

Raekwon

"The Brewery"

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[feat. Ceazar-n-Reason]

[Verse 1: Raekwon]

Still shining, keeping my toes close
Catch me on the quieter, flip something up bring your
llama close
So y'all already know I have a gun team
They don't hang, phones calls one ring, [?] flames
The [?] performance
Built like gangstas [?] leave your ass like [?]
Reflections is I'll, my mansion out in [?] raw
Two Mexicans two [?]
Everybody angry, the [?] is meaner
Bitches is happy, casinos look cleaner
The word [?] is rocking tuxes now
His main trooper, the Haitian nigga buck this clown
down
Operation money, let's mail this
Paper stepped up now his gun game is real bitch
Don't make me kill your man's other man
This [?] real handsome man said

[Verse 2: Ceazar-N-Reason]

She get him for the ransom, money in the mansion
Always stay coordinated, my shit's longer waited
Cease, I make it bubble up like it's carbonated
Double up right on the spot, you know I gotta make it
[?], I keep it formulated
It's still real here, I never feel fear
Make moves I wouldn't sit still in a wheelchair
Affirmed young general, street light walker with [?]
I'm in the hood where they pop on site
Running through woods, we wolves [?] bite
On reserves under the moon or under the sun
Either way, false moves put you under the gun
We ain't playing yo, [?] fun, we as hard as they come
Fresh out the ghetto, we the marvelous ones
Move 'em out, less talk, put the tool in his mouth
Combination to the safe, get the jewels and we out

[Verse 3: Raekwon]

Nigga all black wardrobe, the gat attack foes
[?] with the flow, I turn lettuce to dough
Play the hood close, [?] good smoke
Hoodrats, car jackers, project kids [?]
Slicker than Crisco, my bite like a pitbull
I spot 'em and pop 'em, his nickname pimples
Check what I'm into, melodies that rip you
Snub nose, turn these rottweilers into shiatsus
Y'all like the [?], mine is like a book you must get into
Every line come like a missile
I got issues, all I do is make her whistle
Let the goons figure out if your diamonds official
Let you... bullets tear your bone gristle, lung tissue
Gun in every hole of your body dog, I can't miss you
[?], three to your temple
And y'all was never hot, not even near a sizzle

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