

## Billy Gunn

### "Black Trump"

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please send corrections to [Nature2QBC@aol.com](mailto: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 teecs, 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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