

To The Top

Raekwon

Let's take it to the top like an escalator
What, to touch me you need a elevator
Black mob, my team strong, my style greater
Smooth criminal, white linen on yellow gators
Started with a dream to make it to a key
Now we hopping out of cars and never use a key
Came up hard off credit cards and loco schemes
Now we it's women who make a living right on they knees
All them knights prayed at night for better days
Feeling like Biggie in them Versace shades
Vegas lights, star was bright, we on a wave
Feelin' right, bitches nice, I can't behave
Chillin' down Miami with my Cuban piece
She won't let me leave, grabbin' on my Cuban link
Pop models who pop mollies in large doses
Pack light, pack hammers at them award shows

Yeah... yeah, yeah (mafia)
Smoke screen, coolin' in them boats, sellin' choke
Jump out, the whole world know us, I'm only rich floatin'
Real deal Bentley niggas, feel them heaters, we them Beatles
Pull out on family members, snakes and leaders
Quarter million shit on the stove,
Got some real Brooklyn killers, stacked niggas with me, spit on
your globe
Got my lawyer in the back of the foyer, eatin' sautéed fish,
Pass the Goiya, my gun named Toya
Marble floors in the Benz, the rims is regular
Come through, new la, tag him in
A don with his sword and his leather and I've been on the walls
And I sit in, and bring it back to Bed-
Stuy, my clever kin with me
Yo, kings with me, reload quickly
I'm Sherling'd down, 50 of cheeba
Eloquently I relax in the Waldorf under the covers
And the sawed off, sweatin' and shit, growin' a mohawk
Ready to blow off!
I hear the door, dog...

One million, two million, three million franks (all that)
It's that good shit, nigga
Yeah...
The marvelous... medicine
Maino in the building
Louis Rich the Chopper
Yeah...