

Raekwon

"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]

Ayo, 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 ridicly

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]

Yo, I lit a booger up, rocks is gone, so we bagging up
all shape
Binoculars, 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 necked all 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 bezel
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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