

J Dilla f/ Havoc, Raekwon

"24K Rap"

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[Havoc] H-A-V-O, I'm iller, rocking over Dilla Paint a picture clearer than a mirror I come from that era where everything matters Lyrics counting for something, careers got shattered now Everybody's rock stars, who am I to knock 'em though Daring something, if you do, you fall like a domino Smoke a little tropical, niggas is so comical But I been stopped laughing a long time ago Ain't nothing funny, head knocked off shoulders Everytime I spit, it's like I put the game to the cobra Babies to the game it's I'm pushing they strollers Coming at me sideways, they in a rush to get older First round is over I ain't playing with them, no, I wake 'em up like Folgers I'm a general, believe that, ya'll nothing but soldiers Like Cee, I'm a finisher, the number one closer [Chorus: Raekwon, Havoc] I'm about my business Don't worry bout me, homey, mind your business Cuz this is grown folks business Nothing to do with you, so just mind your business All day, every day, about my business Niggas keep talking, I'mma pop the biscuit Keep playing, have your brain leaking that liquid Sit back, enjoy, the flow [Raekwon] Yo, we project livers, lick that liver Run with a bag of cash and flip that wig up Won't deny it, holding iron, flows is giant Catch you with nine keys, supplying Come to my town, strap up Underground kings with the crown, black down and blacked up Reefer is the greatest, paid us, Las Vegas, nineteen a pop Catch me up top famous Everything on my wrist, Swiss made Run up in the Gucci shop, glock warm, give me the Crys' suade Everybody living to get paid Everybody make it out the hood, or get sprayed or get grazed Yeah, yo, my style is trifyn' Anything on my neck, hands is lightning Come tear it down, I might sing Never on a stand, only my writing hand with bright lens With seal, baby bro [Chorus] [Havoc] Yeah, beast mode, H-A-V-O Dudes get popped, snitches sing like Ne-Yo That's why you always catch me rocking for dolo Police putting pressure, niggas acting all homo Can't fuck with em, puff on that piff then they analyze Looking for what it is, watch for the landmines Run but you can't hide, lyrical landslide Homicide, know about you, but I got

mines Grind like the gears on a Porsche, I'm so driven
Foot to the pedal, I'm heavy footed, there's no limit No
gimmick, what you see is what you get it No skinny
jeans, only thing fitting is my fitted Knowwhatimean?
Some of ya'll won't get it I do my own thing, hold to my
pivot Yeah, life can be a bitch, but we live it To the
fullest, niggas just made cuz we chilling [Chorus]

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