

## Raekwon f/ Ghostface Killah

### "The Badlands \*"

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\* UK bonus track [Intro: Ghostface Killah] Aiyo, Rae, aiyo, Rae, check it out, yo Let me go in there one more time and air these niggas out For old times sake, you know how we do, my nig' Old times sake, just for me, man, one more time, I'm begging you Let me just go in, and just fly on these niggas heads, man It's what I'm talking about [Ghostface Killah] It's like a body in a project hallway, who did it? Who's the next nigga that sucked the snit-ich That's my word, it could never be me You see the deer head on the living room wall, like his neck fell off That can be all sculptured and glazed with gloss Call the shots that Bill Belichick would call Snake niggas slither all in the glass house, racial slurs When it's time to go to war, they cash out Throw 'em in the rear-naked choke, they tap out Niggas try to surround the kid, I backed out And threw two rocks at 'em, watching the ho drop I'm from a place where we locking the low glocks Yellowtape, the bodies, jiggy and road blocks Got the towels up in the air, it's so hot Talking bout Staten Island, profiling Switchblade city, the goons is wilding Escape from my slums, nigga, you got talent And we don't want the fifth of 'yac, we want the gallon [Chorus 2X: Raekwon] Yeah, keep holding the Hill, nigga Everything's real, let's grow in the field, nigga Big bread or making that lead pop Too many ways to get hurt or get hit with a headshot [Raekwon] Aiyo, Yankee blue robins on, hand full of Winston's Plump spiker with the ices on Glad to eat too, Yves Saint Laurent's is see through Blueish five seven, black rag, a street dude Liquor crack kept 'em fiending, jumped off the roof two-times I'm surprised he seen me, your bags is the truth, my G Jumped in the white Turismo, this is fruit for me And now the baseheads love my style, I'm like a new pipe With airholes in it, they suggested now You the new king, new don, new thing, only thing missing Is the Qu'ran, a new arm, a new lean Yeah, salute the prophet, trooper with a plot, kid Every block, tear hood, lock it Yeah, all my ride for me, this what I got from it You holding steel, yup, pop for me [Chorus 2X]

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