

Raekwon f/ Jadakiss, Styles P

"Broken Safety"

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[kung fu sample] *sounds of fighting* Heh, do you know any other styles? I am very grateful! Are you ready? I'm ready... [Jadakiss] Uh, down on 40 Deuce, when I was a shorty duke That's when I first got the Naughty goose Now I come through in a sported coupe I know what you better do, stop talking bout what you outta do My crack spot is still portable Funerals are still affordable, I'm better than all of you I'm in the hood scraping 'em, Jadakiss, Rae and 'em Ya'll lame niggas, come uptown, spend a day with 'em Bigger ones, bootleg liquor runs, blow something, nigga Let the Earth smoke hit your lung, get your guns The economy is down, so you already know It's gon' be a lot of homi's in the town That's why I'm still bringing the seed back The sneakers that I can't pronounce, that cost a G stack Niggas in the yard, got this on repeat, black Fuck saving hip hop, we bringing the streets back, what? [Raekwon] Player spit snipping, different color wallies on Bliffen had to take 'em off, they fucked up the soles, flipped it I'm forever zooted, crushed up glass, I'm just flashing through it Nine times out of ten, suede down at the Jumer Maybach bloomers, playing rumors, card shark Getting cash money, take a loan, hit this tuner We onion head niggas, the gun gooners Put us together, he run sea, I run land, with one ruger Stop playing, you know we run rap, you know we done that Stop fronting, son, put the gun back We came with the containers, besides having the flamers My Mexican mans is famous Running through the streets, the bulldog Conehead hoodies on, eighteen five for footballs Maxed like I'm under a good wall, good G Good recipe, good status, a hood broad [Styles P] I used to move brown rectangles Roll you a blunt, then smoke you with death's angel Chrome trey pound is making your neck dangle Blue trey eight is leaving your chest mangled It's math but the gun could kill you at all angles Leave the toast home, I'm leaving you all strangled Louis loafers on the Jaguar, gas peddles You got the cops with you, you ain't even half ghetto (Not even half) We neither here nor there But if, you was over here, you would of been got aired (Been got

aired) Like a pair of white Nike's on a summer day
Pointing the gun away, I could kill you niggas a
hundred ways Mine's in a place that yours ain't, so I'm
wearing war paint For the day that I see the Lord saint
Blowing the purple haze, playing The Purple Tape Fuck
with Chef or the Ghost, get left with a purple face [kung
fu sample] Too bad, your courage will be the death of
you *sounds of fighting*

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