

Raekwon

"House of Flying Daggers"

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Intro chinese sample

Inspectah Deck

Hehehehe, nobody is going to save you now

Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, yo, yo

Inspectah Deck

I pop off like a mobster boss

Angel hair with the lobster sauce, summertime can't
top the scorch

Check my hot broad, I dropped the Porsche

FBI wanna watch the force, trying to lock my source

Where I'm from, hear the macs, techs, glocks and
fours

Hide the safe, nigga, lock the doors

No respect for the cops and laws

In the land where your own blood brother still plot for
yours

Seen things that'll drop your jaw

My soldiers got dropped in war, see the mural on the
project wall?

Won't stop til I copped them all

Wanna block me? You gots to brawl, tray shots and all

Cuz I ain't on the clock for talk

The Spot Rusher, blow down the spot for sure

Still break off the block with raw, my stock is more

The General, watch your board

Raekwon:

Deep pockets with the eight on me, sleep with the safe
in the wall

The cameras on with the make-up and all

Swap six 45's, twist reefer in the flicks, papi whoadie
ride

Bolt his gun off, from know your horse, she lied

Fly criteria, bury me in Africa

With whips and spears, and rough diamonds out of
Syria

A true don, only I could do wrong

Rock fitted hats, get crack money and drive a sick blue
joint

Retard-less, I'mma blow regardless

Resume is straight up live, I shank niggas up for larger

E's

And speak with the youth in the spot, eat the fresh fruit
in the crop

All these hip hoppers eat cock

You can see me in the street or the yacht

I'd rather be promoting your block or buying fresh
sneakers with gwops

Yo, I'm an ill dude, always been a real dude

Don't fuck around, I will spill on you and kill you in the
field, boo

Chorus :GZA

Soldiers in the front, let the heat pump

Troops on the left, fight to the death

Fam on the right, infrared lights

Wolves in the back, ready to attack, for what

Ghostface Killah

Leather jackets on, rocked up rock stars

Treacherous bank robbers, the plan gold up, we pop
guards

The team gotta eat, seeds is hungry, that's why we
ain't scared

To dump on niggas, our guns is chunky

Usually we bust niggas down with bats, swell up they
joints

Elbow, wrists, they shins get cracked

We still humiliate, brutalize, Ruger pop, pulverize

Still got gear in the closet, that's stupid live

From Benetton rugby skullies, Oshkosh conductor
jumpers

The train hats fit me lovely

Rae job is to make sure the coke is fluffy

While I politic his birthday bash with Puffy

Bagged Nia soon as I linked up, the kid ain't inked up

I'm an old mummy, my gold weigh as much as King Tut
(yeah, yeah)

Slippers, robes is minked up, under the doorag, bro
(uh, yo, yo)

My three dimensional fade is clean cut

Method Man

Man, ya niggas ain't shit to us, still a pistol bust

Split your melon like I split the Dutch

Got a lot of piff to puff, and I ain't come for fisticuffs

Or for the cop that wanna clip the cuffs

Man, is Staten in this bitch or what, don't get it twisted,
we

Twist it up and even mixed with dust

See these fans can't resist the rush, they Wu-Tang for
life

Scarred for life, they can't forget the cuts
Got a whole line of classic joints, and while you at it
Pass the joint, let's push this music past the point
Of no return, til they crash and burn, down the ashes
Then placed inside Ol' Dirty Bastard's urn
When it's my time to go, for sure, ya nigga goes to war
What you think I brought these soldiers for?
To send shot like forget me not, at any nigga
Respect, bitch, that figure they gon' get me got

Chinese Sample

Hehe, your basic kung fu is no good
You can't move fast enough
And you don't have enough strength
And your body movements are like a string climb
It's too easy for me to trip you up
(fighting)
Hehehe, how's it feel, huh?
It's no fair, I'm afraid my back is broken
Hahaha, you still got a lot to learn

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