

New Day

Raekwon

Talk this one out man
Know what I mean?
Nothin I don't deserve it man

What's good scientist? talk to me kid, how's life working?
Keep your money up dead killers murking niggas
I'm strong been through mountains, I'm like Martin, one Spartan
Guaranteed to blow up your start week
My measurements is ordinance, little bit flashy
Nah, I'm lying I'm all cashmere with glasses
Yeah I'm flashy, don't come through flashing that shit
Light a whole big blunt to this shit
We sit around the table here it goes
It's yours, mines, his, hers, what? This what it does
Just keep it in the family, all love
Let's put the plugs together and cake up, build up the buzz
I write for real niggas who down, bring your hound with you
Throw em a jewel with meat on it, now did you
Analyze it like a 27 inch, give me the wrench
So we can throw a niggas some heroin and gina finch?

Yeah, what's the mother fuckin sign baby?
Gangsta Gibbs aka Eastside slim aka Freddie Cane man
Be
Be heaven in the mother fuckin bitch
Know what I'm sayin?
Nigga don't do it this year
Nigga rappin and shit you know what I'm saying?
Nigga goin tour overseas shit nigga
Ain't really rob no niggas
Still sell dope though nigga

Bitch I'm from the ski mask school house
Where life stay complicated, intoxicated and gooned out
And niggas ain't graduated but they can relate with they tool belt
That 2 for 10 crack stems, needles and spoons out
Ooh I need some paper, ooh my fingers itching
I wish that Santa Claus would put a brick under my tree for Christmas
A new wig for my bitch and two choppers off in my stocking
Baking soda yola'n locking, you copping dropping the deposit
Signed my life right on the dotted line, wrote it in blood
Got my uncle wiping down my tires, sold em a dub
Niggas know I rap for most of my days, I rap with my plug
Before I see my platinum album, I see my day with the judge, fuck it
When I die tell my mama I'm in the mafia
Equadorian chick 'bout to scoop me up from LaGuardia
A party you wanna stop but you can't give up the sport
Little stove pyrex and fork, shouts to East New York, nigga

Talk to me big homie, what's the signs?
You know what it is, we under that building heavy
All condom mother fuckin
Military shit on nigga
You know what I'm sayin?
We organize nothing but real mission
We put it down in a special way
Make errybody comfortable

If you get out a line
You gon see, I ain't gon talk to you
I'm just gon write it out
You know what I'm sayin?
But all this is mother fuckin real and not cosmetic
No loose shit over here nigga
We wear full size shit
Full size gear, full size clothes
You know what I'm sayin?
We traveling in a great way
And we out for the best
I shot every real nigga out there take care of themself
Take care of yourself, that's number one
You know what I'm sayin
Cause these kind of lines right here
You might not hear no more
These is raw rhymes, these is raw lines
This is like, nigga I'm a prophet
Ya'll ready know man