

# Wyld in Da Club

Raekwon

f/ Ice Water Inc., Ultra

Don't take it per-son-al.. it's only mu-sic  
Holla at me.. yo! Yo!  
Ice Water! Yo.. yo.

Try me, P.C.'ll put a clip in a nigga  
Fuck a hole, my bullets'll dig a ditch in a nigga  
Listen, I've been reppin', only pack big weapons  
One shot to the stomach, you missin' ya midsection  
I'm off the wall, dog, I could off ya balls  
Stick his ass to the rooftop, toss 'em off  
Hit the Ave with the rooftop off the porch  
I get money cuz it costs to floss, nigga you feelin' me?  
And if not then fuck what you gotta deal with me  
I've only been here for a minute but haters wanna get rid of me  
P.C. creep with at least three heats  
And a shotgun stashed underneath the backseats

Niggas actin' like you don't feel a draft  
You seen ya man? Tell him I'ma kill his ass  
And I don't, wanna talk I want a mill in cash  
I come through 'tards shittin', lookin' ill in the past  
Cuz it's the, Ice Water, don't get it confused  
And one false move'll cause me to spit at you dudes  
It's Stumic, motherfucker and I'm pickin' ya food  
And ain't no one out you know that my niggas'll do you  
Let's spit on 'em, rush these niggas  
and crush several fuckin', will leave a dent out ya liver  
Only kid in the hood with a mustard ninja  
Heard you broke down good, well I fucked ya sister

Eh yo we Wyld in Da Club, style in the club  
This is for my niggas gettin' down in the club  
At the bar throwin' down rounds in the club  
Talk slick and get the four pound in ya mug

Yo I keep my gun on me, what the fuck y'all want from me?  
Y'all touch my property somebody gon' die, uh-huh  
This ain't no joke, it's for real  
My niggas they totin' they steel  
All it takes a phone call and they ready to ride  
Get ready to die

Eh yo the cards are dealt, the words are spoken  
Nigga, welcome to the Hell, the gates is open (uh-huh)  
Gatekeeper, first degree murder through the speaker  
Who deep enough to flow with the reaper?  
Stuck in the middle, I spit a little riddle  
Leavin' niggas crippled, my niggas ball 'em like Kerry Kittles  
You niggas makin' it hard, it's really kinda simple  
If a nigga gotta pull it out I'm puttin' it in ya temple

Official I do this, rude maneuver  
I use the Rugers to keep the bullets movin' through ya  
Weak anatomy, fuck the small talk and flattery  
Ya power is weak, to beef you need much more batteries

Keep it genetic, or dead it, Ice Water Inc. we said it  
Whoever so-called did it or said it, promote it and spread it  
Fake it or front it, get ambushed and confronted  
With slugs in ya head, back, chest and stomach  
Niggas don't want it or ask for it, so we give it to 'em  
Dead in the club and let them things spit and rip through 'em dead in the club  
Is you gon' fuck around and be the nigga dead in the club?  
(Yeah? Uh-huh..)

Egyptian look, gazelles on, L's lit, this how it's goin' down  
Ski mask, Chanel shit, move like a terrorist click  
Nineteen eighties babies, worldwide, ya girl on our dick  
All you know is Rae look good, he hood  
Envision the flips, I make money like them niggas who take money  
Fresh out the can, Duran look, Astro van  
The ill Castro, rap Son of Sam  
More Rugers, more bow and arrows  
Still no losers, forty five dollars ahead  
Go at niggas shootin' lyrical leads  
Stop absorbin, break shit, knock that gay shit out ya head

[Chorus 2X]