

# Canal Street

## Psytox

[Intro: Raekwon] Aiyo, ya'll ready right? (professionals) Aight  
None of that fronting shit, neithers, nigga, it's broad day (immediatly, nigga)  
(What the fuck nigga talking bout?) Word up, the store is over there,  
Nigga, let's go  
(Have I ever fronted on you nigga? Yo, you grab the three from him,  
You grab the heatholders)  
Yeah, we got the big jewelry in the window (you grab the watches, nigga)  
You seen that shit? You seen that other shit? (You better come out and  
Do something, nigga)  
Right, good good, that's me right there, aiyo you, everybody come out  
All you gotta do is just come with the bricks, son  
I got a big brick in the muthafucking little bag, nigga  
Take that, just smash the shit out  
Bout four-five niggas gon' spit it - [gunshots]  
Move! Let's go. police, come on son! They right down the block, nigga  
Ya'll got that? You check the train station, one son (Good!)  
[Raekwon:] All of our fathers is bank robbers, holding techs  
Eighths of heroin, shooting in the steps  
In the 60's, niggas was poor, check the revelation  
Now we rock six fifties in the snow  
AK's, AR's, wire jaws, say ours  
Wirecell frames in the rain, Marvin Gaye on  
Goose bubbles on, stuck in the huddle, trynna transform  
Every gram action to a sandstorm  
Fly through my block you live, make a bitch stop  
Have your shit cocked, yo, niggas might dive on you  
All we wear is Filas, Guess, suede fronts, beehives  
  
Bally sneakers, big jewels, Levi's  
[Chorus: Raekwon] Back to slinging every 45 minutes  
G's fleeing, fiends is in the building OD'ing  
The drugs is in the ground, burners on the side of our legs  
It's gonna happen so you know we low keying  
Yeah, can't sell in here, yup, I said it  
Yeah, can't tell in here, they won't credit niggas  
Just a lifestyle, the holders with the drugs is dreaded  
Just a typical day to get wiped out  
[Raekwon:] Broad day jungle, living with the rodents  
The goons'll run through, blow a bag and hunt you

Always flaky, calluses hands my mans  
Come through the avenue, Swiss cheese patrants  
Blood that flood the hall, every head'll drop  
Jump in the Maybach, switch the station  
These rap niggas is wash, hang 'em on the pole, no head  
Pajama top, handcuff with a gosha  
We realer than the Spanglers Rep Posse squad that's dangerous  
Take it back to the Lee's and Wranglers  
Take what we want, explain this  
Famous for my kitchen knives, reigns and the fifths are stainless  
Gun down your trooper, grenade your coupe up  
Plain and simple niggas is poo-putt  
Fuck with my crew, what? Either you shot or you cut  
Real nigga to real nigga, man, you know how we get down, man  
[Chorus]

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