkinbout?

Visit [Icewater f/ Pimp C, Raekwon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.