

Raekwon f/ Ghostface Killah, Inspectah Deck, Suga Bang Bang "Mean Streets"

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[Intro: Raekwon (man)] (Aiyo, Chef?) What up, my nigga? (Yeah, man, I gotta give you the 411, shit is straight 911, word) It's \$2.50, nigga, back the fuck up! Talk to me... (Word, them blue ninjas is everywhere Word, watch ya back, Protect Ya Neck and all that shit, man Thirty nine motherfuckers already got scooped up Indicted, word, I'm bird eye viewing it right now Out there out the motherfucking window) You got the strong scoopers out there? (Word, five book store buses out front All them young boys are certified, they our rentals) [Chorus 2X: Suga Bang Bang] For these mean streets from Cali to New York Who could ya trust? Niggaz they do talk Running from the feds and out of state troopers Look up ahead, you know we got sharp shooters [Raekwon] The blocks is molded, step up ya sword piece Moving through them housing with more ki's Rembrandts is fresh from Scotland, crisp hats, Cristal bottles Niggaz want the problems, we back It's time to take over the game, it's nothing I live on the line, from corner to castles with pawns and capsules Scramble and find, my money's up, I'm praying for war I do this all the time, all the time, all the time Faces of Doom, sling in the lobby Swinging cooked raw, if you played the field you was not leaving Fast pace of a CREAM chasing team Trying to come through the hood and lie, get left for dead naked in Queens Let them other niggaz wear that, we take the credit While we was shopping for more Nikes and off-whites Heroin stirrers, the crib, cracked mirrors Career thugs who serve only judges and jurors Got to make my money this year, whether it's through rhymin' or criming I'll be on the line with my iron Promised them llamas'll fly fast, quick at pirahnas Trying to intervene, get caught dead, no head in pijamas You live like a slouch from vouchers Nobody mad, you was a fake, dead, die with no trousers Cause you crossed the line like Miller's Crossing Off with ya dome, I walked you through the woods, we both smoked a bone [Chorus 2X] [Inspectah Deck] Mean streets... Just when I thought I was out, they pulled me back in The streets stay flooded with crack rocks and Mac shots The scenery's money, guerrillas in

the back drop The livest'll pop, the weakest get
chopped where they stand Singing the judge's name,
dropped in the stand Drug money kills, blood on my
bills, mud on my Nikes Only buying with the couple that
I trust with my life Twenty four sev' ducking the feds,
infrared with lead Gamble with off track betting instead
In my hood anybody can get it, and everybody want it
Cutthroat executives, the corners, the office And the
thought is to be boss of all bosses The cost is ya life,
swimming with sharks and orcas So keep ya guards up,
or get scarred up It's a Cold World, I told you with Allah
Just' The bigger the funds, the bigger the guns that's
blazing It's sick in the slums and niggaz are stunting
for nathin' [Ghostface Killah] Aiyo, my gun been in
more niggaz mouths than a whore had dick With
creamy nuts on the side of her jaw It's Rigatone, nigga,
sliding through airports Riding on niggaz like MJ, same
day I rocked you, comprende? Yeah, I'm kinda off cuz
my guns was dirty That last joint that hit you, kid, you
made the top thirty Early, walk with me and strap with a
vengeance More or less Ghostface Killah'll stretch you
out like mad words in a sentence Smell the gas burning
(yeah) feel the fire (word) Real talk, it's not that bullshit
from The Wire It's them disco kids that clap iron
Champion hoods, if ya coke don't freeze, my face is
not worth frying We crack eightballs with pool sticks
Bungee jump off a mountain of bricks Fuck you up if
you slinging those nicks Toney Starks from the
octagon, my ox is on Snap Matt Hughes' neck with my
boxers on [Chorus 2X]

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