

# Raekwon, Smith Bros.

[Intro: Raekwon]

Take it back 1993, '94 or something  
Yeah, runnin' through the stairs and shit  
Trynna to get to the roof  
Narcotos is on, some other shit

[Chorus 2X: Raekwon]

My niggas won't stop til we straight, select bigger gates  
We won't stop until we buyin' estate, yo  
Pull out them burners and front, where I'm from  
Better shoot something, if not, niggas won't salute nothing

[Raekwon]

Corner filled chains and Gucci glasses  
The was the era when we flipped all the shh, on the store, splashed it  
Had Dominicans runnin' and eatin' steak and cheese sandwiches  
They in the back, braggin', the fifth slut  
Fuckin' with a few niggas nieces, take it back when we would  
Rock for a leases and stand on the speakers  
I got the shit locked, I'll battle you, you, you and your whole gridlocked  
Little shit, supported the beef  
Fly Pierre couldn't tell me nothin' with a brand new beard  
Couldn't wait, but kept survivin' the years  
We sold crack daily, crack mad bailey's, crack faces and skulls  
Sit back, watchin' the mack, twist carefully  
It was them horrifyin' times, spit dimes  
Police sneak up, I hope he know the time, get mine  
Just livin' the ghettos, where we suppose stand loyal  
But the game'll get you trapped when it's time, yo

[Chorus 2X]

[Raekwon]

The year's 1990, everybody grimey  
Crack was what's in it, the vehicles was 1-90's  
Young shorties be gettin' their bread, haunted by Jamaicans  
Them niggas had their corners on red  
Map the laws, runnin' cards, playin' bars  
Mask the coke in the cars, twist the gan', mad, crackin' cigars  
Smokin' through Queens, bitches stealin' Guess jeans  
Get the scope on our stars, little did we know, we folow they dreams  
Now we get around in live limosines, flash stacks in cuisines  
Combat, get to smackin' the fiends, just max for a minute and lean  
All the shit for the moment, slick omens, my opponents would scheme  
We were shot downtown, hit trains, buy cables and remain  
The illest villains, walkin' in spots  
Playin' the corners, baby, vision or not  
Said yo, and when it's on, we gon' rep and rock, nobody call the cops

[Chorus 2X]

[Raekwon]

Where all the major swingers, yo  
Where all the live fresh, came home, up state livin' fly rangers  
We rep them niggas and we love 'em  
Sons, we hug 'em, they make it home and be gone in a week  
That's some letters, all my niggas live together  
Baby yellin' whatever, we all write in hands, nothin' but creeps  
Hold me down, love, I'll hold you fatter  
Watch me catch both of these actors, it's Ice Water throwin' hits in the cling  
Bloodhounds is on you, goons is beamin'  
Take it to the team to team, plot thing, blew you a bean  
It's just a young poor hustlers thing  
But your gun got a ring, if you gonna live like a young kid

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Raekwon]

Too all them killas and the bank robbers  
This is another, another, Smith Bros. production  
Production, it's Lex Diamonds, muthafucka  
You know what time it is