Power

Raekwon

Take it off, sho' 'nough kid, take it off
We gon' take it from the east to the west to the north to the south
Show y'all what it's about
Don't make me throw no gun in your mouth
Know? How long is your cream? This long?Eh yo, his belt got karats in it
Swift description, E-320 nigga pitchin'
Rock a raw dinosaur chain, hang to his thang
Its like, he pump isolated, still cashin' in creamNiggas in the hood hate him, drew a vase of him
Blaze em, he actin' like Shallah raisin' him
This is hydrogen, son aint live as him
He like Maguyver, chin 4 spies with himRoll relentless, desert that he hold is a gift wish
Smash the list, give his miss dick
Technique, operation sex scream
About the bet cream, them alligators jet like a vet swingNigga like Nicolas Cage with the gage in your braids
2 cannons thatll spray, rockin' banana suede
Suck this drunk alcohol dick
Fuck yall niggas with hits, we 'bout to shit on yall shitYall brothas wanna call us out?
Name names, otherwise itd be the wise to shut the fuck up
Get pimp-smacked up, jacked up and macked up
Youre scared and froze of bein' exposedI own Harlem, I bone Harlem, call me the Mayor
Its my borough, you dont want no problems
Im on now, you dead pop, all jokes aside
I ride the top, you glide the bottomPitfall, 5 foot 9, my dick balls
Shit yall, leave flat line to stick yours
We flip off basic and brace it
8 kills, 47 ways to taste itNever understand what you never been told
You did your book bitin' off of my scrolls
We hit man, Colombo, coats and hats to match
Bust off quick, and then, guns go backAh yo, I move like Arthur Ash against God
4 raquets, 8 balls and no practice
Every cyphers a heated discussion
The industry was like a beat that needed percussionAnd I brun the music, shit that make crews flip
Y'all might say that Im the illest, this is Q.U. shit
I used to heat-hole, now Im takin' over like the repo
No bitches that roll, cee-lo thatll sniff a kiloWe went from Franks and beans to shanks and greens
Now we drive our navigators to banks in Queens
Yall cant fuck around, your words aint right
Every time I touch the mic, they say, "Perb aint right"But thats the truth though, doh, infact thats it
When they drop this shit, Im gon cop that shit

It's the new star, you want me? Im at the juice bar
Yall once hap niggas, give me 2 starsI heard what yall rappin' about, but bring your stash out
You shouldnt throw rocks if you livin' in glass house
Sneak your weak shit at us, on the low though
Where these cats come from, speakin' about PoHe got cash to cop and Im crashin'
But half of yall cats just catchin' up to Rae last year
Got guns in the jungle, call em Jurassic
The chrome, the steel, the 22-shot plasticWhile yall niggas cop jars, me and my niggas cop bars
Gettin' head from rock stars
We blowin' everything apart, Im smashin' the charts
How I see it? Yo, how you see it?Eh yo, what you wanna be when you grow up?
Yo, I wanna be a leader
Slow your speed up and stop tryin' to be us
Say somethin' always, got a future? Stay out the hallways
And get yourself right, a 100 more waysFly like iceberg, nice with verbs, precise words
Bentley swerve, hit the curb, jump out, cock back, spit out
Shut your block down, get out, criminal route
Gangsta shit, cant talk now, gun in your mouthCream team killas, cocoon cats like caterpillars
Giant size gorillas, break niggas backs from the skrilla
Scratch, greenback track, Feds berserk
Thats my word, disrespect Recca, get what you deserveInferno, melt down mics, millionaire in my afterlife
Broke bread with Christ on the last night
Apocalypse, sleep with 4-5th, 2 clips
Passport, cellphone with the removable micro-chip
Specialist, 40-karat Sicilian necklace
Matching bracelet, cream team crisp the basic

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