

# Raw

Raekwon

Yes, the shit is raw, comin at ya door  
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Start to scream out loud, Cream Team's back for more

900 dollars on the glass table  
Wally Clark Gable unable  
Blow it on a grey goose  
Picture that, elephant skin  
Cardier glasses dim  
What's that? Gold around the rim  
Hollywoodizin, without goin Hollywood  
Polly for all, Cream Team playas in the hood  
Stop that scrutenizin, naturize  
See my paper rise, promotin it at Lakeshore Drive  
Trickin at the shark bar, God  
Make sure the collar greens got turkey bars par, we got you Allah  
Rare start grappin the hair, playin Cuban Linx  
Spinnin like the swivel chair, yea  
No question

The peeps flippin, actin like she wanted me to pipe her  
And they got you jealous, claimin that you never liked her  
Then I found out y'all was too many dykers  
Now I'm hyper, beggin you to hook me with a cypher  
See me in the tunnel and you trouble me  
Get my dick hard dancin, sippin my bubbly  
Yo, beat me in the head, talkin 'bout how you got a man  
that can't get freaky as I wanna be  
No talk, Giant Size in the game  
Colt 45, appliance in the game  
Tyra's in the game, huh?  
Relyin on money, to make sure that my environment change

2:15 and I'm blasted, smack that ass kid  
Light skin, what up? Stop splashin  
Slang got niggas in the choke hold  
Freakin their coats, got \$64,000 on clothes, yo  
Wu-Wear jackets and hats, relaxin, bets play that  
Ping-pong champion cats, what?  
Chantin out Walk Myers  
Yo, the weather is nice, flex the Benz  
with \$10,000 in flyers

The squellin I'm for in the six range things  
Make the loyaliest cats, Flipmode do strange things  
Switch like change lanes, chains, rings and glaciers  
Stay phat in it

Man, I can't stand them chicks, I dig for Vanson  
Play a brother close to Puff is Branson  
Ice work, gleamin I'm catchin them, glancin  
I play 'em no mon', 'bout to bar dance 'em  
White bitches with Banky like, "You handsome"  
Flyin to the hills, to fuck in the mansion  
Only one way you spendin the night in here tonight  
If your head is right

Dance turn into a romance  
Dance turn into a romance

Get up, get down, move around, cover ground  
Throw it on the brother now, you swore  
I had your mother on the ground  
High rollers that know us  
Crisp pop, giftshop, hollas that rock Polo's  
Here they hold they shoulders, yo  
Lay it like a chain be on, we on Cream Team  
Play on, with all grey on, flavor like crayon

[Chorus x3]