Broken Safety

Raekwon

[**feat. Jadakiss & Styles P:][Kung Fu Sample:]*sounds of fighting*
Heh, do you know any other styles?
I am very grateful!
Are you ready?
I'm ready...
[Jadakiss:]Uh, down on 40 Deuce, when I was a shorty duke
That's when I first got the Naughty goose
Now I come through in a sported coupe
I know what you better do, stop talking bout what you outta do
My crack spot is still portable
Funerals are still affordable, I'm better than all of you
I'm in the hood scraping 'em, Jadakiss, Rae and 'em
Ya'll lame niggas, come uptown, spend a day with 'em
Bigger ones, bootleg liquor runs, blow something, nigga
Let the herb smoke hit your lung, get your guns
The economy is down, so you already know
It's gon' be a lot of homi's in the town
That's why I'm still bringing the seed back
The sneakers that I can't pronounce, that cost a G stack
Niggas in the yard, got this on repeat, black
Fuck saving hip hop, we bringing the streets back, what?
[Raekwon:]Player spit snipping, different color wallies on
Bliffen had to take 'em off, they fucked up the soles, flipped it
I'm forever zooted, crushed up glass, I'm just flashing through it
Nine times out of ten, suede down at the Jumer
Maybach bloomers, playing rumors, card shark

Getting cash money, take a loan, hit this tuner
Put us together, he run sea, I run land, with one ruger
Stop playing, you know we run rap, you know we done that
Stop fronting, son, put the gun back
We came with the containers, besides having the flamers
My Mexican mans is famous
Running through the streets, the bulldog
Conehead hoodies on, eighteen five for footballs
Maxed like I'm under a good wall, good G
Good recipe, good status, a hood broad
[Styles P:]I used to move brown rectangles
Roll you a blunt, then smoke you with death's angel

Chrome trey pound is making your neck dangle
Blue trey eight is leaving your chest mangled
It's math but the gun could kill you at all angles
Leave the toast home, I'm leaving you all strangled
Louis loafers on the Jaguar, gas peddles
You got the cops with you, you ain't even half ghetto
(Not even half) We neither here nor there
But if, you was over here, you would of been got aired
(Been got aired) Like a pair of white Nike's on a summer day
Pointing the gun away, I could kill you niggas a hundred ways
Mine's in a place that yours ain't, so I'm wearing war paint
For the day that I see the Lord saint
Blowing the purple haze, playing The Purple Tape
Fuck with Chef or the Ghost, get left with a purple face
[Kung Fu Sample:]Too bad, your courage will be the death of you
sounds of fighting

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