Power

Raekwon

Take it off, sho' 'nough kid, take it off
We gon' take it from the east to the west to the north to the south
Show y'all what it's about
Don't make me throw no gun in your mouth
Know? How long is your cream? This long?Eh yo, his belt got karats in it
Swift description, E-320 nigga pitchin'
Rock a raw dinosaur chain, hang to his thang
It's like, he pump isolated, still cashin' in creamNiggas in the hood hate him, drew a vase of him
Blaze 'em, he actin' like Shallah raisin' him
This is hydrogen, son ain't live as him
He like Maguyver, chin 4 spies with him
Roll relentless, desert that he hold is a gift wish
Smash the list, give his miss dick
Technique, operation sex scream
About the bet cream, them alligators jet like a vet swingNigga like Nicolas Cage with the gage in your braids
2 cannons that'll spray, rockin' banana suede
Suck this drunk alcohol dick
Fuck y'all niggas with hits, we 'bout to shit on y'all shitY'all brothas wanna call us out?
Name names, otherwise it'd be the wise to shut the fuck up
Get pimp-smacked up, jacked up and macked up
You're scared and froze of bein' exposedI own Harlem, I bone Harlem, call me the Mayor
It's my borough, you don't want no problems
I'm on now, you dead pop, all jokes aside
I ride the top, you glide the bottom
Pitfall, 5 foot 9, my dick balls
Shit y'all, leave flat line to stick your's
We flip off basic and brace it
8 kills, 47 ways to taste itNever understand what you never been told
You did your book bitin' off of my scrolls
We hit man, Colombo, coats and hats to match
Bust off quick, and then, guns go backAh yo, I move like Arthur Ash against God
4 raquets, 8 balls and no practice
Every cypher's a heated discussion
The industry was like a beat that needed percussionAnd I brun the music, shit that make crews flip
Y'all might say that I'm the illest, this is Q.U. shit
I used to heat-hole, now I'm takin' over like the repo'
No bitches that roll, cee-lo that'll sniff a kilo'We went from Frank's and beans to shanks and greens
Now we drive our navigators to banks in Queen's
Y'all can't fuck around, your words ain't right

Every time I touch the mic, they say, "Perb ain't right"But that's the truth though, d'oh, infact that's it
When they drop this shit, I'm gon' cop that shit
It's the new star, you want me? I'm at the juice bar
Y'all once hap' niggas, give me 2 starsI heard what y'all rappin' about, but bring your stash out
You shouldn't throw rocks if you livin' in glass house
Sneak your weak shit at us, on the low though
Where these cats come from, speakin' about Po'He got cash to cop and I'm crashin'
But half of y'all cats just catchin' up to Rae' last year
Got guns in the jungle, call 'em Jurassic
The chrome, the steel, the 22-shot plasticWhile y'all niggas cop jars, me and my niggas cop bars
Gettin' head from rock stars
We blowin' everything apart, I'm smashin' the charts
How I see it? Yo, how you see it?Eh yo, what you wanna be when you grow up?
Yo, I wanna be a leader
Slow your speed up and stop tryin' to be us
Say somethin' always, got a future? Stay out the hallways
And get yourself right, a 100 more waysFly like iceberg, nice with verbs, precise words
Bentley swerve, hit the curb, jump out, cock back, spit out
Shut your block down, get out, criminal route
Gangsta shit, can't talk now, gun in your mouthCream team killas, cocoon cats like caterpillars
Giant size gorillas, break niggas backs from the skrilla
Scratch, greenback track, Fed's berserk
That's my word, disrespect Recca, get what you deserveInferno, melt down mic's, millionaire in my afterlife
Broke bread with Christ on the last night
Apocalypse, sleep with 4-5th, 2 clips
Passport, cellphone with the removable micro-chip
Specialist, 40-karat Sicilian necklace
Matching bracelet, cream team crisp the basic

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