

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 more
Nine 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 question
The 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 flyers
The 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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