4 In the Morning (feat. Ghostface Killah)

Raekwon

Did he have hands?
Did he have a face?
Yes, than it wasn't usBernard Goetz Gazelle's on
.45 In the bag, mask for murder
Sacks Willy jury is all really
Rich nigga's paying for the team
Sniff the eighth and feed Lily
Lily is a cocaine Willy
Who got mad connects in a small town in Philly
Octopus soul sister rock a puss
Ghost outside parked vertical
Yeah, the Jakes'll murder you
Four to five hundred bricks, dicks come in with no tie on
That symbolizes the wire on
All Krylon heat my lings bling 500 feet away
Hit the church steeples in the DBrand new shells on
A python, a Fisker
Twist from the Astons, made for the listener
Or rather yeah, the driver, suicide rider
B bums and Wally's me she lost colleagues4 in the morning
4 in the morning
4 in the morning
4 in the morning
4 in the morning
4 in the morning
4 in the morningBlow hands, the stove is a roaster
Where bottles whip in motion
May cause 'drop him in the ocean'
Irish blood gangsters, the roulettes
Cooler moving through Texas
Grandmother she Mex-ish, yup
Tablets, krills, bath salts, last call, get it
Drugs flying minutes like a fastball
Smash all I will remain clean, the status calm
I do it for niggas who last long, last Don's
Chill Kings in the chair, cigars in the air
This the last part with snakes that'll break any mans arm
Which way the grass growin'
We've sown enough and now we're farmers

Who come through with lawn mowers and armor4 in the morning
4 in the morning
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4 in the morning
4 in the morning
4 in the morningYeah, I used to move cracks
Sort diesel and gats
Runnin' trains on them hood rat bitches up in his trap
We used to blow 'em out
Fiends comin' in hike with they seized bite
With residue stuck all on they pipe
4 In the mornin' when the gates start jumpin'
Dustheads lurkin' and the fiends start thumpin'
And it seems like the fiends, he own Cream so they jumpin'
Bean told Cream he stole green so he cut 'em
Ditch him Star, souflee'd one half of his cheekbone
Now he talkin' out the side of his mouth
But yo, peep homes, stuck
Fly dust, that's four finger nuggets
With plastic stuffed in the Kangol buckets
Dirty burners on, gloves and scanners
Smart mouth, Teymor bitches in the back gettin' sandwiched
After a dick suck accountant
In the wee hours, backing up mountains 4 in the morning4 in the morning
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