

# Raekwon, Range Rover

[Intro: Raekwon]

I don't want it, I don't want it  
Never getting off my grind, cause I  
Love you..

[Raekwon]

They call him Mr. Staten Island, gats, New Balance is coming through  
Hood hikers smoking them woods, alotta pull lightning  
Neck, finger icy, peel out of rent, niggaz do them good heistes  
Halibit fishes, with different colored rices  
All my niggaz, behind pots, sturring, blocks we serving  
Two for five, slide in the building, heard me?  
White fishscale, take a whiff, shit's real  
Don't ever approach with no whitey's and big bills  
The fuck doctor, I only truck jewelry on gold locking  
Most of my money is grounded and gwop it  
For every gate caking, we gon' collect the model  
Respect it, or get your hand chopped off, drowned in Moet  
The places I've been, seen alotta faces on the move  
Pacing Yankee hats low, what up Allah, stay gracious  
Applying refinement, stretched lands, grams in the SoHo Grand  
Where I blaze pussies and purple hazes  
Sippin' saki, BET'in it, dick Rocky, Bruce Wayne frame  
Froms the creator of Versace, yo  
Everybody lit, money to split, on birthday's  
We call 'em earth days, buy that nigga a whip  
So when the D's pull up, we fully equipped  
Checkbook credit card, license fifth, my wife just flipped  
Puerto Ric' ass, with skinny TV's, cheese in the ceiling fan  
Mister Money from all the flips