

**Raekwon f/ Smif-N-Wessun****"I Recall"**

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[Chorus 3X: sample] I remember, I recall I remember, I recall I remember, I recall I remember, all you said  
[Raekwon] Aiyo, yes sir, everything's a blessing, let the cess' splurge Spill it in your hand, and let the s's turn  
You got them wild style goons in the room, with nothing but coupes And Pumas on, rugged beards, mean underwear Fly in the day, high by night, money right  
Solidified gangsta with his paintbrush writing Catch me off Lenox, Spanish dip, vintage shit Floating in the open, niggas smoking that shit, you know [Tek] Vanilla envelopes of cess, 20 bags of bless Pissy drunk, in the project steps Throwing dice, til the sun come out, guns come out Trains through the 151 come out Then it's back on the block, I'm running from the cops again The old heads love me, asking when I'm gonna stop again But, you know the law of the streets How we gon' dick the freaks and what we do over beats, bitch [Chorus 2X] [Steele] Yessa yessa, rap is under pressure Had me, had 'em, hungry hoody, wearing hoods, come getcha Four fetcha, eat tracks, Hannibal Lecter Keep gats, Tony Jaa, still, I'm The Protector Street speak, reach peeps, treat peeps aggressive Smif-N-Wessun, Chef connection, nothing less than perfection Peace number 7, God Degree's the lesson Equality's the evanescence for my peeps in the essence [Raekwon] Fresh mohawk, run up in the gun store, blow off Jump in the couple, sled range, my dame blow off Bamboo need for the go, it's like chilly Don't be silly, my niggas pop wheelies for dough [Tek] I tell you the first time, I ever laid hands on a pussy Smack Earth, Wind & Fire out of jazz, pussy That's when niggas learned to respect my army Respect my gun and recognize me as a don [Steele] Listen, I tell no lies, spread no rumors Have your whole family smothered, taking me for humor [Tek] Get your laugh from elsewhere, your bricks from right here You bleed just like I bleed, so it's no fear [Raekwon] Aiyo, flatten niggas, what's happening, rap niggas from Staten Gat chunky nine, bullets sitting in napkin Ready to pop your lid off, lay low in Manhattan Stop fronting, buttons get pressed, we jabbed 'em, tagged 'em [Chorus]

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