

# 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 cream Niggas 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 swing Nigga 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 shit Y'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' exposed I 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 it Never 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 back Ah 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 percussion And 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 stars I 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 plastic While 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 ways Fly 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 mouth Cream 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 deserve Inferno, 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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