Black Mozart (feat. Inspectah Deck)

Raekwon

sounds of fighting
Stupid fool, you're forcing me to kill you!Yeah, you know how it go
Fresh from the stationary hall of justice
Real rhyming, real movement, real life
Word up, we just chilling, ten bottles of Crug' on the wall
Youknowhatimsaying? Straight up, for real
Yo, RZA, talk to these niggas, man, let's go, man, for real
Yo, Rah, what up? Let's go, yeah, gangsta shit, groovy shit
Raw shit, secret indictment shit, yeah
Secret indictments, be careful, niggas
For real, let's go
You better get that money, no matter, what you do
You gotta get that money, and represent your crew
And keep it trueAs reaper stay sprayed, still niggas is smoked
Four in his pocket, a diamoned up chain and some coke
Champion hood, the goodies in a brown bag, by the radiator
Near the cookies and the bundles of dope
Fishscalers, I live in elevators and gross
All this paper, profit make her lay there and post
With them Adidas that Bruce wore, stay in the juice bar
All I know if you saw me, you thought I was broke
Black, yo, I been hustling since niggas was busting guns
And scuffling, and jumping niggas over some coats
We play the S&S rooftop, Latin Quarter, Polo popes
Who hung out with all the Eighthers and GOAT'sYo RZA, you crazy manThis that Black Mozart shit, right here
Yo, I used to scramble hard, radio strapped, to the handlebars
Fifty deep, in the lobby large, rocking camouflage
Dark Caesar holding my nuts, played the building front
Fit the Henny, throw a little snow in the blunt
Just growing up, schooled by O.G.'s, holding O's and up
Daily new drama unfold, they popped 'em over, what?
It's so rough, nobody know him, so what?
Aiyo, the money's close by, homey, show me the stuff
Borough hopping, copping bricks, bags, burners and kicks
City slickers, circling the strip, working them tricks
Like friday night cruise in the Coupe, new valor suit
Fruit flavored kicks, taking flicks out in 40 Deuce
Farmer jeans, hammer swing, tucked in the loot
How they hit Miss Fisher, they was busting at suit
Up in 54, underground, parrot and Q
Made man with the grey shams, wrapping the boo

Stay flam, every day, fam, stacking my loot
Eighty grams in the cake, bam, packages flew
Sipping passion fruit, Alize, in back of the OohWe soldiers, boy, we soldiers
Bake cakes, hundred dollar bill holders
We soldiers, boy, we soldiers
Bighead, I thought I told ya
We soldiers, boy, we soldiers
Bake cakes, hundred dollar bill holders
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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