

# 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  
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  
Get down, Lord  
(They say he's a swordsman)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>