

Raekwon

"Planet Of The Apes"

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I just had to say that right there, Rae
I just have to say you my nigga, understand?
It don't get no realer than this, man
Let's slow the fuck down
You gettin' like a hundred worth for real, man

Eh yo, thug niggas know the code, lock and load
Hit 'em in the head, watch a nigga brain explode
Yo, from Y.O. to Q.B., they bang this shit
Shaolin' boys, they bang them fifths

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Eh yo, late night, candle light, fiend with a crack pipe
It's only right, feelin' higher than an airplane, right?
I'm tryin' to get this money, right? So I move cautiously
No more frauds, you see? I'ma live bossy

Way out on Fantasy Island with Mr. Roth. B
I gotta play the ghetto, everyday the hood endorse me
I'm destined for triple, left hand crippled and the right
hand fury
Will block the shots, that's simple, I dented a tomb for
style
A toast to the death of my foes, respect violence, the
criminal codes

Hammer smack a nigga out his five senses
Leave him dumb, deaf and blind, I ride on rinses
Interest so tight, strobe lights follow my grace
Bang bullets by the gates, might hollow ya face
Me and Chef smark massive murder, kill 'em
I scramble anywhere in Shaolin, right in Castalano
buildin'

Eh yo, real niggas get up, live niggas, what up?
We don't give a fiduck, you faggots'll get hit up
Q.B., what up? Y.O., what up?
Shaolin, get up or get yo' ass hit up

Real niggas get up, live niggas, what up?
We don't give a fiduck, you faggots'll get hit up
Q.B., what up? Y.O., what up?
Shaolin, get up or get yo' ass hit up

Eh yo, I'm a motherfuckin' nigga wit an attitude
Heavy gun play, cock back, niggas is screwed
Stomach wounds make it hard for you to swallow ya
food
Throw them Purple Tape off for me to get in the mood

Sheek Louch, who fuckin' wit' that kid?
I'm sick in the head, they need to make a throwback
straight jacket
White tee on, a light G. on
These bitches you wife and the God try pee on

I don't care if it's a gram or brick
I'ma make it sell, get off my dick
Pump or the Desert E., take your pick
Money too long, the case won't stick

D-Block niggas fuck with Rae
Nigga act hard and get hit up in the middle of day
Tough guys and all that but I know that you pay
And I don't give a fuck, niggas, better watch what they
say

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Body specialist, full cam F50 with vans
A pull up, do it to ya mans, yo scrams
If you take niggas ears, niggas ain't really queers
Listen, it's grown men in the town, niggas is their's

Fluck niggas, I cut niggas, stuck niggas
Come up, pluck niggas, pop niggas in chucks, it's
business
You in this? We non shoulder style, son, relentless
They four lettered me Chef, nigga get down

Drop you, piss on you, get this, it's official on you

Yo, twist the clips hits, yo, this was on you
I'm just a business head ridin' with visual
Don't force me to put out ya head

One for the money, two for the crime round up
Peep it, all major niggas holdin' they ground, get up
Let's form an army millenia, Ice Water
From Q.B. to Y.O. with Shaolin, I'm feelin' you

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Q.B., what up? Y.O., what up?
Shaolin, get up or get yo' ass hit up

We gon' ride for our team
(Yeah, ride for my motherfuckin' team, nigga)
My niggas'll kill you
(My niggas kill you, nigga)

We gon' ride for our team
(Y'all niggas want war? Nigga pop up)
My niggas'll kill you
(Yeah, ride for ya motherfuckin' team, nigga)
(Death before dishonor, you heard me?)

We gon' ride for our team
(The motherfuckin' Lex Diamond Story)
(Y'all niggas better wake the fuck up)
My niggas'll kill you
(Yeah, Ice Water Inc., you heard me?)
D-Block, what up?

We gon' ride for our team
(Pain, time and glory, word, you heard?)
My niggas'll kill you
(Yeah, yeah, my niggas'll kill you, nigga)
(Bitch ass niggas)

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