Raw

Raekwon

[Chorus:]
Yes, the shit is raw, comin' at ya door
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Start to scream out loud, Cream Team's back for moreNine hundred dollars on the glass table
Wally Clark Gable unable
Blow it on a grey goose
Picture that, elephant skin
Cartier glasses dim
What's that? Gold around the rim
Hollywoodizin', without goin' Hollywood
Polly for all, Cream Team playas in the hood
Stop that scrutenizin', naturize
See my paper rise, promotin' it at Lakeshore Drive
Trickin' at the shark bar, God
Make sure the collar greens got turkey bars par, we got you Allah
Rare start grappin' the hair, playin' Cuban Linx
Spinnin' like the swivel chair, yea
No questionThe peeps flippin', actin' like she wanted me to pipe her
And they got you jealous, claimin' that you never liked her
Then I found out why'all was too many dykers
Now I'm hyper, beggin' you to hook me with a cypher
See me in the tunnel and you trouble me
Get my dick hard dancin', sippin' my bubbly
Yo, beat me in the head, talkin' 'bout how you got a man
that can't get freaky as I want to be
No talk, Giant Size in the game
Colt forty five, appliance in the game
Tyra's in the game, huh?
Relyin on money, to make sure that my environment change[Chorus: Repeat 2X]2:15 and I'm blasted, smack that ass kid
Light skin, what up? Stop splashin'
Slang got niggas in the choke hold
Freakin' their coats, got $64,000 on clothes, yo
Wu-Wear jackets and hats, relaxin', bets play that
Ping-pong champion cats, what?
Chantin' out Walk Myers
Yo, the weather is nice, flex the Benz
With $10,000 in flyersThe squelli I'm for in the six range things

Make the loyalist cats, Flipmode do strange things
Switch like change lanes, chains, rings and glaciers
Stay phat in itMan, I can't stand them chicks, I dig for Vanson
Play a brother close to Puff is Branson
Ice work, gleamin' I'm catchin' them, glancin'
I play 'em no mon', 'bout to bar dance 'em
White bitches with Banky like, "You handsome"
Flyin' to the hills, to fuck in the mansion
Only one way you spendin' the night in here tonight
singing If your head is rightDance turn into a romance
Dance turn into a romanceGet up, get down, move around, cover ground
Throw it on the brother now, you swore
I had your mother on the ground
High rollers that know us
Crisp pop, gift shop, hollas that rock Polo's
Here they hold they shoulders, yo
Lay it like a chain be on, we on Cream Team
Play on, with all grey on, flavor like crayon[Chorus: Repeat 3X]

Songwriters
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