

Raekwon

"Brother's Keeper"

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(feat. Nas)

[Raekwon:]

I flip the bronze e, watching King Kong in the palm
Smoke alotta cheeba, chilling, cuz it's all about
marketing
Hold the mic, I'm hogging it, handle the goose shit
Word up, mixing the true shit, my niggas'll shoot shit
Trees lean, we get it tight, we get fucked right
We up in the telly, lighting up with the crack light
My mind calculation, attract like I'm counting peso's
Out in turban caco's with some fake ho's
The bling swing, a many mansion, a break phantom
Floating through the town on some old new improved
shit
Swerve coming through shit, vandals in coupe shit, yo
Animal blue shit, my scramblers move with
A kingley, getting blunted to nine hundred
Floating through the town on some old --
Coming through the town on some old --

[Chorus: Nas (Raekwon)]

Turn up the mics, (the world is mine
The world is, the world is, the world is mine)
Turn up the mics (yeah, the whole world is mine)

[Nas:]

I'm Nasty but fuck bitches, handcuff snitches
Feed they nuts to pit bulls and plan more business
Got sluts on leashes walkin on all fours
Have 'em eatin from dog bowls pettin' they heads
Cause they love playin that role they sexy in bed
Smokin bud' I'm outta control wish death on the feds
Cup spills with Grey Goose watchin snuff films
Laughin with dykes that wear patent leather with spikes
My cheddar is right, Miami beach playin it low
St. Barts rent a house and a boat
Two hundred thou' on my throat
That's only half of what my wife ice cost
Phonecall, hearin another boss got his life lost
Well, wipin' sand off of my toes

Read a book called "Catcher in the rye", I chose
Some Bob Marley then I plotted a scheme
To make me and Bump Knux more rich
Then I got me a team, he got 'em a team
He tryin to buy G-force with missile launchers
Tired of walkin' around with beef, with that pistols on us
C-4's better I'm callin up some B-More killers
To come and bleed you
As sure as the sun's in the sky you'll surely die
You washed up, fuck your people
Your money ain't as long as mine you dumb and you
foul
Who you tryin to squeeze all this fuck with Alzheimer's
disease
We the new breed, nigga, turn up the mics

[Outro: Raekwon]

Yeah, you know where I'm from, I'm from Staten Island,
man
Word up, ya'll know it as Shaolin, I call it Staten Island,
man
Cuz niggas get they legs broke, when they try to front,
man
Fuck it, he rhyme? He talking shit, let's break his
fingers, man
Can't write no more, word up, we specialize in choking
niggas
Throwing niggas in cars, driving off and shit
Open the door on your ass, you know how them Pontiac
days went

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