

Whips and Kicks

Raekwon

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah nigga
That's all yall niggas talk about all fucking day man
The whips man, Fucking cars and all that shit
Fucking vehicles and shit man
We been swing'n and all these niggas need to cut it out man
Cause yall niggas is babies man

Remember the Four Runner's, Corsica's, Back with the gold cunnions
Maxima yep, Stances, Audis with sick vances
Datsun's, Corolla's, All of the oldies yo
Riding through the city, Jetta's and Volvo's
Crestas' was for the extra terrestrial
Alpha Romeo's, Yeah the Wrangler's and Lexus'
Pinto's, Geo's, Suzuki's was the truth yo
Making them up town trips, Cops'll shoot you though
Benz's, Five-sixties', Gallant's and the fly Rivies
Rivera's look grisly huh
You know we come through, Something mean under the sun roof
I blow a blunt, Poof, Shorty singing I'm Koof
Yeah the Sterling, The Grand Am's
The Lincoln with the crab amps
Made me mad, In the Blazer we all cramped
Six deep, Four bags of cheeba, A crisp beat
All I need to show you now is a sick Jeep

Eighty-four mopeds, Blue and white Pro-Keds
Just started puff'n, Got instructions for an old head
Co-ved, Wally rock'n niggas tryna grow dreads
Back in the bush, Church Ave. on the juxs
Shell toes, Black and white, No laces in em
Pat U-edition had his whole face in em
Straight leg denims, Taylor made shit
Kareem Laker colors, Low cut suede tip
Stay dipped, Stan Smith lay sick
Two-toned colors, Put the taps on the rubber
Puma rock'n nigga, Fuck a womber I was bigger
See a bitch in seconds an assumed that I could rip her
None hipper, Copped kicks with the zippers
The Fila's arrived, It was Levi's and high
In V Tracks I was simply the mack
Everything I snatched had to match with the hat
Reebok rocker, Whole crew couldn't knock us
Fuck who, Only thing to do was just glock us
Valley Competitions and the Jordan's hit stores
I'm sitting reminiscing, T. La Rock it's yours
Now fast forward time nigga still on the grind
Haters everywhere, Nigga still gotta shine
Gucci's all kinds, Switch em up for the weather
Louis' in lime, Only do it for the pleasure
Come fresher, From the tech on the dresser
Fifth in the waist, Still crys'd and I'm laced

Niggas, And I do it for real you dig
You know, I still rock the Gor-Tex and Tim's when necessary
Other then that, Bogary low cuts the minimum
Or I do the Italian Classic Olympic cut Gucci's
Three quarters, You bum ass niggas