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Raekwon "Time Will Tell"

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[Styles P]D-Block! I ain't Cam, but it's muthafucking Killa Season Homey's dying over ignorant nigga reasons Know the home fried, lotta egos Hoodrat bitch that be digging a nigga steelo Hood got kilos, making them niggas evil Never bring guns to the court, when they B-Ball I don't play around with them suckers, I'm a G, ya'll Standing on the tip of the block, I'mma see ya'll Wanna know the price of a verse, I got the fee, ya'll I tell you how much, coming through like the army do Army suits, all big coupes with Armani suits I got the lows on, and the toast on Me, two guns and a knife, form Voltron Oatmeal, PBJ, getting my bulk on Sacrificing most of you rappers, getting my coke on Electrifying all of you niggas, getting my votes on

[Chorus: Raekwon]Aiyo, yo, from every palace in the hood

To every child that's in the hood, it ain't no deers around here

But it's all good, my metal niggas, forever rebel niggas Never ever rebel, just only time telling niggas

Wake up 'fore niggas eat you It's only matter of time, when them nines come out to meet you

Yo, don't be alone when we roaming, like cell phones, homey

Cuz when they hungry, it's another story, run for me

[Styles P]I'm back like retro kicks, and I'm saucy Your brain can get left on some pesto shit I need a Pablo Esco' flip, and I'm the Phantom Listean real close, you hear the echos spit I'm a wolf, you run around on some gecko shit Kick in the door of the shit, wasn't left for bent I kill the best now, tell me who the rest gon' get Not a damn one, the handgun, is right on the waist Whether you ugly or you handsome, I'm right in your face

You can run, I get excited from the flight of the chase Little chimp, why don't you try to spend a night with the apes I get higher than the flight outerspace, where I'm from I seen alotta niggas die or get indicted for base Get weight, a little cake try to buy them a place Either raw, ain't safes on, firing eight And mine, nigga, I don't fire 'em straight, feel me

[Chorus]

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