

Crane Style (feat. Busta Rhymes)

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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