

# Silver Rings

## Raekwon

Aiyo, Indian head, jury, out in Egypt with the wrists of fury  
Spanking bracelet, rocking Asics, trick bandit, Ghost is brick granite  
At the U.S. Open with my whole len, slapping up fifty scramblers  
Niggas said the II was classic

A lot of crack is in the game, yo but your shit is the only 'lastic  
C.R.E.A.M. rap, militant flow, combination with Swahilian dough

Guaranteed we dose that, in the beast like pizzas

All I know is reefer and street stuff

Stay fly, moving in fleece, what?

Traveling the continents with confidence

Cuban Linx III coming, don't know when but the time is running

Duh, duh, duh, duh, duh, duh, duh

Duh, duh, duh, duh, duh, duh

You bitch ass niggas

By any means on, Ron O'Neal lean on

Freestyle, you want it from Ghost? Then throw C.R.E.A.M. on

Suited up, smelling like Fahrenheit with jeans on

Knock the rice out a wedding, come and get your bling on

Next winter we in Allah cabins, small baggage, more savage

Central Park killas, that equals more stabbings

You read the papers, more horrors like Amityville

Profanity kills, you like lint on a raggety silk

We rock bulls, rock jewels, you heard the interludes

Blow up beds in a fifty yard swimming pool

Jumping out of planes for dough, Gucci parachutes

Abdul Raheem written across is the attribute

Suede loafers, 'Lo scarves, my little grandson want

The 20-10 Mercedes-Benz go kart

So he can pull out the lollipop keys on 'em

His pops'll push the Bugatti drop V on 'em

Stampede on 'em, Rap Playoffs got a three-nothing lead on 'em

Sparking MC's like we quoting our degrees on 'em

Lyrics provided by

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