

Schwarze Feen

"Determination"

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[Intro: Raekwon]

I really don't need to be *fuckin* wit ya right now
I need to movin' around in the air, circlin' Manhattan
Real smooth

[Raekwon]

Here we go again son, black Harrison *Ford* on the run
One, beef in the field, it's real
Highly recommend shield, Lee rocks, still he rock
Got the blue lazer, grill, like Martin *Scorcese*-ah
Jumpin outta limo's, *expos*, black rentals
Chasin *niggas* through the projects, polex
Moseyin', 15 of us, five trucks
Crazy deluxe, bound by honor, *nigga* what?
Tailin' us in boats and land, *40 caliber* in my hand
Made the left... Lex fam
Sho enough what, *Hummer* craft lookin up, what?
Kid the chipped out *flex* now I'm stuck
Bounced on him, public announcements say they want him
Any ideas? Where he at? Cops want him
Changin' the gear the same foot wear
Runnin like a crook, yea, no love here
Fuck yea, we up there
Had a little *drugs* there, they was there
Pass it kid, *Novacain* caught a slug there
Had it mastered in fleis-school, *nigga* go whip a plane
Drivin land, map *shit* out, go to night school
Bronze star, feelin who we are
Half animal, whole lotta love, black God
Standin' front and center, from here to winter
Grip the *splinter*, shoot it sideways, nozzle on, pop-it*
(nothin' but determination)
Ready to hit somethin, pop *shit* wit somethin
Blow *blimps* on the mad rubber grips, big lips on it
Rollin wit top rank medals, hands is like *Greg Neddles*
Bright link, purple heart, swim bezzle
Hearin' the horn of Josh, movin' like the moss
Executive decision play large

Caught a blip on the radar, screen him out
Fightin' like like Julio *Cazar*, blaze y'all
May day, may day, chasin' me, CIA, KGB, FBI, DIA on
they way
Trynna chase down the God, this Afro-African'll lace ya

[Chorus 3X: Raekwon]
Nothin' but determination

[Raekwon]
Part two kid, establish brain power, truth did
Yo it's realer than a *fuck* now, ain't stupid
Trash, three hundred thousand in cash, guerilla mash
Brass this gat, TNT *niggas* on my *ass*
Play for real, Lex will, I suggest still
Clear my own *shit*, let the press ill, let's bill
Make it to the UN, doin bout a thousand in the blue M
Frogmen, repped out cluein, *left all the American
Express cards*
Left the passports, time share, *shit up on* in *Escort*
Bail 'em, bustin his *joint*, Chief O'Heara
That old, *Louis McDarren*, see the waves through the
mirror
Spot that, hop that, through the top back
Ready to lock somethin', down for the cause, stop that
You play the king, I play the *pawn*, who the king of
the Swarm?
You wrong, where's the evidence, watch the *fire* arm
Wit eternal affairs there, I knew I had little bits of love
Hopin it'll be fair, he watch me, heavy roxy scene
He clean though, American *Cream* Team let him
leave
See the moral of the story, feelin' me like
Mordon and Glory when they came for me
Had fifty on the line, look at mine, all dressed down
Handlin' nines, know the time

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