

Bert Russell & Wes Farrell

"Black Trump"

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please send corrections to Nature2QBC@aol.com)

sample repeated in background during entire song

"Guess who's the Black Trump" [Raekwon]

[Steele] (Raekwon)

I had to get some real professionals for the job, son
(Numerous cats) Word up
(That's right) Official niggas word up
(This is what you call ?) Straight blazin through what
Raise the roof is what we came to do (Like hash
browns)
Blazin through, blazin through (Pass that African black
gold over here)
Raise the roof is what we came to do
Blazin through, blazin through (You know how we rock)
Raise the roof is what we came to do (Smiff-N-Wess-N-
Lex set up shop)

[Steele]

Attack mode, time to strike like a cobra
Poisonous venom into your system killin you slower
Than niggas wit blowers to your jugler
My brother's keeper but I put my brother to sleep
If my brother try to creep up
You know my son, show respect when I'm rockin the
podium
Steam-rollin on niggas, my team straight blowin em
Got em Throwin they Gunz In The Air like Onyx
Chef and Smiff-N-Wessun crime shit, New York's finest

[Raekwon]

Let me warn y'all killas upstairs
I seen all y'all, heavy like fuck, thinkin my niggas might
flaw y'all
Blow ya ammo, Shallah seen the god fly commando
Handle, gun on my leg, blow his hand off
I'm lookin at you why, like "fuck, you probably think I'm
high"
Seems luck, chain around my neck, bought it from E-

gypt

Me what? Hennessy drink, mahogany guns, we treesed
up

Come out your shirt, buckle knees-up

This Casablanca rap nigga throw some cheese up

Let's poly, slow-mo status, bring the keys up

Wonderin, runners is lookin mighty fees'd up

Right stupid, FBI sell em ? guns

[Tek]

Make this money, niggas hold up guns

Armed full of licks, plus your dick, drop your ones

Baby need new shoes and a outfit

I see you stick-up kids, you came wit the dick lick

You see my set of twin-hitmen from Bushwick?

Two chicks wit the twenty-two tecs, bitch

You heard about em

Now open up the circle so the dice can breathe

Pay you double, if you triple, if you push you pay me

[Chorus]

Gotta poly wit ya crew to stack ya loot up

Get your weight up, big up, pull ya boots up

If you step into the club wit your guns up

If the tension's on your mind then raise the roof up

You gotta keep it in the fam, stack ya loot up

Get your weight up, big up, pull ya boots up

When you step into the club wit ya guns up

If the tension's on your mind, then raise the roof up

Raise the roof up, raise the roof up

Never before we came to raise the roof up

Raise the roof up, raise the roof up

Still in all we came to raise the roof up

[R] Minolta flash

[S] Gun in the stash

[T] Rollin for mo' hash

[R] Tek, why you slap fire out em, hold fast

[T] These niggas gotta pay the hard way

[All] Three the hard way

[R] Allah swingin on em like a San Diego Padre

[Steele]

You heard what the god say, let's start this

Professional marksman, swimmin like killa sharks

We lethal and heartless

On point like a dart, bitch

Bomb your camp if you want this

Connect wit convicts on some Don shit

[Tek]

And spread the camouflage cats to get the money in
Stat
Go to war like Saadam if he pushes you that
Keep his movements discreet when he out in the
streets
Had to stash built to high heat for those who creep

[Steele]

Ha, peep the ghetto bastards
Run in your crib like two masked men
I run wit a Tek, and we ain't askin, we blastin
Chef brought the extra cannon from Staten
Rhyme official live broadcastin, makin it happen

[Tek]

You gotta make power moves, black guns and cash
rules
Hold my eight straight cuz I been payin dues
Wave king from way back tryin to make a mill stack
Miami money cats that leave you layin down flat

Chorus

*Replace "When you step into the club wit ya guns up"
w/ "When you layin in the cut wit ya guns tucked"*

*Steele chanting "raise the roof up"

[Raekwon]

It's on again
Word up, put your hands down
Word up, this shit is multi
Y'all gonna see it, word up
Smiff, Wess, Lex
*Steele chanting "the roof, the roof, the roof is on fire"
From the projects, phony projects
Next!
(We don't need no water, like the Cocoa B's burn)
(Gotta poly wit your crew to stack ya loot up)
(Get ya weight up, big up, pull ya boots up)
(When you step into the club wit the guns up)
(If the tension's on your mind, then raise the roof up)

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