

# Last Trip to Scotland (feat. Lloyd Banks)

## Raekwon & Lloyd Banks

That nigga pussy doin' pig Latin  
He can't come to the hood  
Might kill him off, top up in the Staten  
Son think he better than niggas  
I think his rebels is resentful, tried to kill him in his rental  
He had an Idi Amin approach, hittin'  
the roach  
Had a hunger face, he drove his mom's 7 in the ocean  
He's a wild cowboy slangin' heron who rocked the dead on  
Knock a DEA agent on his Chevron  
All of his Eli's machette'd up stainless  
You never heard  
nothin', all you hear is the guns bangin'  
Rockin' pastel blazers with a shorty from Iceland  
Who old dad put 'em up on white sand  
Starvin' to make a whack debut, he came through the lobby  
Three culture Devilles with them a whitey  
This pathetic, ragged monkey face faggot daddy  
Comin' through the stairs with blow in his mouth, desperate  
Watchin' him lookin' stupid, son know we on foot patrol  
Come through the hole, niggas is  
swoopin'  
700 shots, all leather gloves, 6 thugs  
Two had a mask on, they took 'em off, what?  
We got you now nigga, knowin' you down  
Niggas is foul, this is trauma king, by any means  
blaow  
They pushed his face in, fell out as saconies  
Snatched his homies, took his glock  
You gon' be my tenderonies?  
Metal exchanges, the hoods, the gun range  
Everybody's a target, dependin' on how you aim  
Dice games and ice chains, pendants spellin' your name  
OG's settin' the wrong example, tellin' the same  
Look at shorty shit stain, grew up to be a fuckin' mess  
Before his clique came, he banged and never tucked his chest  
Closets full of them things, he caught the gun connect  
Ridin' 'round with A and Lou, Nino when they want respect  
Son cold, Nino want to show  
Everybody know they straight shippin'  
Hood bitches to the bungalow  
Pillow talking led to birds talking  
Chattin' bout what happened  
And when and where they comin' back in  
Champagne slackin' traffickin' while they travel  
Word got back at old time friends and snakes rattled  
Two different Bourbons  
But the one that dropped the birds got tailed  
Information for the ones who light the steel got mill  
Pussy power made the plans sour  
Apartment full of party powder outside a stakeout for hours

Click clacks from big gats and rags  
Soon as the door squeaks they runnin' up on the grassBang flash, shots right on path, broken  
glass

Comedy of laughs while they haul ass with the bags  
Legends in my hood play back, twin Benz's whippin' in black  
And that was like the old Maybach

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

Lyrics provided by <http://www.1songlyrics.com/>