

Raekwon "Mean Streets"

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[Intro: Raekwon (man)]

(Aiyo, Chef?) What up, my nigga?

(Yeah, man, I gotta give you the 411, shit is straight
911, word)

It's \$2.50, nigga, back the fuck up! Talk to me...

(Word, them blue ninjas is everywhere

Word, watch ya back, Protect Ya Neck and all that shit,
man

Thirty nine motherfuckers already got scooped up

Indicted, word, I'm bird eye viewing it right now

Out there out the motherfucking window)

You got the strong scoopers out there?

(Word, five book store buses out front

All them young boys are certified, they our rentals)

[Chorus 2X: Suga Bang Bang]

For these mean streets from Cali to New York

Who could ya trust? Niggaz they do talk

Running from the feds and out of state troopers

Look up ahead, you know we got sharp shooters

[Raekwon]

The blocks is molded, step up ya sword piece

Moving through them housing with more ki's

Rembrandts is fresh from Scotland, crisp hats, Cristal
bottles

Niggaz want the problems, we back

It's time to take over the game, it's nothing

I live on the line, from corner to castles with pawns and
capsules

Scramble and find, my money's up, I'm praying for war

I do this all the time, all the time, all the time

Faces of Doom, sling in the lobby

Swinging cooked raw, if you played the field you was
not leaving

Fast pace of a CREAM chasing team

Trying to come through the hood and lie, get left for
dead naked in Queens

Let them other niggaz wear that, we take the credit

While we was shopping for more Nikes and off-whites

Heroin stirrers, the crib, cracked mirrors

Career thugs who serve only judges and jurors

Got to make my money this year, whether it's through
rhyming or criming
I'll be on the line with my iron
Promised them llamas'll fly fast, quick at pirahnas
Trying to intervene, get caught dead, no head in
pijamas
You live like a slouch from vouchers
Nobody mad, you was a fake, dead, die with no
trousers
Cause you crossed the line like Miller's Crossing
Off with ya dome, I walked you through the woods, we
both smoked a bone
[Chorus 2X]

[Inspectah Deck]

Mean streets...
Just when I thought I was out, they pulled me back in
The streets stay flooded with crack rocks and Mac
shots
The scenery's money, guerrillas in the back drop
The livest'll pop, the weakest get chopped where they
stand
Singing the judge's name, dropped in the stand
Drug money kills, blood on my bills, mud on my Nikes
Only buying with the couple that I trust with my life
Twenty four sev' ducking the feds, infrared wth lead
Gamble with off track betting instead
In my hood anybody can get it, and everybody want it
Cutthroat executives, the corners, the office
And the thought is to be boss of all bosses
The cost is ya life, swimming with sharks and orcas
So keep ya guards up, or get scarred up
It's a Cold World, I told you with Allah Just'
The bigger the funds, the bigger the guns that's
blazing
It's sick in the slums and niggaz are stunting for nathin'

[Ghostface Killah]

Aiyo, my gun been in more niggaz mouths than a
whore had dick
With creamy nuts on the side of her jaw
It's Rigatone, nigga, sliding through airports
Riding on niggaz like MJ, same day I rocked you,
comprende?
Yeah, I'm kinda off cuz my guns was dirty
That last joint that hit you, kid, you made the top thirty
Early, walk with me and strap with a vengeance
More or less Ghostface Killah'll stretch you out like mad
words in a sentence
Smell the gas burning (yeah) feel the fire (word)
Real talk, it's not that bullshit from The Wire

It's them disco kids that clap iron
Champion hoods, if ya coke don't freeze, my face is
not worth frying
We crack eightballs with pool sticks
Bungee jump off a mountain of bricks
Fuck you up if you slinging those nicks
Toney Starks from the octagon, my ox is on
Snap Matt Hughes' neck with my boxers on

[Chorus 2X]

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