

Raekwon the Chef "Every Soldier In The Hood"

Visit "Every Soldier In The Hood" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro: Raekwon]
Yo, yo, yo, yo
Not moving, soon
Don't stand over there
Shaolin over here, chill, chill, police, man

[Hook: Raekwon (x2)]
To every soldier in the hood, go in
To every real n*gga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling, and keep your guns on swollen

[Verse 1: Raekwon]
Aiyo, joint loaded, Lotus, big chain cobras
Cloth the certain way, notice
My style's new now, with generals Luau, drugs, guns
Chilling on the cool out, don't make me pop you, this is
not cool

Guaranteed to give you something that works, your dump in the dirt

Sh*tting up blood, fingers is burnt Many cycles when you fight in my walls, It's like Michael and the Bulls See a flying piece of iron, no lying

No fib and no bullsh*tting, the shines is forbidden We like Crouching Tiger, you just a f*cking kitten Bout to get that wig re-open and then smoked in B*tches is watching, snatch you in the open, yo Twenty-four, seven, we legends, the myth, the riff, the gift

Shaolin bounded with more wiff

Clap 'em with them get down boys, we call them, them n*ggas

Who want it with us, we the belt holders in the business

[Hook: Raekwon (x2)]
To every soldier in the hood, go in
To every real n*gga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling, and keep your guns on swollen

[Verse 2: Method Man]

Yo, ay, the streets be calling and sh*t

A lot of veterans be calling it quits

They be calling my flow ill, but still I'm never calling in sick

This is Meth Man, New York n*ggas calling me piff F*ck the cops that be calling me Cliff, flag me down on the Concord

Police dogs all up in my whip

I get cake, women all in mix, they wanna jump in the six And groupie n*ggas wanna jump in your flicks

We live the life, Scarfaces and guns, I used to fight for crumbs

Throw an ace, kick the dice and run

Plead your case, you ain't nice as son, I got the drive to win

So where you n*ggas get your license from?

Bite an ear, Mike Tyson, uh, that means dough and my nose itch

And coke fiends is blowing they noses

My team got C.R.E.A.M and you know this

So n*gga get yours, before the door to opportunity closes

[Hook: Raekwon (x2)]

To every soldier in the hood, go in

To every real n*gga holding, keep your ones on folding

Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive

Keep rolling, and keep your guns on swollen

Visit Raekwon the Chef page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

<u>MotoLyrics.com</u> | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.