

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]