

# Crown of Thorns

Raekwon

From shooters in buildings to coupes in the pavilions  
Play wealth, keep your health and your heart first  
The belt that's been passed on the last car collision and cracks  
We was there rolling up, holding duffle bags, that's facts  
Blood on his Fila's, crested Levi's  
Laid there, two chains on, where's the throne  
I was slick, like poets who know his shit, cold as shit  
Thugs that stay loaded then blow throughout the global quick  
Fast money and sneakers, cool out king silks on  
Right in front of the Flash Gordon, you crabs goners  
Stealin' styles so we taxed him out on Billy Childs  
The bodies was ripped from water, twist the chalice  
A grown folks game to the older folks  
Grey haired gangsters rockin' New Balance  
See the chodes, a few challenges  
Money spill, heads tumble, thugs rumble, drugs crumble  
But still I'm still upon in bankers trust, thankin' us  
Preparing my speech, pulled up in a peach Corniche  
Seats are burgundy, soccer gear and Louis cleats  
Hand me my medals, pussy he just laughin' at us  
I know you wanted my bitch, but money won't attract her  
They trained, pullin' pistols see the aims  
It's desert shark, that blow apart flesh and bones when it starts  
The originator, cuban linx chains, diamonds and clarks  
Swim on this crime wave where bags of money get washed  
They say Loyalty's golden and it will make you rich  
Well, I'm royal, my cloth is purple, I never switch  
High chief, low eyes and hella jewels  
Word from the wise, it's time to rise and show and prove  
Getting money is easy, keeping it that's the hard part  
Creeps and scavengers roam the land, call 'em aardvarks  
Go ahead and try me now, filthy rich Africans  
From the slums' glorious days, I bring the action in  
Long hair Brazillians love swallowing my childrens  
Selfmade poet, poetry constantly bringin' millions in  
Scratch that small talk, meetings with the higher ups  
Walls necessary, cemetary bitch and bury chumps  
Spark up a branch and sip the champagne for the pain  
Let's celebrate, this duffel bag snatch your dime piece bag another coffin though  
From the era where the code is 'never trust a hoe'  
My advanced stride is the coldest, yo

Ritual's get the bread and stay upon your square  
For the leeches and the sly foxes please be aware  
'Cause they will pray upon your shortcomings  
Jeopardise the family's heir  
Here's the first glass, sip it to hell, I'll see you there  
They say Loyalty's golden and it will make you rich  
Well, I'm royal, my cloth is purple, I never switch  
High chief, low eyes and hella jewels  
Word from the wise, it's time to rise and show 'em proof

Songwriters

Corey Woods, Philip PerryPublished by

Lyrics Â© SCION THREE MUSIC Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>