

Mathematics f/ Inspectah Deck, Raekwon

"Rap Burglars"

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[Intro: Raekwon]

The niggas commercial...

Fuck outta here, you know where we came from

Word? Word up... nigga don't wanna shadowbox this,
son

Right, right, right... yeah, wheelie in one hand

Right, you know it God, check the tale of the tape

Tale of the tape, yo, son, yo, son, yo

[Raekwon]

This Alaskan nigga approached me, he had suede on
Caesar head half moon, had his weight on

Five sixty drop, rest in Barbados

Stacked potatos, like he rich shit, have Play-Doh

What's your name? Louis Rich the Third

Back your herb, half of that, kid, polly your bird

Now we speakin', took off my hat, waves leaking

Beat your beak, he acting like he know about reef'

He still unsure, other than that, feel more than safe

Let money fake, I got three, for his hate

That more up, thought a nigga would front and fold up

Threw a medallion out, rocks all rolled up

Whose your beagles, money grabbing his gin

Puffin' illegal, that's chico, yo, what up with Rico?

He's chilling, plan status, nigga with that rams had

Check the stands, then check where his hands at

Jewels is gorgeous, priceless shit that's foolish

Fifteen, thousand in the trunk, he asked for Louis

Cat reached, grabbed his burner, shots'll lease

Like a new Sable, yo, except one touch the God niece

Emotional, throwing up shots like they promotional

Shorty run for the door, hit the floor composable

Stop playing, banging on the door, jakes laying

Something crazy, he had a eighty in the cab BM

[Chorus: Raekwon]

Stay still kid, them niggas over there, want drama

Hold your head, sorta like Wu vs. Llama

Rap pehito, salute them niggas who got shit

Calico pop shit, rap burglar rock shit

[Inspectah Deck]

You bein watched like you new on the block, from roof
tops

Get your bruise on, it's hot shots, pop, music stops

Party's over, bold soldier move for his holster

Shot the lights out, struck the bouncer in his shoulder

Hard times for po-9, they can't control the masses,
scream for Wu

Backstage, we slingin' V.I.P. passes

Jakes sprayin mace, riots be takin place

When the Clan show they face, the fans slow they place

Get your blunt rolled, fuck the 5-0, they want it dun'
know

Bitches gettin' trampled, niggaz wildin the front row

Fire marshall catch a beat down, tryin to cut my sound

Radio dispatcher, back-up, bustin rounds

Without intermission from a crouched position

Bullets ricochet off the strobe-lights, strikin Christians

My nigga slipped in, 'nuff ammunition, to bust back

Fuck that, them out-of-town cats'll take the rap

It's war on the dance floor, quarter to 4

Before we peeled off, they tried to seal off the back
door

Gats for the beast, high persuit down the side streets

Shot up my getaway Jeep, crashed the front glass

And blew the head rest off the passenger seat

I grabbed the heat, ditched the whip and then escaped
on feet

While the locals interrogated for names and photos

Work with 5-0, swappin info for dough

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Raekwon]

What, what, from here to Indianapolis...

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