Canal Street

Raekwon

Aiyo, ya'll ready right? (professionals) Aight
None of that fronting shit, neithers, nigga, it's broad day (immediatly, nigga)
(What the fuck nigga talking bout?) Word up, the store is over there,
Nigga, let's go
(Have I ever fronted on you nigga? Yo, you grab the three from him,
You grab the heatholders)
Yeah, we got the big jewelry in the window (you grab the watches, nigga)
You seen that shit? You seen that other shit? (You better come out and
Do something, nigga)
Right, good good, that's me right there, aiyo you, everybody come out
All you gotta do is just come with the bricks, son
I got a big brick in the muthafucking little bag, nigga
Take that, just smash the shit out
Bout four-five niggas gon' spit it
Move! Let's go. police, come on son! They right down the block, nigga
Ya'll got that? You check the train station, one son (Good!)All of our fathers is bank robbers, holding techs
Eighths of heroin, shooting in the steps
In the 60's, niggas was poor, check the revelation
Now we rock six fifties in the snow
AK's, AR's, wire jaws, say ours
Wirecell frames in the rain, Marvin Gaye on
Goose bubbles on, stuck in the huddle, trynna transform
Every gram action to a sandstorm
Fly through my block you live, make a bitch stop
Have your shit cocked, yo, niggas might dive on you
All we wear is Filas, Guess, suede fronts, beehives
Bally sneakers, big jewels, Levi'sBack to slinging every 45 minutes
G's fleeing, fiends is in the building OD'ing
The drugs is in the ground, burners on the side of our legs
It's gonna happen so you know we low keying
Yeah, can't sell in here, yup, I said it
Yeah, can't tell in here, they won't credit niggas
Just a lifestyle, the holders with the drugs is dreaded
Just a typical day to get wiped outBroad day jungle, living with the rodents
The goons'll run through, blow a bag and hunt you
Always flaky, calluses hands my mans
Come through the avenue, Swiss cheese patrants
Blood that flood the hall, every head'll drop
Jump in the Maybach, switch the station

These rap niggas is wash, hang 'em on the pole, no head
Pajama top, handcuff with a gosha
We realer than the Spanglers Rep Posse squad that's dangerous
Take it back to the Lee's and Wranglers
Take what we want, explain this
Famous for my kitchen knives, reigns and the fifths are stainless
Gun down your trooper, grenade your coupe up
Plain and simple niggas is poo-putt
Fuck with my crew, what? Either you shot or you cut
Real nigga to real nigga, man, you know how we get down, man

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