

## Blood On Chefs Apron Freestyle

Raekwon

Ayo, No matter how we come off, We come off hard  
Chanel robes on with the vision of God  
Rifles, The new Kevlars, Under the projects  
Lead stars, Blow a hole in your leg and dodge  
Vipers is the niggas you can't trust  
Pawns'll run up, Horns on they foreheads what's up  
Crack bag'n, No riches no bitches  
See the power of the spoon we twist'n  
Turn'n, Burn that coke up, We did a deal with Pyrex  
The drug dealers want me to vote  
Pay extra, Extra want an interview  
Two million texts, Where the fuck's Cuban Linx II  
Chill, Perriami, Rarely catch the kid outta character  
This is why my flow is scary  
It break jaws if you can't say it, The World is yours  
Slice her the gravy, Your girl applauds  
My dick goes to her, You be a man get your grands up  
This is why my rap thing blew up  
Realistically, Nobody realer then the kid be  
Wrist glists like Mr. T, Sure I did  
Rappers be aware I'm coming, It's like a snow storm bout to hit  
Check it out the checks is coming, You the new I'm the old  
Dress better, S. cheddar, Blow'n on some motherfucking Yukon Gold  
I said it, Meant it, Spent it, Been there  
Did it ten times, This is why my rhymes is vintage