Heated Nights

Raekwon

Good afternoon Mr. Raekwon
Hope you had a pleasant flight
May I take your bags and pour you some scotch sir?
Our villa off the shores of Argentina
Provide the most luxurious features on this part of the coast
And your financial background is suitable for
Oh no, the guns are going off in celebration of your arrival, my friend
You're a god in the city
They look up to you hereMy life, day one when I was caught up in it young
Benetton sweaters, Kangols and guns
The candy shop is where it all popped
Sellin' ounces of oregano, free lunch, the spot
Thinkin' all better, can't wait to bag this block
'Cause when I get on, my ass is just rock
Do a few one, two's and shop
I get whore who's runnin' through Fifth Ave, a Glock
I love Polo Gear and top
A few Woolrich pieces, yeah the bagels was hot
Dreams and schemes to make a knot
I sat on the stove and wrote C.R.E.A.M., one blunt two o'clock
Gangsta hours if I'm not
I'm lyin', take a shot, I put it on my 40K rock
Shorty with an educated bop
With flavor for days, it's all praise, who amaze you a lotFront out of drug buildings under the street lights
Guns go off, we keep pipes
Every kid caught in the zone, let's hope he make it home
And sleep right, instead of churnin' the heat nightFront out of drug buildings under the street lights
Guns go off, we keep pipes
Every kid caught in the zone, let's hope he make it home
And sleep right, instead of churnin' the heat nightAyo maxin' with the machine guns, new gelatous
Tryna stay away from the jail gangs and letters
My time is now, bread box is startin' to pile
Home-girl got no style but I'mma lace her
Catch me in a Blazer with a P9 laser
Drunk get twenty five thousand a razor
Meet me in the mess hall, you crazy, I'm out in Jamaica
Breakin' up black weed, chillin' with gangstas
Fuck around high, might die on vacation
Better have respect in the right place like Mike Mason

Everybody smooth when the cake flip
Niggas start snitchin' on the team where they say shit
Get your face lit, it's so hard to make shit
Can't sit around jealous niggas, that's gay shit
That's why, yo I'm just around paid shit
No Minute Maid shit, no son this ain't a slave shipFront out of drug buildings under the street lights
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