

Sonny's Missing

Raekwon

[sample: 'The Killer']

Then who will beat him?

I don't know, you know I can't reveal that sort of thing to you

Well I haven't got my money yet

[Intro: Raekwon]

Head splash, caught him... (eight million stories or something)

Eight million stories, nigga

Word up, from the hard streets of Norfolk

Motherfucker to New York, all over the world, nigga

We win, all day everyday, nigga (Son is missing right now, man)

Ya bitch-ass nigga, watch what happens (Get on it man, for real)

Check the shit, yo, aiyo, aiyo...

[Raekwon:]

They found his head splashed, caught him by the side of the building

He had a mask on, four-five why did you kill him?

It was supposed to happen, clicked the shit back

Yo, this is the deal, you get on the floor and lay in the grass

Had me handcuffed, take two puffs of the kush

I see you out here, your name's real, can't let you get touched

He had a team, Japanese fiend, all of them greened down

Chiba lit, blood on his Adidas was thick

One second homey, walked over, weapon was boney

Long nose joint, "Hold him", grabbed the nigga head, broke his Roley

Where the blow shorty? Shorty start smiling, "Y'all niggaz is puss"

Yo, Lex, these niggaz, ain't vets, they gush

Chunk of meat flew off his cheek bone, broke a seat

Had a hole in his 'Lo shirt and took all his weed

Untied him, he fell, legs weak and son wouldn't tell

Now it gets deep, son start falling asleep

They woke him back up, smacked him with the Mac, "Where ya slut? "

I heard you copped a new Beemer and them glasses is rough

They was the Furla joints, eighteen karets, bought 'em right in Brazil

He had the steal on 'T'm, niggaz went savage, they had him spread out

T position, opened his jeans up

Shot him in the leg bone, he rose up like Kung Tut

Still riffing, this why for real my niggaz'll still get it

All of us yelling, he I'll with it

Mouth bloody, muddy Gucci joints on, them shits was nine hundred

Couldn't wait to kill him, his sons wanted it

Champion hoody was gone, they broke his neck in like five places

Pushed him down the rail and it skipped his face

[Outro: Raekwon]

Yo, chill, nigga, chill
Police, police, the bullhorn... [sirens wailing]
(Aiyo, son, niggaz better start flushing the fucking toilet, man)
They just fucking killed this nigga, my nigga
(Better stop leaving ya dirty fucking Fila hoodies around, man)
Hit this nigga in the back of his fucking head
You, man? (Yo, man, the nigga whole fucking head desintegrated, nigga)
(There's a hundred police outside) Listen, B, aiyo...
They running through the building, man
(Y'all niggaz gotta shut the fuck up, man)
(Then you wonder why niggaz be getting busted?)
Man, y'all niggaz is yelling, man
We in the back cooking, B, come on, man
What the fuck? Langston, go to the store
I'm stilling waiting for the baking soda)
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