

# Spot Rusherz

## Raekwon

\*sounds of the street, Wu-Tang St. Ide's commercial is in the background\*  
(this is a best guess based on what's heard underneath Rae's conversation)

Who's the Wallabe kid, dress down, could never be Son  
Ricochet daily hit the deli for a cold one  
May I be blessed yes? My mic is like a laser beam  
that blow between the bushes, St. Ide's and I the king of things  
Crack the bottle of the St. Ide's, sippin it's real  
and thrillin will I, drink it and we only  
too be dope, you can't die, them peoples do lie  
And if the street don't know, you're full of slang cane pain  
It was hot, on the spot, so I jetted up the block  
I said, ock, I'm hot, let's go sit on the bay by the docks  
of the black, I'm fully packed, always got my Trojan  
Heads got bottles open, fill my cup till flowin

\*conversation\*

All that good shit

Yeah

KnowwhatI'msayin, you come in, you come in lookin flavorful

Word

YouknowwhatImean? You the whole shit of the whole night

But I've seen it though, knowwhatI'msayin? Like I seen it

You know, my G is too futuristic for that shit, knowwhatI'msayin?

Word, did you try to get a little swerve kid on?

Tried to man, youknowwhatI'msayin, but she was come pullin off

Word

Word?

Just come pullin off her as her drawers

Worrrd

Fuck that bitch though, knowwhatI'msayin? Shoulda, on the real

Yo yo tonight feel like a nigga gonna get burnt

Yeah yeah

It's like you hear something tomorrow right

Some like yo, blahzay blahe

It's the wind, I'm tellin you

Yeah yeah word

It's the air, I can feel it

It feel hot, it feel feel hot at night and shit like  
the sun ain't even out

Yo the sun don't shine nobody, knowwhatI'msayin?

Yeah

One-two, one-two, nigga

Line for line, line for line

How we get down wit da rhyme  
Yo, it be a line for line, line for line  
This is how we get down  
Yeah, line for line, line for line  
This is how we get downYo! Can you feel me?  
Storytellin rap Magellan I ain't tellin  
Them niggaz ran in the spot for sellin  
Word up, pushed up, man got mushed up  
Seen him at a rap show actin like fat cat though  
Glasses gold, shinin like a real big boy  
This nigga had mega ice on Chips Ahoy!  
Cat surrounded, this political brown kid  
All out the wind yo, my man walked in  
Pullin mints out son had mad clientele  
Order me Cristal twice Kion, chill!  
Watch them niggaz, aiyyo that clique's from outta state  
They bubble weight in Far Rockaway with Blake Carrington  
You know the kid with the most doe-getters  
And terrors on fat shit clique they rock Lo sweaters  
That's my man, that's my man too  
Call him up on the strength of the Wu  
And watch me game, yo grab the cell  
I got a heist to pull off well  
At the end of the week, I'm buyin you a L  
Lexus nigga, I ain't talkin bout Hancock  
No time for weed plus no time to get locked  
That night, up in the staircase  
Cousin had me laced out, skeed all outta my face  
We gon' get dat cruchy chump for all of his lump  
Don't try to front, you was sweatin this Hilfidiger  
Guess who walked in - Abbott and his man from Farragut  
Confront him wit the Ruger on his back, walk in black  
Where's your man, where's the sky blue Land at?  
Stop playin Wu in the back, smacked him wit the gat  
(Yo, money said he be here in fifteen!)  
Stop lyin, wait for the Millenia green to pull up  
He got the Donna Karen shit on, two rings  
Six carats a piece plus the chain swing  
Like anchors on ships flooded wit all diamond chips  
Back pockets: two clips - four-fifths wit rubber grips  
Layin, two bottles of brass I was slayin  
Meditatin, red dot be waitin for my payment  
Heard the key in the lock, cocked the glock  
Turn the lights out, dip behind the couch  
Kion, gag his mouth  
Infra-redded his head when he entered  
But a soft Perry Ellis leather with Dorinda  
A friend of, Kion's wife, Kenya, the bitch larger than life  
Yo, shorty be fuckin mad Columbian niggaz

Fuck it, get on the floor meet the black Lex Luthor  
Stripped fast, the bitch had on Claiborne drawers  
Yo Rae, you about to scrape her, chill Ghost  
Thought for a second, turned around  
Threw the nine in his meatloaf  
Yo, where's the cash and the stash that's mixed?  
I don't know!  
Shot his hand, he started screamin like a bitch!

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>