

Rich & Black

Raekwon

And regardless to how much power you have
When God sends prophets and messengers
They don't care nothing about your power
Because they come from THE power

Rare nigga, I'm a wonder, your best success is my worst blunder
Feds tapped the number
Jury Jacqueline Onassis could appreciate
Weed to alleviate the pain, Eddie Kane, Richard Pryor, pinky ring
Watch ya conduct nigga, full pardons for my niggaz that's livin'
You guessed it, models, y'all keep 'em if they anorexic
Love 'em but can't trust 'em
Hate 'em but won't bust 'em
Cake in the savings, spinning wisdom it's like a custom
Tats of Hieroglyphics, lipstick on the collar
I got more to lose than you do, but I'm a rider
When did the rules change? Y'all livin' trendy on pennies
Meetin' deadlines with ease, no gain
You fire, I'm butane, gave the Timbs ostrich belts
These are the times that I surprise myself
My niggaz lookin' like Black Crowes at packed shows
The don voice stay pristine like I'm still 17

I'm rick, black, African, rockin' a golden mack
Trailing leather Gucci leggings on my back
Willied by some hoodlum in the trench
Rinse these niggaz, 86 gazelles, dicing their defense
Mike Tyson disciple, trifle with my pen, it's a rifle
16 ways to shoot you through your Chrysler duke
Exhalin' with niggaz the jails argue
Bring the best niggaz to the table, I'll sick 4 of my whales on you
Custom wooded speakers rock Elise's
Run from polices, dump on creatures, holidays with preachers
Stainless Steel watches ostrich turtlenecks, Here's the deal
If we can't come in, they can't have the field
Bones ya Sisco, murder instrumentals
Kanye porsche rap, how many horses live official?
I run with generals that flash Uzis in interviews
My shit is deep we fly swimming dude

Verse 2 gotta be all murder just like the first verse
Timbs yellow like the hair on a Malibu surfer
Yellow like my Harry Winston glistenin' arm B
Yellow like New York City piss stained concrete

That's right yo, who voted toastin' in the wind?
Las Vegas odors, what you know
Leave it right here, we go to the Lotus
Put a package on your head, be promoted
Keys in effect, paying these dumb fuckin' D's offa donuts

I hate to see you acting like a slave
To get an advance here an advance there
Because somebody else controls your destiny.

I'm rich, black, umbrella calico captain
Wes Craven with a blade and a black

From hood ornaments, junkies win awards in my tournaments
My shit is listed like informants pics
Ya know we order hits, planes fire, niggaz is sure to get ya
Whether in Costa Rica, Lisa she's sure to twist ya
Eatin chow lo mein with chopsticks, Glocks with aim
Watermelon chips, pop some pain
From all the riches niggaz forcing out they feelings kid
Whether in hallways or boats, now feel us kid
Out in Alaska in the Astons remember my passion
Hungry wolf who never eat in his castle
Bolivian connects wrestlers yea
Chef ambidextrous, quick to back you in like the Lexus shit
Hunted by the FBI, we gracious
More demonstrations shit is tough
Milk it, carnation