

Spot Rusherz

Raekwon

sounds of the street, Wu-Tang St. Ide's commercial is in the background
(this is a best guess based on what's heard underneath Rae's conversation)

Who's the Wallabe kid, dress down, could never be Son
Ricochet daily hit the deli for a cold one
May I be blessed yes? My mic is like a laser beam
that blow between the bushes, St. Ide's and I the king of things
Crack the bottle of the St. Ide's, sippin it's real
and thrillin will I, drink it and we only
too be dope, you can't die, them peoples do lie
And if the street don't know, you're full of slang cane pain
It was hot, on the spot, so I jetted up the block
I said, ock, I'm hot, let's go sit on the bay by the docks
of the black, I'm fully packed, always got my Trojan
Heads got bottles open, fill my cup till flowin

conversation

All that good shit

Yeah

KnowwhatI'msayin, you come in, you come in lookin flavorful

Word

YouknowwhatI mean? You the whole shit of the whole night

But I've seen it though, knowwhatI'msayin? Like I seen it

You know, my G is too futuristic for that shit, knowwhatI'msayin?

Word, did you try to get a little swerve kid on?

Tried to man, youknowwhatI'msayin, but she was come pullin off

Word

Word?

Just come pullin off her as her drawers

Worrrd

Fuck that bitch though, knowwhatI'msayin? Shoulda, on the real

Yo yo tonight feel like a nigga gonna get burnt

Yeah yeah

It's like you hear something tomorrow right

Some like yo, blahzay blahe

It's the wind, I'm tellin you

Yeah yeah word

It's the air, I can feel it

It feel hot, it feel feel hot at night and shit like

the sun ain't even out

Yo the sun don't shine nobody, knowwhatI'msayin?

Yeah

One-two, one-two, nigga

Line for line, line for line

How we get down wit da rhyme
Yo, it be a line for line, line for line
This is how we get down
Yeah, line for line, line for line
This is how we get down Yo! Can you feel me?
Storytellig rap Magellan I ain't tellin
Them niggaz ran in the spot for sellin
Word up, pushed up, man got mushed up
Seen him at a rap show actin like fat cat though
Glasses gold, shinin like a real big boy
This nigga had mega ice on Chips Ahoy!
Cat surrounded, this political brown kid
All out the wind yo, my man walked in
Pullin mints out son had mad clientele
Order me Cristal twice Kion, chill!
Watch them niggaz, ayyo that clique's from outta state
They bubble weight in Far Rockaway with Blake Carrington
You know the kid with the most doe-getters
And terrors on fat shit clique they rock Lo sweaters
That's my man, that's my man too
Call him up on the strength of the Wu
And watch me game, yo grab the cell
I got a heist to pull off well
At the end of the week, I'm buyin you a L
Lexus nigga, I ain't talkin bout Hancock
No time for weed plus no time to get locked
That night, up in the staircase
Cousin had me laced out, skeed all outta my face
We gon' get dat cruchy chump for all of his lump
Don't try to front, you was sweatin this Hilfidiger
Guess who walked in - Abbott and his man from Farragut
Confront him wit the Ruger on his back, walk in black
Where's your man, where's the sky blue Land at?
Stop playin Wu in the back, smacked him wit the gat
(Yo, money said he be here in fifteen!)
Stop lyin, wait for the Millenia green to pull up
He got the Donna Karen shit on, two rings
Six carats a piece plus the chain swing
Like anchors on ships flooded wit all diamond chips
Back pockets: two clips - four-fifths wit rubber grips
Layin, two bottles of brass I was slayin
Meditatin, red dot be waitin for my payment
Heard the key in the lock, cocked the glock
Turn the lights out, dip behind the couch
Kion, gag his mouth
Infra-redded his head when he entered
But a soft Perry Ellis leather with Dorinda
A friend of, Kion's wife, Kenya, the bitch larger than life
Yo, shorty be fuckin mad Columbian niggaz

Fuck it, get on the floor meet the black Lex Luthor
Stripped fast, the bitch had on Claiborne drawers
Yo Rae, you about to scrape her, chill Ghost
Thought for a second, turned around
Threw the nine in his meatloaf
Yo, where's the cash and the stash that's mixed?
I don't know!
Shot his hand, he started screamin like a bitch!

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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