

Gotta Have It

Raekwon

See we gotta have it
Me and my niggas here to lay you down
Ain't playing, so hit the floor
And don't make no fucking sound
We gotta have it
We move just like the mob, do
This game is real, caps get peeled
Fuck around, I'll have to murk you

Yo, from cocktails, 3-80's with the M-1, we bury the jewelry store
Posting, yelling 'get yours', we on Pivot
Coke pilot mink, Kay Gatling Island, Trini and Chi
All day gangsta, murda niggas, sleep
We at the red light, mapped 'em, drove through, as all block
Caught they attention, I leaned
Time Magazine with my face on it, how we position the CREAM
Niggas is large, they all start scheming
Whatever, truck 'em in them leathers, we was stuck together
Fuck around and have to shoot off fingers, yo
You know it, approach the glass with the masks on
No time for freeze, just pull out and blast on 'em
Sat back, Denzel status, Man on Fire
Had the burner with the flash on it
Skated with six hundred and cash, he did the dummy
We splashed 'em, then boat it in a CLS glass, we vicious

Come one, I see my cash is getting low
And if I can't shake no dough, what the fuck am I living for
It's easy for my heater, just to let these niggas know
At the same time, I will take mines to persue to my cash flow
You know you gotta be sick with it
Call up my mans, cause we about to go get it
A hundred grand is you with it, a smash for the cause
Looting to the spot, putting everybody on pause
Let me see a broke jaw, nigga, I want it all
I'm talking to all of ya'll, don't get it, you gon' fall
Or fuck it, you gon' crawl, my nigga, we laying law
We cock back the strap, attack and shake it off

Glocks'll get at you, and body your position
In this rap, fire my ratchet, I'm shutting this rap
Caddy steel, face the back, or blown the fuck off from rap
Reach across and blow this shit out your boss in the back
Survived in a porsche, I rap, at a buck 80 verse
Or verse, daddy, let's do it for change
I'm forty eight hundred grams, one chain, the trend, a new range
Or any project bench, with all my shit on
Flashy don, Gucci on uptowns
Fucking up classics, gay baskets, D.H. niggas
Won't snitch for shit, criminals that spit
Oh shit, I forgot all about you man, twenty and change
Ferocious tongues, coming at you, redirecting your whole shit
Blunt stole, dealing sick
Glocks'll blow chunks out your face, looking up in the sky

Seeing Ol' Dirty's face in the cloud