

Baggage Handlers

Raekwon

You got to be kiddin', five hundred?
Who you think we are, baggage handlers?
The goin' rate on a boat, is a thousand a night, man
You know that (first you got to work your way up to 500, cedido)
Ok, what I did for you guys in Freedomtown, what was that?

Return of the kitchen kid, with the axe
All I know is real detail, coke, lasagna and them E pills
Million dollar merchandise, we on, get ya groove back
A hundred yukons, we all moving crack
All my soldiers got big rank, pa, Sicily money
Y'all had a bitch that got pregnant in Iraq
What's the movement? Superman money in the Ooh building
A few dudes who make a lotta rules sayin' 'you get it'
Right, wavy hair, all my niggaz is polic'
You stay off the roof, or jakes see the crib
No snitchin', this Amityville detention
Might fuck around, get caught, or shot down, play position
Yeah, here they come, sizin' them up, you know my status
This is raw way, lookin' in his eyes, and he butt
Yo, what's happenin'? I heard you got the streets back, captain
Yup, all niggaz is dead, unless they team clappin' something
He felt the generals plans, recognize, we going all out
I might throw three in his man
Had the slick look, looking all Cubaned up
Don't get it twisted, nigga we'll swiss swish you up, what?

From all day to morn', noon, night
Recognize we gotta re-up (Yo, it's Cuban Link 2, motherfucker)
You all listen, pay attention
Word to the team, we gonna key up (Yo, it's Cuban Link 2, motherfucker)
Get ya birds off, playground
Yo, stay out my business, you gon' see us (Yo, it's Cuban Link 2, motherfucker)
For all them real Cash Rule Everything Around Me
Niggaz get y'all stee up (Yo, it's Cuban Link 2, motherfucker)

The kid that endorse Maxmaris, shorty show support
Take your sweatpants off, fix your mascara
Four hundred nineteen ounces, out in Long Island
Twelve strong bitches that's real, who not scared of housing
Yes, throw on them raccoon, chinchilla feathers
Let it drag on my boots, the jean burned leather
Jog through the back of the building, drop the L
Got the scope on your nosey ass mother, fuckin' up sales
Forty karat locked in, bowtie, chillin' at the Democrat party
Yo, Chef, your coat, got it poppin'
Coming soon, Purple Tape, circle up the city let 'em know I'm back
Four hundred bricks, and yup, the kids stance
Sponsored by my cousin in Stan', maintainin'
Got the call from Tony Young Montana, my son campaignin'
Yup, I'm not no fuckin' bellboy, I war anything out there
The ring is mine, you can tell Roy
That's when I was hit with the call, your whole motto is get tour
Drug rap owner, you will rip all
Live like the pope, and get a big hall
Flipped them a claren, the front, like the Jag back like the store

Yea, we back in the motherfuckin' staircase, nigga
You know that kid is coming, Cuban Linx, nigga
Louis Rich, the signature, bitch
(Every dog has his day, huh, Mel?
You wanna job Ernie? Ok, then, you call me tomorrow)