Surgical Gloves

Raekwon

[Intro: Raekwon]Eight million stories, nigga
Take ya'll niggas somewhere, man
Ya'll niggas never heard niggas rhyme like this before, man
This ain't no Wizard of Oz shit neither, man
For real, man, aiyo
[Raekwon:]Surgical gloves, snubs in the grass with his blood
Homey hold that, the four black, we black down
Gold Jag', Ol' laughing yo, yo, what the fuck happened?
They clapped him and the scalp it flew that way
Yo why they capped him? It went through his lap
Snatched his older mom's pink hat, took his mango, get at
He painted it, slayed blocks, aiming it
Hit a child, this is foul, but he styled with his flamer flaming shit
Teddy with the red Range, supercharged Kangols
Rae & Ghost CD in his change, yo, Angel
Spanish kid lingo, all I know is where he hang though, kept it sideways, angle
Good brush, tough talk, keep it real, daddy, got them thangos
I respect on how the game goes, the same goes
Forget fresh niggas, test niggas, extra bless niggas, with them egos
We blow you out your peacoats
Haha, adios mios, we get them twelve a ki, yo
Keep it moving, slide off in the G.O.'s
Freeloaders, the D's over, your shit won't sell no more
Breeze over...
[Chorus: Raekwon]Money, gear, drugs, guns, Goodyears
All my niggas sit, smelling the tears

Cookin snow white, it's just the poor life, never living off fear
We all millionaires, now where my shares?
(Money) You know the code, drug money, gear money, baby
(Money) You know we fold the stash holders, cash blowers, yeah
(Money) So when the D's come, we float and grab the boats, yea
(Money) Spend off, I got my win off, have a potent year
[Raekwon:]X6's red, up in Albany with the dreds
Bags of black, fuck the feds
Papers in Aruba's, gold tuba from Bermuda
In my living room spreads, cameras action, got the calico cranked
Where the food at? Hood jewelry on, I gots to do that
Long chain hatchet flooded up, you knew that

Baby blue mack, stones on the nozzle stick
Bulletproof brocco's with the Jew bitches, all I got is two cracks
Gazelle lenses, clear rude wraps, bagging every ziplock
And my peoples sit around, cops split that
High potent white kit kats, we sell up in the hood
Going door to door, every floor, every get back
My gangsta shit, get gats, for every man, here go a gram
Meet me by my drop head and drop your lip back
Forty-seven quick claps, spray off on something
[Chorus][Outro: Raekwon]Spray on one of ya'll man, the streets is mine, nigga
You know what we do, for real
Straight up, it's how we playing right now, man
Cause the streets, man, streets is making ya'll niggas see, man
But some of ya'll is blind, for real

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