

## Raekwon f/ Boy Big, Brolic, Gravy "Gotta Have It"

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[Chorus: Boy Big] See we gotta have it Me and my niggas here to lay you down Ain't playing, so hit the floor And don't make no fucking sound We gotta have it We move just like the mob, do This game is real, caps get peeled Fuck around, I'll have to murk you [Raekwon] Yo, from cocktails, 3-80's with the M-1, we bury the jewelry store Posting, yelling 'get yours', we on Pivot Coke pilot mink, Kay Gatling Island, Trini and Chi All day gangsta, murda niggas, sleep We at the red light, mapped 'em, drove through, as all block Caught they attention, I leaned Time Magazine with my face on it, how we position the CREAM Niggas is large, they all start scheming Whatever, truck 'em in them leathers, we was stuck together Fuck around and have to shoot off fingers, yo You know it, approach the glass with the maskes on No time for freeze, just pull out and blast on 'em Sat back, Denzel status, Man on Fire Had the burner with the flash on it Skated with six hundred and cash, he did the dummy We splashed 'em, then boat it in a CLS glass, we vicious [Chorus] [Brolic] Come one, I see my cash is getting low And if I can't shake no dough, what the fuck am I living for It's easy for my heater, just to let these niggas know At the same time, I will take mines to persue to my cash flow You know you gotta be sick with it Call up my mans, cuz we about to go get it A hundred grand is you wit it, a smash for the cause Looting to the spot, putting everybody on pause Let me see a broke jaw, nigga, I want it all I'm talking to all of ya'll, don't get it, you gon' fall Or fuck it, you gon' crawl, my nigga, we laying law We cock back the strap, attack and shake it off [Chorus] [Gravy] Glocks'll get at you, and body your position In this rap, fire my ratchet, I'm shutting this rap Caddy steel, face the back, or blown the fuck off from rap Reach across and blow this shit out your boss in the back Survived in a porsche, I rap, at a buck 80 verse Or verse, daddy, let's do it for change I'm forty eight hundred grams, one chain, the trend, a new range Or any project bench, with all my shit on Flashy don, Gucci on uptowns Fucking up classics, gay baskets, D.H. niggas Wont snitch for shit, criminals that spit Oh shit, I forgot all about you man,

twenty and change Ferocious tongues, coming at you,  
redirecting your whole shit Blunt stole, dealing sick  
Glocks'll blow chunks out your face, looking up in the  
sky Seeing Ol' Dirty's face in the cloud [Chorus 2X]

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