Butter Knives

Raekwon

(They say he's a swordsman)
Back to that fly shit
(They say he's a swordsman)
Silicone Valley good shit, right here, boy
More money on this rhyme right here, boy
Take ya'll back to the front of the muthafucking 1-6-O, oh shit
Yo, lord, that first Wu shit
You know what it is, it's that muthafucking
Special made, high powered, special made forces
What up, what up, what up?
Aiyo, aiyo chef that fly with a meat cleaver
Swing on a young nigga, smack flames at him, no gun neither
Leave him with a buck, what the fuck
(They say he's a swordsman)
Get that little, nigga
Who give a fuck if he's a swordsman, I'm a gunman, I run from nothing
Chain came from rent days and pumping
Wire cell with valor's on, drawers is colorful
I do this, forever nigga, raw style
Lighting Phillies, fly by willies, can't come through
Unless your vehicle, three hundred chain, silly
Laying in the park with the killas, the Coupes and villains
No rims, we just ball for the millions
The emperor of slang lords, kings get clapped in they dome
Get your throne rushed and I ain't got a gun on
High power ninjas who touch you, lay a gun on
Drinking with the best of the hustling
I got butter knives like you got butter knives
Come through huddling, run through the spot thirty times
All my niggas old school robbers, do what it do
I got a sixty-two, a black pair of goggles
FILA approachers, the Bee Hives, the vultures and the roasters
Can't come through with cedar toasters
It's going down, only in the town
Your heart get tested and gun play is only an investment
Flying shooters, eye-wear Rugers
Stars and swords in front of the building, five thousand students
Cocaine cops they know him
(They say he's a swordsman)

You already know that, man
Diamond up, double O sevens, come through, 1-8-7
Back to the Hill in a second, yeah
Sons jump in front of them bullets, push me up in the bullet
Stay cool, I got shit, where ya weapon?
Hurricane slammers, earthquake clips and cannons
Back of the building with the jammers
Live well, eat well, welcome to the Terrordome, sleep well
Who don't like beefing? Keep shells
I flow with the souls of sharks and criminals in they heart
Play parts of this in detail
Well carried mannered, blampers, ninjas black down
Pop up on spots and vanished
(They say he's a swordsman)
I got butter knives like you got butter knives
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All my niggas old school robbers, do what it do
I got a sixty-two, a black pair of goggles
FILA approachers, the Bee Hives, the vultures and the roasters
Can't come through with cedar toasters
It's going down, only in the town
Your heart get tested and gun play is only an investment
Get down, Lord
(They say he's a swordsman)

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