

## **Raekwon**

# **"Broken Safety"**

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[\*\*feat. Jadakiss & Styles P:]

[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 herb 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

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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