

## Raekwon

# "Gotta Have It"

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(feat. Gravy & Brolic)

[Chorus: Boy Big]

See we gotta have it  
Me and my niggas here to lay you down  
Ain't playing, so hit the floor  
And don't make no fucking sound  
We gotta have it  
We move just like the mob, do  
This game is real, caps get peeled  
Fuck around, I'll have to murk you

[Raekwon:]

Yo, from cocktails, 3-80's with the M-1, we bury the  
jewelry store  
Posting, yelling 'get yours', we on Pivot  
Coke pilot mink, Kay Gatling Island, Trini and Chi  
All day gangsta, murda niggas, sleep  
We at the red light, mapped 'em, drove through, as all  
block  
Caught they attention, I leaned  
Time Magazine with my face on it, how we position the  
CREAM  
Niggas is large, they all start scheming  
Whatever, truck 'em in them leathers, we was stuck  
together  
Fuck around and have to shoot off fingers, yo  
You know it, approach the glass with the maskes on  
No time for freeze, just pull out and blast on 'em  
Sat back, Denzel status, Man on Fire  
Had the burner with the flash on it  
Skated with six hundred and cash, he did the dummy  
We splashed 'em, then boat it in a CLS glass, we  
vicious

[Chorus]

[Brolic:]

Come one, I see my cash is getting low  
And if I can't shake no dough, what the fuck am I living  
for

It's easy for my heater, just to let these niggas know  
At the same time, I will take mines to persue to my cash  
flow  
You know you gotta be sick with it  
Call up my mans, cause we about to go get it  
A hundred grand is you with it, a smash for the cause  
Looting to the spot, putting everybody on pause  
Let me see a broke jaw, nigga, I want it all  
I'm talking to all of ya'll, don't get it, you gon' fall  
Or fuck it, you gon' crawl, my nigga, we laying law  
We cock back the strap, attack and shake it off

[Chorus]

[Gravy:]

Glocks'll get at you, and body your position  
In this rap, fire my ratchet, I'm shutting this rap  
Caddy steel, face the back, or blown the fuck off from  
rap  
Reach across and blow this shit out your boss in the  
back  
Survived in a porsche, I rap, at a buck 80 verse  
Or verse, daddy, let's do it for change  
I'm forty eight hundred grams, one chain, the trend, a  
new range  
Or any project bench, with all my shit on  
Flashy don, Gucci on uptowns  
Fucking up classics, gay baskets, D.H. niggas  
Won't snitch for shit, criminals that spit  
Oh shit, I forgot all about you man, twenty and change  
Ferocious tongues, coming at you, redirecting your  
whole shit  
Blunt stole, dealing sick  
Glocks'll blow chunks out your face, looking up in the  
sky  
Seeing Ol' Dirty's face in the cloud

[Chorus x2]

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