

Raekwon

"Every Soldier In The Hood"

Visit "[Every Soldier In The Hood](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

Yo, yo, yo, yo
This is for homies and fools, man
Don't stand over there
Shaolin over here and I hear
Chill, chill, chill, police man

To every soldier in the hood, go in
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollen

To every soldier in the hood, go in
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollen

Aiyo, joint loaded, Lotus, big chain cobras
Clothe the certain way, notice
My style's new now, with generals Luau
Drugs, guns, chilling on the cool out
Don't make me pop you, this is not cool

Guaranteed to give you something that works, your
dump in the dirt
Shitting up blood, fingers is burnt
Many cycles when you fight in my walls
It's like Michael and the Bulls, see a flying piece of iron,
no lying

No fib and no bullshitting, the shines is forbidden
We like Crouching Tiger, you just a fucking kitten
'Bout to get that wig re-open and then smoked in
Bitches is watching, snatch you in the open, yo

Twenty-four, seven, we legends, the myth, the riff, the
gift
Shaolin bounded with more wiff
Clap 'em with them get down boys, we call them, them
niggas
Who want it with us, we the belt holders in the business

To every soldier in the hood, go in

To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollen

To every soldier in the hood, go in
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollen
(Yeah ah, man)

Ay, the streets be calling and shit
A lot of veterans be calling it quits
They be calling my flow ill but still I'm never calling in
sick
This is Meth Man, New York niggas calling me piff

Fuck the cops that be calling me Cliff
Flag me down on the Concord, police dogs all up in my
whip
I get cake women all in my mix, they wanna jump in the
six
And groupie niggas wanna jump in your flicks

We live the life, Starfaces and guns, I used to fight for
crumbs
Throw a ace, kick the dice and run
Plead your case, you ain't nice as son, I got the drive to
win
So where you niggas get your license from?

Bite a ear, Mike Tyson, uh, that means dough and my
nose itch
And coke fiends is blowing they noses
My team got cream and you know this
So nigga get yours, before the door to opportunity
closes

To every soldier in the hood, go in
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollen

To every soldier in the hood, go in
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling and keep your guns on swollen

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