

Raekwon the Chef "Power"

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[Raekwon]

Take it off, sho' 'nough kid
Take it off
We gon' take it from the East to the West
to the North to the South
Show y'all what it's about
Don't make me throw no gun in your mouth
You know?
How long is your CREAM? This long?

Eh yo, his belt got karats in it
Swift description, E-320 nigga pitchin
Rock a raw dinosaur chain, hang to his thing
It's like, he pump isolated, still cashin in CREAM
Niggas in the hood hate him, drew a vase of him
Blaze 'em, he actin like Shallah raisin him
This is hydrogen, son ain't live as him
He like Maguyver, chin 4 spies with him
Roll relentless, desert that he hold is a gift wish
Shash the list, give his miss dick
Technique, operation: tech scream
Bet CREAM, them alligators jet like a vet swing
Nigga like Nicolas Cage with the gauge in your braids
2 cannons that'll spray, rockin banana suede
Suck this drunk alcohol dick
Fuck y'all niggas with hits
We bout to shit on y'all shit

[Triflynn]

Y'all brothas wanna call us out?
Name names, otherwise it'd be the best to shut the
fuck up
Get pimp-smacked up, jacked up and macked up
You're scared and froze of bein exposed
I own Harlem, I bone Harlem, call me the mayor
It's my borough, you don't want no problems
I'm on now, you dead pop, all jokes aside
I ride the top, you glide the bottom
Pitfall, 5 foot 9, my dick, balls
Shit y'all, leave flat line to stick your's
We flip off basic and brace it
8 kills, 47 ways to taste it

Never understand what you never been told
You did your book bitin off of my scrolls
We hit man, Colombo, coats and hats to match
Bust off quick, and then, guns go back

[Superb]

I move like Arthur Ash against God
4 raquets, 8 balls and no practice
Every cypher's a heated discussion
The industry was like a beat that needed precussion
I brun the music, shit that make crews flip
State that I'm the illest, this is Q.U. shit
I used to heat-hole, now I'm takin over like the repo'
Bitches that roll, Cee-Lo that'll sniff a kilo'
We went from Frank's and greens to shanks and beans
Now we drive our Navigators to banks in Queen's
Y'all can't fuck around, your words ain't right
Every time I touch the mic, they say "Perb ain't right"
But that's the truth though, d'oh, infact that's it
When they drop this shit, I'm gon' cop that shit
The new star, you want me? I'm at the juice bar
Y'all once hap' niggas, give me 2 stars

[Chip Banks]

I heard what y'all rappin about, but bring your stash out
You shouldn't throw rocks if you livin in glass house
Sneak your weak shit at us, on the low though
Where these cats come from, speakin about po'
He got cash to cop and I'm crashin {*car crashing*}
But half of y'all cats just catchin up to Rae' last year
Got guns in the jungle, call 'em Jurassic
The chrome, the steel, the 20-shot plastic
While y'all niggas cop jars, me and my niggas cop bars
Gettin head from rock stars
We blowin everything apart, I'm smashin the charts
How I see it? (Yo, how you see it?)

Chorus: Raekwon

Eh yo, what you wanna be when you grow up?
Yo, I wanna be a leader
Slow your speed up and stop tryin to be us
Say somethin always, got a future? Stay out the
hallways
And get yourself right, a 100 more ways

[Rhyme Recca]

Fly like iceberg, nice with verbs, precise words
Bently swerve, hit the curb, jump out, cock back, spit
out
Shut your block down, get out, criminal route

Gangsta shit, can't talk now, gun in your mouth
Cream Team killas, cacoon cats like caterpillars
Giant size gorillas, break niggas backs from the skrilla
Scratch, greenback track, Fed's berserk
That's my word, disrespect Recca, get what you
deserve
Inferno, melt down mic's, millionaire in my afterlife
Broke bread with Christ on the last night
Apocalypse, sleep with 4-5th, 2 clips
Passport, cellphone with the removable micro-chip
Specialist, 40-karat Sicillian necklace
Matching bracelet, Cream Team crisp the basic

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