Penitentiary (feat. Ghostface Killah)

Raekwon

We up at three mart, blowing, little dust to lift the branch up
The watch she had was Bulgari, golden, Spanish kid let him hold it
He said he hit him with three cartons of menthol, the kid let him roll with it
(The face had snow in it, the bass in his voice
Now he's acting like he ain't rich and po' in it)
Crock pots are steaming, Jasmine rice and Jack Mack
With corn flake batter, it's cold in here
10:45 we lock in, pull out the headphones, jump in the bunk
(The tunes is knocking) Knowing all my goons is clocking
Two C.O.'s is on the cat walk (Yo, Spoons, what's popping?)
Yo, it ain't nothing, baby, you cool?
Yeah, I'm getting that rest, you know that G.E.D. shit with the school?
(True, guess that's what it do
But on the low I got two big gem stars I'm sliding to you
Matter of fact they gon' hide in ya food
All you do is push the grits out the way, then you get up and move
Go to sleep, nigga, go 'head and rest, I'm a finish my count
I'm a set you out, later my dude, one)Mop wringer magic, mess hall murder's the best
Come through the yard, getting fed lead burgers
Testing anything with bling
Fresh sneakers, we the best teachers
True, watch me move in the clingSix A.M., the cells unlock
Horn the child, I'm half sleep, yo, hearing the pots
I see the same ice grills, bum niggaz talking to me
With coal in they eye, I can't finish my meal
(Under the grits, two pieces of steel)
Then Spoon had left, we got guns though, we trying to chill
Big Will walked in, him and Seville
(With blood in they eyes, early bird like they ready to kill)Mop wringer magic, mess hall murder's the best
Come through the yard, getting fed lead burgers
Testing anything with bling
Fresh sneakers, we the best teachers
True, watch me move in the cling

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