

Brothaz Respect

Inspectah Deck

['Juice' sample:]

Yup, you got the juice now, man

[Intro: Cappadonna (Raekwon sample)]

Niggas respect mine (brothers respect mine, brothers respect mien)

Respect mine (brothers respect mine)

[Cappadonna:]

Yo, I be, out here, in these streets

While you be, in the bed, under the sheets

I grind hard, regardless, I'm gon' eat

I don't care how many niggas you roll with or how deep

Cause I say one word, now you fast asleep

I rebute rappers, that spread poison

I come in the meet for him, speak words that make born

You in my brainstorm, I sting men that do the innocent wrong

Your sentiments, you imagining vain things

Neglecting me, but I reign king, savagy and wankstas

Is not a part of my main stream, they plain jeans

I'm King Original, Tao Wu Tazine

Solomon darts, vocabulary Nazarines

Come with a sharp sword, I'm justified by all means, back up from my altar

Falsehood niggas become falser

I came back, and stepped out of the sourcer

Respect mines, make me an offer

Or face the 36 Chambers of Torture

[Raekwon sample scratched up:] "Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, brothers respect mine"

[Inspectah Deck:]

The General, Rebel the great, I'm on money like the president face

Next felony's a federal case

New blood, you can never relate

True blood, you can never debate, not in nueve tres

I spit like a deagle with the speed low

Hustle hard, gamble on the game like Pete Rose

Respect mine, steppin' with the G code

Make a nigga move like cops through the peephole

Manifesto, light it like a techno club

Outside and don't expect no love

Rolling like a west coast thug til the wheels fall off

And I be damned if you step on cause

Brohters respect vets, son is a vet

Henny rap, feel it up on your chest

Green eyes try and smuggle my rep, so upset but you love it to death

Get it in, shits, nothing to Deck, he set

[Raekwon sample scratched up:] "Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, brothers respect mine"

[Fes Taylor:]

For respect, I empty shots out of this tech

Catch homey at the light, drag him out of his Lex'

On the edge like Q on the ledge, you got the Juice now

I took a pledge to the streets, since it was goosed down

Police move foul, I can move the crowd

Freestyle or bang bang, any rapper shoot him down
Pull the ruger out, from the Hill to the Harbor
Bloomingdale Road, Goonberg, stupid clout
Old school money, get it from my grandad
So I use a nigga face like I punch a sandbag
Ran fats when the van passed
My pants sag, scuffs on my Air Max, blood on my man's rag
Got the homey loc'ing, I'm still Wolfpacking
Looking like Kobe open, just passing
Two 4, numbers I rep
So my hunger for this bread probably hustle to death, yeah

[Raekwon sample scratched up:] "Yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, yo, brothers respect mine"