

Cuttin' It Up

Raekwon

So ya puttin' all ya subs now, huh?
Yea, ya doin' real good?
Ain't you gonna introduce me to ya friend, here?
Well I'll introduce myself, excuse the glove

[sample repeated: Prodigy of Mobb Deep] "Get ya shit beaten"

Aww shit, these niggas out here, hold that
Picture that nigga, all the real niggas, yo, come on
Yea, word up, I look good right?
Yo, aiyo

Put my money on the real kings, reveal the rings
Rocks swing, stayin' bling-bling in Ossining
Jet mack packages, feast to light it up and beast it
Cordially invited, the motto is eat this..

Yo, what up, Lex? (What up son?) Yo it's on again
Yo, it seem like niggas want war again
If you ain't know, bet ya niggas heard of me now
Can't stop me, best bet, murder me now

Aiyo Lex, put ya diamonds on
Grab ya vests and ya nine, cuz it's on
I rep Harlem World where they hustle at
All the way to B.K. where they bust you at

Yo, yo, gun on 'em in the x-rays
Real niggas lay tired of it
Nigga violate it, cut him in the face
Vivid hand glock, loopin' the dance, shoot him in the ass
Like cupid, dealin with an old place, stupid

Yo, yo, ain't a team allowed to know, fuckin' wit this
Niggas mad like I'm fuckin' they chick
See me stuck in the whip, gun in the hip, one in the head
Ten in the clip, niggas is dead, they imposters

I used to bubble dimes, in the goose, I use to cuddle nines
And double the fact that you dare think that you can trouble mines
Big guns is layin', Timothy McVeigh 'em
Broad day 'em, push 'em all the way in

Aiyo, dred's in the bloody rep
Yeah, yellow canary Lex', specs on, movin' like vets
Tri-boro, thoroughest thugs move like DeNiro
Heat out, extortin' the heroes, 4/5 singles

Aiyo let's go get dough
Bust slugs in the club, thugs get low
Bitches showin' me the thong like I'm Sisqo
Up in the six, yo, watch his wrist glow, damn, it be sick though
This be the shit though
You ain't know, got ya moms in the disco
Singin' the intro, shakin' the ass like the nympho
Time to move, nigga, we in, time to catch wins

For magical mixes, remix the hell outta the Bible
Like strip it and switch the whole title
Robes hit the floors, shoes is buffed
Gold studded bracelets, handcuffs, they gave it up

Teach niggas how to resolve a big mob
Keep niggas on beat, fuck around and di-ie the mid-ob
Niggas gonna bump what, yeah, you wit it whatever
Let's body these niggas, a lot of niggas bump, yeah

Yo, yo, never been the type to hold a grudge
Did five, I was guilty, fuck the judge
The Ave. got mad when I slid back through
Iced out, just came home and I blew

We like, them frisky, rich and poet-esque
If it's chilly on our neck, then it's cold on our wrists
The cash flow is nuts, come through 8th Ave
Another hundred style, burn out for doughin' us

Aiyo, the hood's off the hook, hooded up crooks
Play the back burner wit black burners layin' for the juks
I'm too live, heats be the same as my shoe size
Fresh out the box, just copped a pair of new nines

Yo, my team is like nitro, it might go boom when the lights blow
Catch you in the spinal wit the same knife from Psycho
My mic flow like Michael on the ball court
All pro, result of this Cream Team, niggas is all out

Aiyo, rep for ya town ("Get ya shit beaten")
Uptown, break it down ("Get ya shit beaten")
Staten Island, break it down ("Get ya shit beaten")
B.K., break it down ("Get ya shit beaten")
Queens and Bronx get down ("Get ya shit beaten")
Throw ya hands up right now! ("Get ya shit beaten")
("Get ya shit beaten")