

# 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 showers I 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, surfing Yo, 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, follow 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, follow Yo, 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 wires Eleven 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's IMAX 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's And 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 kite Shot 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's Case 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 through Yo, 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, follow 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, follow Army 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

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>