

## Own My Mind

Raekwon

It's like... real niggaz blow off a fucking head  
Ya'll niggaz don't know provides, this the real story

Six degrees all the way to the black Lee's, the mac squeeze  
Catch you in the open, click-clack, pass the keys, homey  
Moving through the town, we there, out of towners get the stare  
down

Clap you for your blue Nike air's  
You a wild comrade, well I'm a wilder one  
We've been pumping crack since nine, I run foul with a pile of  
sons

Moving through the city getting thousands  
Digging them wallets, slide in to Olive Garden, wilding  
Fourty cal's and eagles, buying teeth, gleamy on the set  
Fly to Union Square, we legal, pussy niggaz jet  
The old code better blow to the death, get ya niggaz out the ya  
rd

No behind bars, we buying niggaz jets  
It's just a movement that came right out of a blueprint  
Two bents, this is how real we gotta roll, think Cuban hit  
This is how a general remains, always be a soldier, don't tell  
When real niggaz die in reign, while we come blow shit now  
Moving in them fly roses, it's all old to us, dick, rubbing our  
noses

I should of bought my momma a plane, matter fact  
Two helicopters and a motherfucking chain that stay built  
Your son is your man, let him do what he provides for you  
Buy you some land, ride for you  
Jet to the highest estate, cake out and just bling on it

Yeah, lord, that's what I'm talking bout family  
Word up, we need like, fourty more of them, lord  
And we gon' just let you get in, youknowwhatimsayin?  
You know you that nigga, Daddy-O, youknowwhatimean?  
We just wanna hear more of that street shit, man  
Just give me some more, lord, word up, man  
I'm faithfull, go 'head, yo, yo, you know I get down for you  
Cuban Linx Part 2...