

# Musketeers Of Pig Alley

Raekwon

Crack that pineapple open  
Vision of break faces, gettin' money lay in the boats  
Got big rifles, play the hood, ride Benz Cycles  
Y'all mens are psycho, killah hill 'ciples  
More fly generics, money make moves, forget it  
We got this locked since nineteen-seven  
So many rods and weapons, ain't no more reppins  
Take the shit back, faggot, we hate that  
Meet the real, we lock the real, me lock the steel  
Pop off, pull out, drop them bills  
I run with all real killas, all for realer  
Nikes on, awesome gorillas  
Want more then kill 'em, front war, reveal 'em  
I want him stretched out, listen, he lost the buildin'  
All fly gangstas, more bankers, hundred wit' us  
We ex-dust niggas, don't even touch my drink  
Fuck around, get shanked, stabbed, shot and broke  
Ya' yolked and he blast-es through you in the faint  
All my niggas get paint, yo what's my name?  
Lexus diamond, ice water inc  
Uh, yeah, once again in the motherfuckin' place  
Fix yo' motherfuckin' face, nigga  
Yeah, you know how we gets down  
Me and this mixo, we so, we so tight  
Lex diamond sound, and uh  
I bees the high chief, Jamel Areif  
Straight from East Medina  
And uh yo yeah, yeah, huh  
They started jammin' in the park, just after dark  
Two turntables and their DJ scratchin'  
Words seemed to have an attraction when they rhymin'  
Hip hop caused the guns to start sparkin'  
Temperature risin'  
Drape a nigga up with the ratchet, less talkin'  
Caught him on the 'nard, bomb like a G hard  
Explosion rocks the promenade, I'm God  
And he show and provin', knowledge how he movin'  
Smift as the wisdom, move from my gate in a drunken state  
I wrote this degree, adjust ya eyes in the light so you could see

Never fall victim, dictate the fate leave the bake for the snake  
If he take than I take his head without question  
In the one to fourteen check the justice lesson, now uh  
Uh it's the pineapple daquiri fuckin' up ya mindstate  
Ya heard? Spread the motherfuckin' word, yo  
I'm from where it's real, niggas peal ya' orange  
We want enough bricks that we could build apartments  
I, general in the field of marksmen  
The bad boys wit' me ain't Will or Martin  
Feel what I'm droppin', I spit the ill doctrine  
Spot him deep in the killah hill poppin'  
Two feet dug in the dirt, up in the skirt  
Spectator on the sideline lovin' the work  
And my team ain't ya' average, cream we handle it  
Fiends seekin' packages, beans and banana clips  
Festo, if you wit' me, let's go, the nymphos love me, X O, X O  
Boy listen hard, think twice before you get involved  
We hold the weight like cons in the prison yard  
They call the riot squad, we live and in charge  
Y'all non-believers get reminded with scars  
It's the pineapple, rebel I natural  
Fine wine hundred proof, spittin' mine at you, nigga

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