Crane Style

Raekwon

[Intro: Raekwon]Come on, man, you a wild dude, Chef Talk to them niggas, man, stop playing, man For real, man [Raekwon:]Redskin leather, Indian sex Pair of fresh Mocs on, lighting Lear on my flesh Let my arm roll, fresh off the honor roll, platinum bottles of Cru' All my niggas do what I got 'em for Extra flashy grind, hit 'em with a crisp rhyme Lines is nothing, blunt out, fuck him All we know is jewelry and I mashed that, everybody excited To see whatever bling on, smash that Clever, more like a fox and ox together Two stainless glocks, rocks and a feather Yeah, I'm from the lead era, shoot at Anything that move, and move out America And all we ever want is needed, seen it Like a young Filipino in Kuwait getting treated Heavy horror armor, spike a bitch like her Half a pound of good weed, then float through Gowanus Brilliant master, sixteenth chapel in the Apple

Flooded up, Warridge wackos Park Hillians getting hillions, that means millions All on feet like Nigerian [Busta Rhymes:]Shallah, I got 'em Heat-seeking missile spit, don't even try to hide, nigga Sizzle through your skin bars, call me cyanide, bitch Try me if you want, homey, violation's a no-no I am the health hazard, skull & bone, poisonous logo Unleash the dragon, massacre the scene I'm spitting, burn a hole through the speaker, And start melting the street up Somebody please call the fire department And I'm a strong believer, Ya'll know that I ain't the one to start with Cause once the fuse is lit and we strike a match and the spark smell My fangs bleed and we nam them up like ox tail Ya'll see what's happening, ya'll know what the truth is Somebody please ask Shallah Rae why he making me do this

Cause once I finish dudes, it's unfortunate for them yappers
Throw them in the trash, they ain't no recycling bin for rappers
I microphone control, it's the current dominant factor
The records been bodied, I personally request the pastor, gone

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