

# Molasses

Raekwon

Yo, legend, what's good, legend, what's going on?  
(Yo, we gotta do the intro over and all that, right?) Ice H2O  
(Ight, keep all that, keep all that) Keep our palace, nigga  
Yeah, word up, yeah, yeah, yeah, turn me up, son  
Yo, Ross, what up, my nigga? (Murderous shit) Aiyo, aiyo

Word to the gold panamaras, and to the wood grain in my labo  
I go the extra mile, my flow scaffolds  
Crew cuts, the older niggas, the same rumors, just the same goons  
When niggas catch visions of killing capos  
Palestinian armor, golden rocket launcher, my aunt  
She copped it from me, bought it in Rwanda  
See demons scheming, niggas get live in the Beacon  
I'm 'shaw' to 'shank' shit up like Morgan Freeman  
Pussy getting rapper, rich nigga, one-on-one rents niggas  
And incidents, my fingerprints been tore up  
We sell love slinging like Siemens, the snortable Beemers  
They love calling niggas names out, you screaming  
Feds try to tap us and plus clap us, niggas'll grab Bust'  
Throw you in the rassle, yo, clap ups  
Catch me at the Stephen King mansion, with four of my Branson niggas  
With me, me and Britney, a dancer  
Know your shit authentic by the way your hat fit on you, with it  
I'm like the Blair Witch nigga in the rented  
Curtains in the five-seven, chunky and short  
Bagging dope up in the backseat, your packages walk  
Holding my girl wedding ring, she Medellin  
Name is Coretta King, live in Alpharetta and she never leave me  
Flow freely this is all graffiti, the cloth I'm cut from  
Is straight from a rich nigga genie

Yo, Scarface gangstas, criminal niggas up in the trenches  
Army coats on, playing the benches  
Getting paper, sly, that's the motto, intelligent goons  
Inside a hundred thousand dollar whip, follow

The fucking Juan Don, yeah, Su Wu-Tang  
Still gritty, leave the pretty to the females  
The watch mother pearl weather seashells  
Pick of the litter, have this nigga picking paper up  
Twitter thug, I'm the townline strangler  
Get 'em up, banging dangerous as angel dust  
Cuban Linx smoking stink in the Brink's trunk  
I run with killas who snort powder, extort cowards  
Ankle monitors under garments, so fuck showers  
I give a fuck what you talking 'bout  
Mob meetings, we them only niggas walking out  
Sparking purple once a nigga done spaghetti slurping  
Fly away in my new, Scabetti, surfing

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Yo, we in the back roasting marshmallows, bottles of Cru'  
The dialogue is the big chain niggas is rude

Law library scholars, potatoes over the thirty eights  
With bald-heads, all live wires  
Eleven homes, six trust funds, came home from doing a dime  
We just left Un's, straight up  
And we standing over the stoves, in denim Gibaud's  
Bought a Dairy Queen in Queens right next to Lowe's  
IMAX Theaters, Astoria Waldorf  
Philip Drummer suite, pretty young thing sucking my balls off  
Bubble baths, hash, zooted up, eyes closed  
Silk drawers, fronting in my key lime pie Wall-o's  
And I still got a half a key indeed, Frank Lucas shit  
Hidden in coffins, flying over seas  
And if you ever try to ruin my night  
I'm a make sure my best pawn put like three in your kite  
Shot caller, laying in big laws  
Rock of Gibraltar, my pinky joint, killer like Orca  
Daytime hawk, a nasty street author  
Me, Rae and Rick, Uzi'd out in the Porsche's  
Case we gotta Warner bro, like Malcolm-Jamal  
I'm a Falcon, Seven Mike Vick with the ball  
Cause I can hut-one, hut-two, disrespect, I hunt you down  
Ain't a muthafuckin' crew we can't run through

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Army shit, nigga  
Camouflage, guerrilla shit, nigga  
You know what it is, man  
Yo, Lex, talk, yeah  
Where ya man at? Let's go  
Stay together, my nigga