

The Omerta

Raekwon

Ayo, call me the inveterate gambler who run the Carolinas
The fans come, throwbacks, this law and order rap shit, just slow gas it
Bring water like the Johnny Pumps that flow nasty
Hit sewers with shooters, the audacity
Fascinating, appealing, underworld with Wondergirl
Dope fiends love it, shooting they nuggets up
Extreme criminality, I'm like the Rothsteins, the offsprings
All of this tucked inside my galaxy
Frankie Yale of the jail, silks, diamond spiders
We master writers who dumb out, relentless on the come out
Nocturnal habits, the mavens
I'm too insulated, this is just a crusade, nigga, we made it

Night of the Long Knives, focus, the gun toters
The folder's getting over, it's over now, eating hummus and rovers he tweaking, fumbling
Gophers get rocked in they loafers tryna stunt
Blunt front, knowing niggas'll notice we jewel kings
Hate to bother you, robbin' you, don't even argue with us
Slide it off, make a move, you noddin' off
Drinking Maker's, the paintbrushes, we cake makers
Louis luggage, puffin' the Dewey Brothers, we straight haters
Farragamo's glass, shoe taze, what's this?
Just a silk in the crunch wrist, your lunch, niggas
Call the chef and it's leftovers, they eat everything
Some niggas get caught in they best moments

We the examples, we who we said we was
Never faked it, ones who wore jewelry they couldn't play with
The ones who stay rich, details of my revolutionary ways
Probably get studied, some CIA shit
Who has true power? The Torah or Synagogue leaders?
Quran readers or palm readers?
Witchcrafters or Christian pastors? Rich rappers?
Marx said, "Religion's the opiate of the masses"
Well Nas says I got thoughts, as if a therapist said
"What time you on?", to learn what's in my head
Well, I'm reclining, I'm just stating facts as I respond like where the army walks
With assault rifles near army bases far beyond New York
Or foreign blocks like Hamas guys in emergency triage
Extended magazine, now targets off
Heart beatin' stops, car speedin'
Cops pull you over to check for warrants, so give your best performance

Nobody got time for petty in the city of bosses
Sirens is my psychiatry office
This morning, I woke feeling great so I went to an auction
To get lost in a different scene, spent a ticket on art
So interesting, a painting of a fiend in Hudson Yard
Another painting was Black natives before Central Park
You know the claims, this was all native terrain
And the year was like 16-something, so could this mean hustling began
When the Indian finessed the Dutch man?
With opium on horseback, this way before crack
We always been the Mecca for supply and demand
In every era, legends and this land was going hand in hand, damn

It's mind-boggling who we are, divided kings
It get spooky in Harlem, Bronx, Brooklyn, and all of Queens
In Staten Island, real type shit
Dying species are real men, I feel that shit, yo