Every Soldier In the Hood (feat. Method Man)

Raekwon

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

Yo, yo, yo, yo
This is for homies and fools, man
Don't stand over there
Shaolin over here and I hear
Chill, chill, chill, police manTo every soldier in the hood, go in
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollenTo every soldier in the hood, go in
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollenAiyo, joint loaded, Lotus, big chain cobras
Clothe the certain way, notice
My style's new now, with generals Luau
Drugs, guns, chilling on the cool out
Don't make me pop you, this is not coolGuaranteed to give you something that works, your dump in the dirt
Shitting up blood, fingers is burnt
Many cycles when you fight in my walls
It's like Michael and the Bulls, see a flying piece of iron, no lyingNo fib and no bullshitting, the shines is forbidden
We like Crouching Tiger, you just a fucking kitten
'Bout to get that wig re-open and then smoked in
Bitches is watching, snatch you in the open, yoTwenty-four, seven, we legends, the myth, the riff, the gift
Shaolin bounded with more wiff
Clap 'em with them get down boys, we call them, them niggas
Who want it with us, we the belt holders in the businessTo every soldier in the hood, go in
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollenTo every soldier in the hood, go in
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(Yeah ah, man)Ay, the streets be calling and shit

A lot of veterans be calling it quits
They be calling my flow ill but still I'm never calling in sick
This is Meth Man, New York niggas calling me piffFuck the cops that be calling me Cliff
Flag me down on the Concord, police dogs all up in my whip
I get cake women all in my mix, they wanna jump in the six
And groupie niggas wanna jump in your flicksWe live the life, Starfaces and guns, I used to fight for crumbs
Throw a ace, kick the dice and run
Plead your case, you ain't nice as son, I got the drive to win
So where you niggas get your license from?Bite a ear, Mike Tyson, uh, that means dough and my nose itch
And coke fiends is blowing they noses
My team got cream and you know this
So nigga get yours, before the door to opportunity closesTo every soldier in the hood, go in
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollenTo every soldier in the hood, go in
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