

### III Figures

Raekwon

When I write my lyrics, it's like, it's like  
I want my shit to be phat, I want people to be able to understand  
Yo, Anybody can rhyme, youknowhatimsaying  
But it's what you saying that makes a person know about you  
Knowhatimsaying, you know the type of person you is  
So it's like really, I'm just more of just  
Being a street narrator (aiyo, what up, famo?)

Reefer lit, love hip hop, the gangstas got me like the broccoli  
Brooklyn baby cooling at a swat meet  
Real niggas wanna meet me, ladies wanna eat me  
Money clean Mercedes claim, baby, beat me  
Love getting dressed up, sweats and techs  
Ride around the hood, good, getting Gotti respect  
Hand is golden, an OG rolling and holding, yo  
Fresh kicks, soft leather, pockets is swollen  
Let my jam hit your tape deck, it's straight up, and made up  
For every real nigga with his gun on him, hate up  
Flying through the city nights, new flights  
Blue ice, hundred thousand in a Nike bag, license  
Drug shop, I'm sorry, Atari in the Ferrari  
Next see the Lex A Shallah, La Tam'pa  
Eating yo, all of us, scamma gangstas  
You know we honor, tip the kangol, cooling in the brown vengos

I have never, giving up on a mission  
That's against my honor

Duke let me warn you, my niggas crip up  
Them young boys'll run up on you, shoot your whip up  
Brooklyn, nigga, beg for you life  
And my Staten Island homeys lay your ass down on Glaciers of Ice  
Sidewalk executives, live the street life consecutive  
We built for this, go for your gun  
My prospective is, another day in the life, of money and drugs  
Big hammers and slugs, can get ugly as fuck

From the chest to your man Danze, ey  
Staten Island, said what up, yo, ey  
The homey ODB said what up, though, ey  
We got the Chef on deck as if you didn't know  
It's sharp as fuck, Wu, that's what up  
Pack it up, wanna rap, wanna rock, what up?  
Wanna pop, get up, fuck around and get your block hit up  
Bring your team and we'll box 'em up  
Think M.O.P. is not what up

It seems I'm a bit late here  
Don't worry, these men are all gonna die

See from the side where it slum at, dum at, rum at  
Cognac, combat, contact, contrast  
Crom's packing out like Beyonce back  
She bang out a song like the Fonz back  
Bigger things, bring the slangs, slicker than the sharpest pen  
Nigga here, combat, sweet dick Willie T, Rudy Ray Moore game  
Woodgrain all in the board reigns, before rain flooded

Like storm drains, boss man, bundling raw 'caine  
Fours bang, neighborhood war games  
Get your weight up, you looking anorexic  
Posted on the block proper with the hammer vested  
Bitch came with empty hands, that's the hand she left with  
Thirsty ass with the water and it sounded desperate  
Break a white an hour, based it forty grand invested  
Live within the third rail, you know the man electric  
Shit was like the third world, until I handle metrics, that next shit