

Giant Size

Raekwon

What? Aiiyyo, y'all wanna do a track wit us or some shit?
We the billion dollar boys club.
What you got a hundred thousand for us? The fuck's that?
Three rings and a hair cut or some shit?
Aiiyyo, American Cream Team, baby.
Heavy hitters, New York City Giants.
Gamble for plots and 4 better for spots and things of that nature.
Pop off.

I don't rock wit hoes, I puff Optimos
Your label ship gold, but only copper sold
Perb got flows, everybody and God knows
Fuck a bitch for two dimes, she got to cop those
Used to be a thug, now he wear cop clothes
Try to come to the hood and we shot hoes

I don't care who you got a deal wit or who you chill wit
Banky'll run up in your session and shut you down on some real shit
Till the Chef be like (Chill, kid)
That's word to Abola Perrione, dem not know who they deal wit
Chef Banks, uh-huh, slash Banky
Got the whole world callin Flex tryin to transtate me
Said New Jack City 2, Banky B. Nino, push a 2000 benz-ino

These rap icons, mass spit fire out of cons
Fuck a bigon, rely on ion in my python
We squeeze off, long disc when we piss
Resort this, gun powder coverin wrist is blastphemist
Shotties say, "Fuck!", cursin my name
Knowin damn well, I'm hurtin the same
What part of the game you playin?
Kid, I'm sayin, yo, three months ago you was on
You fallin short now, chasin a don, you're money ain't loned
Faggot fuck, bag him, stick him in the back of my truck
strip him and smack him up for actin up
Be slitherin, hit him in the ribs again
Broke the code of honor that we livin in
Depleted the whole click, is never when
but never that

Aiiyyo, there it go again, same shit, just rep
Show me ya holdin kid, control ya rep when we rollin
Worldwide, niggaz look live, collection cream by a land slide
Settin up to son, won the grand prize
Stand up, why? Where it came from? Accord and the 5
Where the name from? Read the Rob, yo
Yo, while we handglide, slang lye
Chill, ya better recognize, cuz it's cut out for big shit, Giant Size

Yo, we from the ghetto, the land where everythin is real
Nights was tough, days came hard as steel
Still we played the field like players witout contracts
Broke the trends and the fans far beyond that
Comin to America, now we tradin places (uh-huh)
New faces in the hood, and they racist (uh-huh)
From all the squeezin, they callin the precinct
We could battle in ya PJ's or battle in the becon!

I kick vocals at the top of my lungs, drunk
Playin cards, young start wildin on dunns with guns
Remmy doctor, old man jams with voice of Hoffa
Chill, slap shorty up at the opera (Battle in the becon!)
Uncle got the Kangaroo, rock the Kangaroo, boo
Start cursin out white boys shoes, you wild
Thirstin Howl wit a growl start barkin at crowds
He actin like he got shark skin now

I lace my hookers with G-String, Liz Clairborne
Don the King, hustlin, nigga Don I mean
Exquisite, a radiant, brilliant chemist
American Cream Team, billion buck spenders
Strip boutiques, advantage, get move on
We too strong, the menace, nothin to lose con
Yachts we cruise on, money that's too long
Pull out a check book, coupon, purchase the Yukon

It's never been a game, stop playin, stop playin [repeat to fade]