

Raekwon

"I Recall"

Visit "[I Recall](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Tek & Steele)

[Chorus x3: sample]

I remember, I recall
I remember, I recall
I remember, I recall
I remember, all you said

[Raekwon:]

Aiyo, yes sir, everything's a blessing, let the cess'
splurge
Spill it in your hand, and let the s's turn
You got them wild style goons in the room, with nothing
but coupes
And Pumas on, rugged beards, mean underwear
Fly in the day, high by night, money right
Solidified gangsta with his paintbrush writing
Catch me off Lenox, Spanish dip, vintage shit
Floating in the open, niggas smoking that shit, you
know

[Tek:]

Vanilla envelopes of cess, 20 bags of bless
Pissy drunk, in the project steps
Throwing dice, til the sun come out, guns come out
Trains through the 151 come out
Then it's back on the block, I'm running from the cops
again
The old heads love me, asking when I'm gonna stop
again
But, you know the law of the streets
How we gon' dick the freaks and what we do over
beats, bitch

[Chorus x2]

[Steele:]

Yessa yessa, rap is under pressure
Had me, had 'em, hungry hoody, wearing hoods, come
getcha
Four fetcha, eat tracks, Hannibal Lecter

Keep gats, Tony Jaa, still, I'm The Protector
Street speak, reach peeps, treat peeps aggressive
Smif-N-Wessun, Chef connection, nothing less than
perfection
Peace number 7, God Degree's the lesson
Equality's the evanescence for my peeps in the
essence

[Raekwon:]

Fresh mohawk, run up in the gun store, blow off
Jump in the couple, sled range, my dame blow off
Bamboo need for the go, it's like chilly
Don't be silly, my niggas pop wheelies for dough

[Tek:]

I tell you the first time, I ever laid hands on a pussy
Smack Earth, Wind & Fire out of jazz, pussy
That's when niggas learned to respect my army
Respect my gun and recognize me as a don

[Steele:]

Listen, I tell no lies, spread no rumors
Have your whole family smothered, taking me for
humor

[Tek:]

Get your laugh from elsewhere, your bricks from right
here
You bleed just like I bleed, so it's no fear

[Raekwon:]

Aiyo, flatten niggas, what's happening, rap niggas
from Staten
Gat chunky nine, bullets sitting in napkin
Ready to pop your lid off, lay low in Manhattan
Stop fronting, buttons get pressed, we jabbed 'em,
tagged 'em

[Chorus]

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