Wu-Gambinos

Raekwon

{And in our line of work, we need all the help we can get
Tony Wind is the name, he works for a drug ring in Central America
Who wants to kill him?
No information, say yes or no
One point five million
Alright, you get what you want, money's no object
They're all clean, no serial numbers, untraceable
And there are explosive head bullets, in the clip}{Yo yo yo yo yo yo yo yo, here come the cop man
Yo starks come here, come here sun
Come here for a minute
Aiyyo aiyyo hold up hold up
Shit we gotta go to the store for more baking soda
Yo yo yo get your fuckin', yo this made of glass nig
Get your big Adidas off my moms table man
Get the fuck off it man
Yo just chill man, pass the crystal man
Niggaz is greedy man, damn
Big ass shits
Yo man you ain't smoking none of that weed in here man
Chill man}{Bobby Steels
Somebody go to the store man
Sup kid?
Get that baking soda
Yo, let's cut the pie five ways
We came off with two mil kid
Fast
(Rollie fingers, no doubt coming through)
La costra nostra
(Johnny Blaze!)
(Lou Diamonds!)
Represent kid
(Tony Starks)
Universal frontier
(Original blood claat bad boys)}Who come to get you? None, they want guns
I be the first to set off shit, last to run
Who roll together as one
I call my brother son 'cuz he shine like oneCheck it
Scriptures hit the body like sawed off shotties
Like my hair notty and my nose piece snotty

Fuck a nigga hottie, that whole pussy probably
Burn like the deserts of Mogabi, for real
Ain't nuttin' fraudulent here, we pioneer
Commandeer a new frontier, this be the Wu yeah
Thirty-six chambers of fear, huh, you lost it
Information leakin' out your faucets, hmm
Time to forfeit your crown and leave the ground
There's a new sheriff in town holdin' it downIt's the two holster, shit shot smoker
Wanted dead or alive, bounty on the poster
Wild in the west, a student of my culture
And life is the test, hold up
Let a nigga catch his breath, we still payin' dues
And the last one is death, back to the essence
With that shit you stressin', this Rap profession
Now peep Tical, the son of the Shaolin
Isle plus my style, criminology pays
The last times and days, Johnny fuckin' BlazeThis goes for niggaz who know
Who will grow like llello, ley no
Plus coolin' in Barbados
Ricaans be givin' me much shit, the Dutch shit
Stay cool Papa, seize it with enough shit
Back at the lab a, crack's bagged up
Yo niggaz act up, what blow up the workers if they have toSenoritas, fuckin' up a storm buyin' guards margaritas
Suckin' his dick, up in the whip long
Designed for rhyme prime nigga jail time jiggas
Them niggaz up in height figures bitin' niggaz
Silks wally-wear finger rolled chain yeah
Jakes beware black rap millionaires
Rock hairs leather goose bears blowin' this year
One eight hundred gambino niggaz yeahWho roll together as one
I call my brother son 'cuz he shine like oneSolid gold crown is shinin', solid gold, check it sun yo
Solid gold crown be shinin' and blindin' like some diamonds
I be pioneerin' the style in the cloud with silver linings
Double breasted, bullet proof vested, well protected
The heart the rib cage the chest and solar plexus
Castin' stones, crackin' two-hundred and six bones
And watch yo' ass get blown to a sea of fire and brimstone
How dare you approach it with dim pones?The overfiend like Noah bean green souls with a soldier mean
The grand exquisite imperial wizard oh is it
The ryzarector come to pay your ass a visit
Local bio-chemical, universal giant, the black general
Lickin' shots to Davy Crockett on the bicentennial
Happen millennium two thousand microchips two shots of penicillin
Goes up your adrenalin son it's time for boutin'

It's a mileage resemblin' niggaz who like followin'
Trapped inside your projects like a genie inside the bottleGod steppin' forth upon holy down of the track
It's the sound that surrounds and hurts me like I'm under attack
So I decided to bite down on the mic
So the pain of the track won't deny the fact
That I'm the master, for what lurks, is an expert
That hurts the individual who tries to visualize under
'Cuz I strike, like thunder
Niggaz couldn't stand my heat, it's unbearable
My wisdom fucks up your respiratorial
Systems are fractured by the killa tacticsStyle is ragged and thoughts are mad jagged
Enter the entity, my vicinity
Is three hundred and sixty degrees of humidity
Represent the school of hard knocks and glocks my
Clan is hoss and got mad moss for blocks so
Feel the force of impact from the iron side of
The gat as I attack the track
From the blind side of the pack, starks pass the chrome
Watch a nigga get blown out his mutherfuckin' dome
Piece, deceased, laid to restWho come to get you? None, they want guns
I be the first to set off shit, last to run
Who roll together as one
I call my brother son 'cuz he shine like oneYo, aiyyo I got to serve them my way, move give me room
Holdin' up your saloon, clean sweep, like a broom
Full moons make me howl like a wolf outta breath
Sold only new vocal cords I heard genius on gef
So step back, to the lab at, high velocity
My teammate, enhance cells well like a pharmacy
Fuck Horado Pablos plan growas bravo
Goodfellas we know, best sellas become novelsThe man rockin' head bands, silk scarves and jams
Early 80's British rock, Playboys, mocks, and shams
The laser beam vocalist does well at symphonies
Bad days, watch me snatch ice right outta Tiffany's
Remember them kids that came off with 8 million
Robbed the brinks and I labeled in Royal Pavilions
Them flower heads must have been stupid
Tell me how the fuck black niggaz get caught wit all that loot kid?
That's jet money, undaground money
Submarines and rings too bad you fucked up dummiesCosta cosa, come on

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