

## Brother's Keeper

Raekwon

I flip the bronze e, watching King Kong in the palm  
Smoke alotta cheeba, chilling, cuz it's all about marketing  
Hold the mic, I'm hogging it, handle the goose shit  
Word up, mixing the true shit, my niggas'll shoot shit  
Trees lean, we get it tight, we get fucked right  
We up in the telly, lighting up with the crack light  
My mind calculation, attract like I'm counting peso's  
Out in turban caco's with some fake ho's  
The bling swing, a many mansion, a break phantom  
Floating through the town on some old new improved shit  
Swerve coming through shit, vandals in coupe shit, yo  
Animal blue shit, my scramblers move with  
A kingley, getting blunted to nine hundred  
Floating through the town on some old --  
Coming through the town on some old --

Turn up the mics, (the world is mine  
The world is, the world is, the world is mine)  
Turn up the mics (yeah, the whole world is mine)

I'm Nasty but fuck bitches, handcuff snitches  
Feed they nuts to pit bulls and plan more business  
Got sluts on leashes walkin on all fours  
Have 'em eatin from dog bowls pettin' they heads  
Cause they love playin that role they sexy in bed  
Smokin bud' I'm outta control wish death on the feds  
Cup spills with Grey Goose watchin snuff films  
Laughin with dykes that wear patent leather with spikes  
My cheddar is right, Miami beach playin it low  
St. Barts rent a house and a boat  
Two hundred thou' on my throat  
That's only half of what my wife ice cost  
Phonecall, hearin another boss got his life lost  
Well, wipin' sand off of my toes  
Read a book called "Catcher in the rye", I chose  
Some Bob Marley then I plotted a scheme  
To make me and Bump Knux more rich  
Then I got me a team, he got 'em a team  
He tryin to buy G-force with missile launchers  
Tired of walkin' around with beef, with that pistols on us  
C-4's better I'm callin up some B-More killers  
To come and bleed you  
As sure as the sun's in the sky you'll surely die  
You washed up, fuck your people  
Your money ain't as long as mine you dumb and you foul  
Who you tryin to squeeze all this fuck with Alzheimer's disease  
We the new breed, nigga, turn up the mics

Yeah, you know where I'm from, I'm from Staten Island, man  
Word up, ya'll know it as Shaolin, I call it Staten Island, man  
Cuz niggas get they legs broke, when they try to front, man  
Fuck it, he rhyme? He talking shit, let's break his fingers, man  
Can't write no more, word up, we specialize in choking niggas  
Throwing niggas in cars, driving off and shit

Open the door on your ass, you know how them Pontiac days went