

## Raekwon f/ Cappadonna, Ghostface Killah "10 Bricks"

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[Intro: Raekwon] Yo, yo, Iron Chef (gracias) I need some of that, (slide through the back) I need ya'll to come back to the, (I heard juice) Back of the store over here (just be easy and tell ya man to be cool) We got some culinary cats right here, we need you (we'll kill him if he fault) [Raekwon] Aiyo, rappers stepping to me, they want a brick, son But I'm the Chef, my price is 26, son Move up, about 32 of those and open locker dough Soldier got locked up, blow killed the doctor Flamboyant police is X fives, watching my lofts So many leeches I just left it and walked My flow wicked, Miami money, moving and riducly Geico on the arm froze, rose gold with me Take baths with white women, lingerie see-through Taking trips to Iran, my Spanish nigga people Selling drugs to Flatbush, call my nigga Cecil Snub with the black gloves, on half-moon Greek do Killed him in the Bahamas, his wife ran, white van pulled up They caught him out in Brooklyn with a white man Slutted out, rosed out, sister was gone, she geeking She threw the rifle in her mouth and said 'good evening' Yup, Paul Wall grill line, be getting money, crime thief I know her from Africa, pretty smile, nine teeth Gold joints, frames only, Louis Vuitton, pony Leather with the matching sweater on, you owe me [Chorus: Raekwon] Knock the ash off the blunt, confront niggas who cunt Swing an ax, tax niggas rhyme different from cats Specialize in mic rippers, splashes We the last skippers, big rocks and the block will stick [Cappadonna] Beefsteak Charlie niggas eat and they get fat Chase heads up and down the block and kill rats Skilled with the gats, even feds don't know where the shells at The shell trapped up in nice crib with four packs Four macs, caught a nice cell for four stacks Yeah, me and my nigga Arafat Gotta escape but we'll be right back, real soon Chef cook it up, we got a date with real goons Telling you Ghost, my connect crazy with the wreck Pythons used to talk to her sister named Yvette I speed it up, me and the Linx, was getting weeded up I beat it up, yeah I hit that, but I ain't seed it up Meanwhile, back on the block, we seen two trucks Then the windows rolled down, we see these two

fucks Soon as they jumped out, see these tools bust  
[Chorus] [Ghostface Killah] Yeah, yo, I lit a boogah up,  
rocks is gone, so we bagging up all shape Binocolurs,  
scanners, we all listen to jake Ran out of baggies, my  
mouth is dry Got them dirty joints all scattered, don't  
act surprised Nah, nigga the currency rushes like  
popping a wheelie Holding a pipe with one hand, the  
other down in the Bentleys You know how it be with the  
peppermint Clarks, throwing darts at a hoodrat Getting  
slow neck up in The Bronx That's all me, thirty four  
shines, forty four lines I just chill like Aaron Hall, writing  
raw rhymes Like, threw Kool-Aid rubies in a lemonade  
bezzle When I was 12 in the church, I started packing  
that metal A deuce deuce, my supplier was Loose  
Bruce Ever since I had the drop, my instinct was to  
shoot-shoot This ain't For the Love of Ray J, it's for the  
love of the AK Cuz you can get scratched like AJ Cuban  
Link Dynasty has emerged, this rap shit stop I have a  
team of niggas moving my furs [Chorus]

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