

The Sky

Raekwon

Smoke nigga, smoke man
Share with your brothers man
Stop playing man
Watch your hand nigga
That nigga looking to get his son
For real
Uh huh
Speak to me my nigga
Word up
Drop it, let's fly

Motherfuckers wanna kill me but ain't got the skill
The infantry is murder one, chill
All green Gottis leather pants on
Some hoods, some Wally's
Light medical, all day just pussy and robberies
Take bread, project codeword
Stuck in my head, eat cold eggs
And fuck with the herbs
Take a shot of Jack Daniels, get to dancing
Posing in flicks, get rich
[?] money, I can't spend it
I eat up, an emcee who roll the weed up
I'm number one in everything
Rhyming ain't nothing but [?] the weed up
Pen be basing like a Freemason on the train to white plains
Two duffle bags and a white [?]
Magnificent march call us the moguls
Y'all niggas is local, low time
I'm in the minds of the global saying get him God
God, God, God's on
I be two steps ahead with the axe on me
Ready to part you

Ay yo
Under the radar
Posing like black Cubans, fat bow tie on
We in the back
Popping two new ones
The emperor, all his jewelry on
Silks and knives, I've got a few next to you
Surprising to the real niggas [?]
Stay out the cold when the beast shine
And East Coast hot
I know what time it is, a revolutionist
Mind made exclusive hits
Drink the best paint
Sat in the royalty line, fine the paper chase
Some sell just to get their weight up
Just be careful word to mother straight up
Heavy thoughts from this game saved up
Respect a G when I'm in your presence playa
So here's some flavor
So you can nurture on and stay on your feet
And touche the culture
Let 'em know things ain't what it seem
And let it sink in

The plug deepen

I'm overstanding the devil's plan to keep the people blinded but seeing