

Radney Foster

"Smith Bros"

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[Intro: Raekwon]

Take it back 1993, '94 or something
Yeah, runnin' through the stairs and shit
Trynna to get to the roof
Narcotos is on, some other shit

[Chorus 2X: Raekwon]

My niggas won't stop til we straight, select bigger
gates
We won't stop until we buyin' estate, yo
Pull out them burners and front, where I'm from
Better shoot something, if not, niggas won't salute
nothing

[Raekwon]

Corner filled chains and Gucci glasses
The was the era when we flipped all the shh, on the
store, splashed it
Had Dominicans runnin' and eatin' steak and cheese
sandwiches
They in the back, braggin', the fifth slut
Fuckin' with a few niggas nieces, take it back when we
would
Rock for a leases and stand on the speakers
I got the shit locked, I'll battle you, you, you and your
whole gridlocked
Little shit, supported the beef
Fly Pierre couldn't tell me nothin' with a brand new
beard
Couldn't wait, but kept survivin' the years
We sold crack daily, crack mad bailey's, crack faces
and skulls
Sit back, watchin' the mack, twist carefully
It was them horrifyin' times, spit dimes
Police sneak up, I hope he know the time, get mine
Just livin' the ghettos, where we suppose stand loyal
But the game'll get you trapped when it's time, yo

[Chorus 2X]

[Raekwon]

The year's 1990, everybody grimey
Crack was what's in it, the vehicles was 1-90's
Young shorties be gettin' their bread, haunted by
Jamaicans
Them niggas had their corners on red
Map the laws, runnin' cards, playin' bars
Mask the coke in the cars, twist the gan', mad, crackin'
cigars
Smokin' through Queens, bitches stealin' Guess jeans
Get the scope on our stars, little did we know, we folow
they dreams
Now we get around in live limosines, flash stacks in
cuisines
Combat, get to smackin' the fiends, just max for a
minute and lean
All the shit for the moment, slick omens, my opponents
would scheme
We were shot downtown, hit trains, buy cables and
remain
The illest villains, walkin' in spots
Playin' the corners, baby, vision or not
Said yo, and when it's on, we gon' rep and rock,
nobody call the cops

[Chorus 2X]

[Raekwon]

Where all the major swingers, yo
Where all the live fresh, came home, up state livin' fly
rangers
We rep them niggas and we love 'em
Sons, we hug 'em, they make it home and be gone in a
week
That's some letters, all my niggas live together
Baby yellin' whatever, we all write in hands, nothin' but
creeps
Hold me down, love, I'll hold you fatter
Watch me catch both of these actors, it's Ice Water
throwin' hits in the cling
Bloodhounds is on you, goons is beamin'
Take it to the team to team, plot thing, blew you a bean
It's just a young poor hustlers thing
But your gun got a ring, if you gonna live like a young
kid

[Chorus 2X]

[Outro: Raekwon]

Too all them killas and the bank robbers
This is another, another, Smith Bros. production
Production, it's Lex Diamonds, muthafucka

You know what time it is

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