

Zoe Pound f/ Raekwon

"Back to the Cages"

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[Intro: Raekwon] Don't play, what, what, you heard us
Fuck ya'll talkin' bout, what, what, what We here, we
here, shit, Zoe Pound, currency Wu-Tang, it's all real,
what I'm sayin, peace Yo, yo, yo, run it through ya'll [?
Omen? - Zoe Pound #1] Fuck the Dutchin', while nigga
wanna run wit I We can drop the funk down in M-I to N-Y
Where niggas run shit, sold off mill, we make a profit
Hittin' the interstate, we all wanna get rich [Raekwon]
Yo, straight up, break bread wit 'em Blow lead wit 'em,
chillin' while we rap realism Highlights, gangsta nights,
straight suicide fights We like the shilites, blowin' off
bites Big nasal, bulletproof hat and googles We just
watch you, we cry off about you [?Omen? - Zoe Pound
#1] If my man spot you, he only spit you and got you
I'm hot, you rock cops out the shoes and stop you
Screamin' fuck the bloodclot, bust a shot outta two seat
drop I knew it we was bust, and word to logic [Zoe
Pound #2] The bomb shit, ring the alarm, chairs bent
Like firearm, stays doors bust when the side in Got in,
scratchin' the tires, insiders Quick to found, crib, cards
and the diamonds We blind this, ready as the real day
now is See that kid, see that cat makin' this pill
[Raekwon] Money is the issue, what come around
might hit you Flowin' your word, so official Keep that
silent, all real niggas wanna bounce wit it Bust your gun
and be out wit it [Zoe Pound #3] So cat that put me up
on the lit Round up all the thug wit a thirty-eight, two K's
and a glock I was skatin' he way, wit no diamond west
Me and nigga play the safe, just to build without a trace
Carried out buttons wit big face Operation Zoe Pound,
from downtown to upstate [Chorus: Raekwon] Yo, take
that back to the cages Yea, wit the mack to the gauges,
jewels and the pages Skate off, Benzes and lenses Big
wide Range wit a cigar, movin' like menses [?Black
Jack? - Zoe Pound #4] Guess who's back, it's Black Jack
wit a sway crew at I'm tool soldier from day, they never
knew that Cuz I play the low-low, kick wicked flows
Catch me Mexico, rented though and dilly, yo I got no
white connections for the mangos, call Premo Bring
that dough, I got that real ice flow [Raekwon] That's
right, we got eighty in it All real niggas, throw a baby in

it, whips stay tinted Bulletproof jackets will blaze in a
summer night Rock saude in it, little hate it, in it Let's
blossom, get up, connect, no gasto Real ditect real, it's
real when it's my shoes Smack that emesole, wanna
diss soul principals, blaow, blaow, ghetto lynchable [?
Omen? - Zoe Pound #1] My niggas invincible, Omen is
unpredictable Bust guns for fun, under the sun, it's a
ritual Third eye visual, forseein' the critical Fake mic
fiends, ready to smitherins, it's pitiful For my niggas
did to you, cuz they see the picture, you Blow your
game out the frame, thinkin' they kissin' you Bitch ass
niggas, I owe you niggas nothin', what you got your
hands out for [Chorus 2X] [Raekwon] Take that back to
the cages... Take that back to the cages... [Chorus 3X]
[Raekwon] Take that back to the cages... [Chorus 2X]
[Outro: ?Mad Max?] Zoe Pound, Mad Max, Wu-
Tang/Zoe Pound perfect combination Ya'll never
thought this would of hit ya'll next

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