Smith Bros.

Raekwon

My niggas won't stop 'til we straight, select bigger gates
We won't stop until we buyin' estate, yo
Pull out them burners and front, where I'm from
Better shoot somethin', if not, niggas won't salute nothin'
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Corner filled chains and Gucci glasses
The was the era when we flipped all the shh, on the store, splashed it
Had dominicans runnin' and eatin' steak and cheese sandwiches
They in the back, braggin', the fifth slut
Fuckin' with a few niggas nieces, take it back when we would
Rock for a leases and stand on the speakers
I got the shit locked, I'll battle you, you, you and your whole gridlocked
Little shit, supported the beef
Fly Pierre couldn't tell me nothin' with a brand new beard
Couldn't wait, but kept survivin' the years
We sold crack daily, crack mad bailey's, crack faces and skulls
Sit back, watchin' the mack, twist carefully
It was them horrifyin' times, spit dimes
Police sneak up, I hope he know the time, get mine
Just livin' the ghettos, where we suppose stand loyal
But the game'll get you trapped when it's time, yo
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The year's 1990, everybody grimey
Crack was what's in it, the vehicles was 190's
Young shorties be gettin' their bread, haunted by Jamaicans
Them niggas had their corners on red
Map the laws, runnin' cards, playin' bars
Mask the coke in the cars, twist the gan', mad, crackin' cigars
Smokin' through queens, bitches stealin' guess jeans

Get the scope on our stars, little did we know, we folow they dreams
Now we get around in live limosines, flash stacks in cuisines
Combat, get to smackin' the fiends, just max for a minute and lean
All the shit for the moment
Slick omens, my opponents would scheme
We were shot downtown, hit trains, buy cables and remain
The illest villains, walkin' in spots
Playin' the corners, baby, vision or not
Said yo, and when it's on, we gon' rep and rock, nobody call the cops
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Where all the major swingers, yo
Where all the live fresh, came home, up state livin' fly rangers
We rep them niggas and we love 'em
Sons, we hug 'em, they make it home and be gone in a week
That's some letters, all my niggas live together
Baby yellin' whatever, we all write in hands, nothin' but creeps
Hold me down, love, I'll hold you fatter
Watch me catch both of these actors
It's ice water throwin' hits in the cling
Bloodhounds is on you, goons is beamin'
Take it to the team to team, plot thing, blew you a bean
It's just a young poor hustlers thing
But your gun got a ring, if you gonna live like a young kid
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