Molasses (feat. Rick Ross & Ghostface Killah)

Raekwon

Yo, legend, what's good, legend, what's going on?
(Yo, we gotta do the intro over and all that, right?)
Ice H2O
(Ight, keep all that, keep all that)Keep our palace, nigga
Yeah, word up, yeah, yeah, yeah, turn me up, son
Yo, Ross, what up, my nigga?
(Murderous shit)
Aiyo, aiyoWord to the gold panamaras and to the wood grain in my labo
I go the extra mile, my flow scaffolds
Crew cuts, the older niggas, the same rumors, just the same goons
When niggas catch visions of killing caposPalestinian armor, golden rocket launcher, my aunt
She copped it from me, bought it in Rwanda
See demons scheming, niggas get live in the Beacon
I'm 'shaw' to 'shank' shit up like Morgan FreemanPussy getting rapper, rich nigga, one-on-one rents niggas
And incidents, my fingerprints been tore up
We sell love slinging like Siemens, the snortable Beamers
They love calling niggas names out, you screamingFeds try to tap us and plus clap us, niggas'll grab Bust'
Throw you in the rassle, yo, clap ups
Catch me at the Stephen King mansion
With four of my Branson niggas
With me, me and Britney, a dancerKnow your shit authentic by the way your hat fit on you, with it
I'm like the Blair Witch nigga in the rented
Curtains in the five-seven, chunky and short
Bagging dope up in the backseat, your packages walkHolding my girl wedding ring, she Medellin
Name is Coretta King, live in Alpharetta and she never leave me
Flow freely this is all graffiti, the cloth I'm cut from
Is straight from a rich nigga genieYo, Scarface gangstas, criminal niggas up in the trenches
Army coats on, playing the benches
Getting paper, sly, that's the motto, intelligent goons
Inside a hundred thousand dollar whip, followScarface gangstas, criminal niggas up in the trenches
Army coats on, playing the benches
Getting paper, sly, that's the motto, intelligent goons
(The fucking Juan Don, yeah, Su Wu-Tang)
Inside a hundred thousand dollar whip, followStill gritty, leave the pretty to the females
The watch mother pearl weather seashells
Pick of the litter, have this nigga picking paper up
Twitter thug, I'm the townline stranglerGet 'em up, banging dangerous as angel dust
Cuban Linx smoking stink in the Brink's trunk
I run with killas who snort powder, extort cowards

Ankle monitors under garments, so fuck showersI give a fuck what you talking 'bout
Mob meetings, we them only niggas walking out
Sparking purple once a nigga done spaghetti slurping
Fly away in my new, Scabetti, surfingYo, Scarface gangstas, criminal niggas up in the trenches
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Inside a hundred thousand dollar whip, followYo, we in the back roasting marshmallows, bottles of Cru'
The dialogue is the big chain niggas is rude
Law library scholars, potatoes over the thirty eights
With bald-heads, all live wiresEleven homes, six trust funds, came home from doing a dime
We just left Un's, straight up
And we standing over the stoves, in denim Gibaud's
Bought a Dairy Queen in Queens right next to Lowe'sIMAX Theaters, Astoria Waldorf
Philip Drummer suite, pretty young thing sucking my balls off
Bubble baths, hash, zooted up, eyes closed
Silk drawers, fronting in my key lime pie Wall-o'sAnd I still got a half a key indeed, Frank Lucas shit
Hidden in coffins, flying over seas
And if you ever try to ruin my night
I'm a make sure my best pawn put like three in your kiteShot caller, laying in big laws
Rock of Gibraltar, my pinky joint, killer like Orca
Daytime hawk, a nasty street author
Me, Rae and Rick, Uzi'd out in the Porsche'sCase we gotta Warner bro, like Malcolm-Jamal
I'm a Falcon, Seven Mike Vick with the ball
'Cause I can hut-one, hut-two, disrespect, I hunt you down
Ain't a muthafuckin' crew we can't run throughYo, Scarface gangstas, criminal niggas up in the trenches
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Getting paper, sly, that's the motto, intelligent goons
Inside a hundred thousand dollar whip, followArmy shit, nigga, camouflage, guerrilla shit, nigga
You know what it is, man, yo, Lex, talk, yeah
Where ya man at? Let's go
Stay together, my nigga

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