

Black Mozart

Raekwon

sounds of fighting

Stupid fool, you're forcing me to kill you![Intro: Raekwon]

Yeah, you know how it go

Fresh from the stationary hall of justice

Real rhyming, real movement, real life

Word up, we just chilling, ten bottles of Crug' on the wall

Youknowwhatimsaying? Straight up, for real

Yo, RZA, talk to these niggas, man, let's go, man, for real

Yo, Rah, what up? Let's go, yeah, gangsta shit, groovy shit

Raw shit, secret indictment shit, yeah

Secret indictments, be careful, niggas

For real, let's go[Chorus: RZA & Tash Mahogany]

You better get that money, no matter, what you do

You gotta get that money, and represent your crew

And keep it true[Raekwon]

As reaper stay sprayed, still niggas is smoked

Four in his pocket, a diamoned up chain and some coke

Champion hood, the goodies in a brown bag, by the radiator

Near the cookies and the bundles of dope

Fishscalers, I live in elevators and gross

All this paper, profit make her lay there and post

With them Adidas that Bruce wore, stay in the juice bar

All I know if you saw me, you thought I was broke

Black, yo, I been hustling since niggas was busting guns

And scuffling, and jumping niggas over some coats

We play the S&S rooftop, Latin Quarter, Polo popes

Who hung out with all the Eighthers and GOAT's[Chorus][Interlude: Inspectah Deck]

Yo RZA, you crazy man

This that Black Mozart shit, right here[Inspectah Deck]

Yo, I used to scramble hard, radio strapped, to the handlebars

Fifty deep, in the lobby large, rocking camouflage

Dark Caesar holding my nuts, played the building front

Fit the Henny, throw a little snow in the blunt

Just growing up, schooled by O.G.'s, holding O's and up

Daily new drama unfold, they popped 'em over, what?

It's so rough, nobody know him, so what?

Aiyo, the money's close by, homey, show me the stuff

Borough hopping, copping bricks, bags, burners and kicks

City slickers, circling the strip, working them tricks

Like friday night cruise in the Coupe, new valor suit
Fruit flavored kicks, taking flicks out in 40 Deuce
Farmer jeans, hammer swing, tucked in the loot
How they hit Miss Fisher, they was busting at suit
Up in 54, underground, parrot and Q
Made man with the grey shams, wrapping the boo
Stay flam, every day, fam, stacking my loot
Eighty grams in the cake, bam, packages flew
Sipping passion fruit, Alize, in back of the Ooh[RZA]
We soldiers, boy, we soldiers
Bake cakes, hundred dollar bill holders
We soldiers, boy, we soldiers
Bighead, I thought I told ya
We soldiers, boy, we soldiers
Bake cakes, hundred dollar bill holders
Bighead, I thought I told ya
We soldiers, boy, we soldiers[Chorus]

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