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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