

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