

## Raekwon f/ Inspectah Deck, RZA, Tash Mahogany "Black Mozart"

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[kung fu sample] \*sounds of fighting\* Stupid fool,  
you're forcing me to kill you! [Intro: Raekwon] Yeah,  
you know how it go Fresh from the stationary hall of  
justice Real rhyming, real movement, real life Word up,  
we just chilling, ten bottles of Crug' on the wall  
Youknowhatimsaying? Straight up, for real Yo, RZA,  
talk to these niggas, man, let's go, man, for real Yo,  
Rah, what up? Let's go, yeah, gangsta shit, groovy shit  
Raw shit, secret indictment shit, yeah Secret  
indictments, be careful, niggas For real, let's go  
[Chorus: RZA & Tash Mahogany] You better get that  
money, no matter, what you do You gotta get that  
money, and represent your crew And keep it true  
[Raekwon] As reaper stay sprayed, still niggas is  
smoked Four in his pocket, a diamoned up chain and  
some coke Champion hood, the goodies in a brown  
bag, by the radiator Near the cookies and the bundles  
of dope Fishscalers, I live in elevators and gross All this  
paper, profit make her lay there and post With them  
Adidas that Bruce wore, stay in the juice bar All I know  
if you saw me, you thought I was broke Black, yo, I  
been hustling since niggas was busting guns And  
scuffling, and jumping niggas over some coats We  
play the S&S rooftop, Latin Quarter, Polo popes Who  
hung out with all the Eighthers and GOAT's [Chorus]  
[Interlude: Inspectah Deck] Yo RZA, you crazy man This  
that Black Mozart shit, right here [Inspectah Deck] Yo, I  
used to scramble hard, radio strapped, to the  
handlebars Fifty deep, in the lobby large, rocking  
camouflage Dark Caesar holding my nuts, played the  
building front Fit the Henny, throw a little snow in the  
blunt Just growing up, schooled by O.G.'s, holding O's  
and up Daily new drama unfold, they popped 'em over,  
what? It's so rough, nobody know him, so what? Aiyo,  
the money's close by, homey, show me the stuff  
Borough hopping, copping bricks, bags, burners and  
kicks City slickers, circling the strip, working them  
tricks Like friday night cruise in the Coupe, new valor  
suit Fruit flavored kicks, taking flicks out in 40 Deuce  
Farmer jeans, hammer swing, tucked in the loot How  
they hit Miss Fisher, they was busting at suit Up in 54,

underground, parrot and Q Made man with the grey  
shams, wrapping the boo Stay flam, every day, fam,  
stacking my loot Eighty grams in the cake, bam,  
packages flew Sipping passion fruit, Alize, in back of  
the Ooh [RZA] We soldiers, boy, we soldiers Bake  
cakes, hundred dollar bill holders We soldiers, boy, we  
soldiers Bighead, I thought I told ya We soldiers, boy,  
we soldiers Bake cakes, hundred dollar bill holders  
Bighead, I thought I told ya We soldiers, boy, we  
soldiers [Chorus]

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