

Raekwon, Keep It Politics

I?m in my lawn, seen my brother Lebronn
Up in the Chinese saloon, shooting dice
Lee at the 5th and a thong
On a sexy little bitch named Left
Both sides of my arm, he must have paid
About a million in bonds
No touching, their instructions
If you touch it, I?ma clutch and and cut you
And send you back home to your mom
We the headhunters,
Who crunch numbers and dodge fumlbers
Beef a little bit, pulling joints out of the rumble
While I flash jumping in a new blue horse
With some new cash
Up in massie finger and stacy dash
Don?t make me spazz, on make you shotgun
Pal by niggas, put them all in your ass
Go dolo, every time I?m up in soho it?s a nono
Ways gasing me up, scarface throwing nolos
You tired of flying around solo, made a few legit moves
Had to quit, call up my man come on chef
We gonna get you the new mall
Nights those will shut down
It?s time for you hand me your logo
No more promo,
Just keep it politics, just keep the politics load off
You already know what it is man,
Warrup?

Shout out to Raekwon, only do is hustle is Yvone
Rock his jeans, like ghost space and chilling his baby mama
Talking bout pill and his baby mom
This nigga the baby fons, a picture like the nigga Jim armor
Cooling all my temperature karma
Buying bricks now and then
Fascinate your mind, it?s the jungle
I rock gazelles with lamas, new album on the approach now
Will be a long and feet of prons and coins true
He a charmer, he do the same G at kianna
This nigga money like Warren and Giuseppe and ___
Take his seeds out of his_ and bung up
Yeah light it, yeah, you know what it is man?

Don't fu** with us!