

Every Soldier In the Hood

Raekwon

Yo, yo, yo, yo
Not moving, soon
Don't stand over there
Shaolin over here, chill, chill, chill, police, man

To every soldier in the hood, go in
To every real nigga holding, keep your ones on folding
Take it from a ninja in scribes, stay alive
Keep rolling, and keep your guns on swollen

Aiyo, joint loaded, Lotus, big chain cobras
Cloth the certain way, notice
My style's new now, with generals Luau, drugs, guns
Chilling on the cool out, don't make me pop you, this is not cool
Guaranteed to give you something that works, your dump in the dirt
Shitting up blood, fingers is burnt
Many cycles when you fight in my walls,
It's like Michael and the Bulls
See a flying piece of iron, no lying
No fib and no bullshitting, the shines is forbidden
We like Crouching Tiger, you just a fucking kitten
Bout to get that wig re-open and then smoked in
Bitches is watching, snatch you in the open, yo
Twenty-four, seven, we legends, the myth, the riff, the gift
Shaolin bounded with more wiff
Clap 'em with them get down boys, we call them, them niggas
Who want it with us, we the belt holders in the business

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Yo, ay, the streets be calling and shit
A lot of veterans be calling it quits
They be calling my flow I'll, but still I'm never calling in sick
This is Meth Man, New York niggas calling me piff
Fuck the cops that be calling me Cliff, flag me down on the Concord
Police dogs all up in my whip
I get cake, women all in mix, they wanna jump in the six
And groupie niggas wanna jump in your flicks
We live the life, Scarfaces and guns, I used to fight for crumbs
Throw an ace, kick the dice and run
Plead your case, you ain't nice as son, I got the drive to win
So where you niggas get your license from?
Bite an ear, Mike Tyson, uh, that means dough and my nose itch
And coke fiends is blowing they noses
My team got C.R.E.A.M and you know this
So nigga get yours, before the door to opportunity closes

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