

Raekwon

"Black Harrison"

Visit "[Black Harrison](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Raekwon]

I really don't need to be fuckin wit ya right now
I need to movin around in the air, circle Manhattan
Real smooth

[Raekwon]

Here we go again son, black Harrison Ford on the run
One, beef in the field, it's real
Highly recommend shield, Lee rocks, still he rock
Got the blue lazer, grill, like Martin Scorsese-ah
Jumpin outta limo's, expos, black rentals
Chasin niggas through the projects, pobox
Mosien, 15 of us, five trucks
Crazy deluxe, found what, honor nigga right
Tailin us in boats and land, 40 caliber in my hand
Made the left... Lex fam
Sho enough what, hummer craft lookin up, what
Kid the chipped out flex now I'm stuck
Bounced on him, public announcements say they want
him
Any ideas? Where he at, cops want him
Changin the gear the same foot wear
Runnin like a crook, yea, no love here
Fuck yea, we up there
Had a little drugs there, they was there
Pass it kid, Novacain caught a slug there
Had it mastered in fleis-school, nigga go whip a plane
Drivin land, map shit out, go to night school
Bronze star, feelin who we are
Half animal, whole lotta love, black God
Standin front and center, from here to winter
Grip the splinter, shoot it sideways, nozzle on, pip-it
Ready to hit somethin, pop shit wit somethin
Blow blimps on the mad rubber grips, big lips on it
Rollin wit top rank medals, hands is like Greg Neddles
Bright link, purple heart, swim bezzle
Hearin the horn of Josh, movin like the moss
Executive decision play large
Caught a blimp on the radar, screen him out
Fightin like like Julio Cazar, blaze ya
May day, may day, chasin me, CIA, KGB, FBI, DIA on

they way

Trynna chase down the God, this Afro-African'll lace ya

[instrumental breakdown]

[Raekwon]

Part two kid, establish brain power, true did

Yo it's realer than a fuck now, ain't stupid

Trash, three hundred thousand in cash, guerilla mash

Brass this gat, TNT niggas on my ass

Play for real, Lex will, I suggest still

Clear my own shit, let the press ill, let's bill

Make it to the UN, doin bout a thousand in the blue Em

Frogmen, repped out cluein

Left all the American Express cards

Left the passports, time shit, shit up on in Escort

Bail 'em, bustin his joint, Chief O'Heara

That old, Louis McDarren, see the waves through the
mirror

Spot that, hop that, through the top back

Ready to lock somethin, down for the cause, stop that

You play the king, I play the pawn, who the king of the
Swarm

You wrong, where's the evidence, watch the firearm

Where a tunnel of fans stand, I knew I had little bits of
love

Hopin it'll be fair, he watch me, heavy roxy scene

He clean though, American Cream Team let him leave

See the moral of the story, feelin me like

Mordon and Glory when they came for me

Had fifty on the line, look at mine, all dressed down

Handlin lines, know the time

Visit [Raekwon](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.