

We Will Rob You

Raekwon, Slick Rick, Masta Killa & GZA

Who in the hell teaches you kung fu?
Your master must be an ignorant idiot as well!(Uncle Ricky, would you read us a bedtime story?)

Nah kid, but I'mma give you one them old Raekwon crime joints
Feel me? We will, we will

We will, we will -- here we goWell it was late one night, walking through the park

With my leathered down coat and wallabee Clarks

Getting my step on, big shit, big six, big wrist

So much excitement in the air, I was crisp

Money suitcase, Louis joint (yo, Rae, I'mma get some shit just like yours!)

Go make it happen, black God and get rich

Saw the D's fly by, in a New Yorker, yup, tints and shit

They made a right on me, them last two dicks

Know I seen 'em, Max loaded, jog right back to the car

They spun around again and blast their shit

I dropped a Backwood, a puff and then a 6-4-5

You're a live nigga, you almost smashed your shit

I'mma don my way out the bitch, moving through the car

Nice and slow, two hoodies on and a golden pit

Nigga had a white eye, they both blacked down

What's the clown shit for? The dog jumped in the whip

It was a trained one, wops pointed at me (yo, nigga, freeze)

I told the Chef Raekwon, pump the breaks

Slow it down, you know these C-Cypher Punks scanned your plates

Release the seatbelt off the shoulders, a mile ahead

Then the vibe got a lot colder when the marksman said

"Black niggas in the Jeep, get the fuck out the car"

"Put your hands where my eyes can see or suffer a scar"

He was a veteran, who kept, pepper spray in the cannister

Donut shop lounge, thirty eight brandisher

On top of that, the blunt smoke just rang a bell

Of his bloodhound who had an acute sense of smell

Beef tripping, saliva dripping from razor sharp teeth

That was pointy as the daggers of the Indian Chiefs

Same cops known for extorting pimps and booking whores

Aimed Glocks at me and Rae, cause they was looking for

A few MC's wanted for a string of break-ins

Last seen, wearing long minks and snakeskins

We will, we will, rob you

We will, we will, Glock you

We will, we will, what? who? (not you)

Here we goYou know my Clan done ran from Japan to Atlanta

With stamina, peace to Chef, Mr. Meth
Move it on your left, with the Iron Lung breath
Ghostface Kill', U-G ill
Deck so real, Dr. Ason Unique, the medic
Ahh, Allah Just, The Abbott, ya'll niggas can't forget it
You might catch a Cap if your shit ain't Street
Allah Mathematics make the cypher complete
See knowledge is the foundation of existence
To know starts the spark of the flow
Wisdom activation of the Nation moving
Wise words, show and prove or understand the 13 letters
And the Masta, culture be the way of life
Freedom is reward, who will pay the price for the power
Spending hour after hour, preparing his self
For the hour, now look how refined
When the mind and body is one, every part of me
Supreme equality, manifest the nature of self
G-O-D, now build and add on to the truth
Destroy the bullshit, born incomplete
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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