

Wall To Wall

Raekwon

My nigga Raekwon talkin', uh-huh
Everythin' you want you don't need
And don't believe everythin' you read
And only half what you see

I said I won't, I don't need it, yeah
Don't believe everythin' you read, yeah
Only half what you see, yeah
Man, this shit is what it is, yeah, ooh

It's "Hello", oh, Lord
When you're tryin' to bail out, who to call?
Your bitch turned down, this shit is love
Me and my niggas fill up, we goin' to war
We goin' to war (wall to wall)
My money's stacked up (wall to wall)
My shows' packed up (wall to wall)
Her ass stepped up (wall to wall)
Got my money up, we goin' to war

Clear view, dark tints, hustle by the park bench
White top, blue tops, niggas I don't call friends
'Til they called it love
Called my niggas, grabbed their hammers
'Bout to go to war
Prices on your head, I'm a spend it
Everythin' in that showroom, nigga, I was in it
On my son, I was in it, I was in it
Dirty money, ten chains, I be shinin' every minute
I'm shinin' every minute
Soft to the hard rock, Hard Rock Casino
Me and shorty watchin' Nino in the hardtop
I done counted ten mills when that ball dropped
Me and Chinx poppin' bottles out in Far Rock

Frozen fishscale, you better go to Ishmael
Tiger-skin hammer, sittin' by the Benz grille
Knots of hundreds; it's lunch, kid, play fair
Say "yeah," feed your brother, he's a one, shit
Enough money to slum kids, kings with pillows
Leave your body, yo, under the dumpsters
Take money suitcases, bracelets, cake mix
Come out the hole, this is weight flicks
So much bread, we build lead houses
Run in the shed, see dead thousands
Faces, we call 'em big noses
Flashin' in the foreign shit
Grubbed up niggas is wasted

Yo, whip my feet up, gettin' manicures in a zap
And spectacular visuals
Niggas be camera-phonin' up my movement
Everythin' we do to sit and take precedents
While we go stackin' residuals
Niggas starvin' to know just how we do it
Absolutely be stayin' the money every night (Dracula)
Niggas, stay up in it like Jamaicans and stay in the maximum

Difficult to predict, I'm calculated like algebra
Cause the money traced back to them diamond mines out in Africa
We in the future with it though, closin' my eyes for pictures
Phone'd have me speak with holograms
When I'm buildin' with bitches
And then I bang 'em like body slammin', one-handin' 'em ishes
Like I was sellin' warheads and I'm baggage handlin' missiles
Fuck it, decided to blow an M just bein' silly
With a bob and a step and a charisma like I sit on a billi
And for the five percent with the science
And the ones that really get me
I got a lot to do with civilizin' and countin', I'm busy

Salute, salute, yeah
Montana, what up, baby?
Word up, you know what it is, my nigga
Louis Rich right here, baby
Yeah, you know what this is, nigga