

# Every Soldier In the Hood

Raekwon

Yo, yo, yo, yo  
Not moving, soon  
Don't stand over there  
Shaolin over here, chill, chill, chill, police, man

To every soldier in the hood, go in  
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding  
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive  
Keep rolling, and keep your guns on swollen

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  
Shitting 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 bullshitting, the shines is forbidden  
We like Crouching Tiger, you just a fucking kitten  
Bout to get that wig re-open and then smoked in  
Bitches 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 niggas  
Who want it with us, we the belt holders in the business

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Yo, ay, the streets be calling and shit  
A lot of veterans be calling it quits  
They be calling my flow I'll, but still I'm never calling in sick  
This is Meth Man, New York niggas calling me piff  
Fuck 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 niggas 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 niggas 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 nigga get yours, before the door to opportunity closes

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