10 Bricks

Raekwon

Yo, yo, Iron Chef (gracias)
I need some of that, (slide through the back)
I need ya'll to come back to the, (I heard juice)
Back of the store over here (just be easy and tell ya man to be cool)
We got some culinary cats right here, we need you (we'll kill him if he
Fault)

Aiyo, rappers stepping to me, they want a brick, son
But I'm the Chef, my price is 26, son
Move up, about 32 of those and open locker dough
Soldier got locked up, blow killed the doctor
Flamboyant police is X fives, watching my lofts
So many leeches I just left it and walked
My flow wicked, Miami money, moving and riducly
Geico on the arm froze, rose gold with me
Take baths with white women, lingerie see-through
Taking trips to Iran, my Spanish nigga people
Selling drugs to Flatbush, call my nigga Cecil
Snub with the black gloves, on half-moon Greek do
Killed him in the Bahamas, his wife ran, white van pulled up
They caught him out in Brooklyn with a white man
Slutted out, rosed out, sister was gone, she geeking
She threw the rifle in her mouth and said 'good evening'
Yup, Paul Wall grill line, be getting money, crime thief
I know her from Africa, pretty smile, nine teeth
Gold joints, frames only, Louis Vuitton, pony
Leather with the matching sweater on, you owe me

Knock the ash off the blunt, confront niggas who cunt
Swing an ax, tax niggas rhyme different from cats
Specialize in mic rippers, splashes
We the last skippers, big rocks and the block will stick

Beefsteak Charlie niggas eat and they get fat
Chase heads up and down the block and kill rats
Skilled with the gats, even feds don't know where the shells at
The shell trapped up in nice crib with four packs
Four macs, caught a nice cell for four stacks
Yeah, me and my nigga Arafat
Gotta escape but we'll be right back, real soon
Chef cook it up, we got a date with real goons
Telling you Ghost, my connect crazy with the wreck
Pythons used to talk to her sister named Yvette
I speed it up, me and the Linx, was getting weeded up
I beat it up, yeah I hit that, but I ain't seed it up
Meanwhile, back on the block, we seen two trucks
Then the windows rolled down, we see these two fucks
Soon as they jumped out, see these tools bust

Yeah, yo, I lit a boogah up, rocks is gone, so we bagging up all shape
Binocolurs, scanners, we all listen to jake
Ran out of baggies, my mouth is dry
Got them dirty joints all scattered, don't act surprised

Nah, nigga the currency rushes like popping a wheelie
Holding a pipe with one hand, the other down in the Bentleys
You know how it be with the peppermint Clarks, throwing darts at a hoodrat
Getting slow neck up in The Bronx
That's all me, thirty four shines, forty four lines
I just chill like Aaron Hall, writing raw rhymes
Like, threw Kool-Aid rubies in a lemonade bezzle
When I was 12 in the church, I started packing that metal
A deuce deuce, my supplier was Loose Bruce
Ever since I had the drop, my instinct was to shoot-shoot
This ain't For the Love of Ray J, it's for the love of the AK
Cause you can get scratched like AJ
Cuban Link Dynasty has emerged, this rap shit stop
I have a team of niggas moving my furs

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