

# Every Soldier In the Hood (feat. Method Man)

## Raekwon & Method Man

Yo, yo, yo, yo  
This is for homies and fools, man  
Don't stand over there  
Shaolin over here and I hear  
Chill, chill, chill, police man To every soldier in the hood, go in  
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding  
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive  
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollen To every soldier in the hood, go in  
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding  
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive  
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollen  
Aiyo, joint loaded, Lotus, big chain cobras  
Clothe the certain way, notice  
My style's new now, with generals Luau  
Drugs, guns, chilling on the cool out  
Don't make me pop you, this is not cool Guaranteed to give you something that works, your dump in the dirt  
Shitting up blood, fingers is burnt  
Many cycles when you fight in my walls  
It's like Michael and the Bulls, see a flying piece of iron, no lying No fib and no bullshitting, the shines is  
forbidden  
We like Crouching Tiger, you just a fucking kitten  
'Bout to get that wig re-open and then smoked in  
Bitches is watching, snatch you in the open, yo Twenty-four, seven, we legends, the myth, the riff, the gift  
Shaolin bounded with more wiff  
Clap 'em with them get down boys, we call them, them niggas  
Who want it with us, we the belt holders in the business  
To every soldier in the hood, go in  
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding  
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive  
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollen To every soldier in the hood, go in  
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(Yeah ah, man) Ay, the streets be calling and shit  
A lot of veterans be calling it quits  
They be calling my flow ill but still I'm never calling in sick  
This is Meth Man, New York niggas calling me piff Fuck the cops that be calling me Cliff  
Flag me down on the Concord, police dogs all up in my whip  
I get cake women all in my mix, they wanna jump in the six

And groupie niggas wanna jump in your flicks  
We live the life, Starfaces and guns, I used to fight for crumbs  
Throw a ace, kick the dice and run  
Plead your case, you ain't nice as son, I got the drive to win  
So where you niggas get your license from? Bite a ear, Mike Tyson, uh, that means dough and my nose itch  
And coke fiends is blowing they noses  
My team got cream and you know this  
So nigga get yours, before the door to opportunity closes  
To every soldier in the hood, go in  
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding  
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive  
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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