

# Baggage Handlers

Raekwon

You got to be kiddin', five hundred?  
Who you think we are, baggage handlers?  
The goin' rate on a boat, is a thousand a night, man  
You know that (first you got to work your way up to 500, cedido)  
Ok, what I did for you guys in Freedomtown, what was that?

Return of the kitchen kid, with the axe  
All I know is real detail, coke, lasagna and them E pills  
Million dollar merchandise, we on, get ya groove back  
A hundred yukons, we all moving crack  
All my soldiers got big rank, pa, Sicily money  
Y'all had a bitch that got pregnant in Iraq  
What's the movement? Superman money in the Ooh building  
A few dudes who make a lotta rules sayin' 'you get it'  
Right, wavy hair, all my niggaz is polic'  
You stay off the roof, or jakes see the crib  
No snitchin', this Amityville detention  
Might fuck around, get caught, or shot down, play position  
Yeah, here they come, sizin' them up, you know my status  
This is raw way, lookin' in his eyes, and he butt  
Yo, what's happenin'? I heard you got the streets back, captain  
Yup, all niggaz is dead, unless they team clappin' something  
He felt the generals plans, recognize, we going all out  
I might throw three in his man  
Had the slick look, looking all Cubaned up  
Don't get it twisted, nigga we'll swiss swish you up, what?

From all day to morn', noon, night  
Recognize we gotta re-up (Yo, it's Cuban Link 2, motherfucker)  
You all listen, pay attention  
Word to the team, we gonna key up (Yo, it's Cuban Link 2, motherfucker)  
Get ya birds off, playground  
Yo, stay out my business, you gon' see us (Yo, it's Cuban Link 2, motherfucker)  
For all them real Cash Rule Everything Around Me  
Niggaz get y'all stee up (Yo, it's Cuban Link 2, motherfucker)

The kid that endorse Maxmaris, shorty show support  
Take your sweatpants off, fix your mascara  
Four hundred nineteen ounces, out in Long Island  
Twelve strong bitches that's real, who not scared of housing  
Yes, throw on them raccoon, chinchilla feathers  
Let it drag on my boots, the jean burned leather  
Jog through the back of the building, drop the L  
Got the scope on your nosey ass mother, fuckin' up sales  
Forty karat locked in, bowtie, chillin' at the Democrat party  
Yo, Chef, your coat, got it poppin'  
Coming soon, Purple Tape, circle up the city let 'em know I'm back  
Four hundred bricks, and yup, the kids stance  
Sponsored by my cousin in Stan', maintainin'  
Got the call from Tony Young Montana, my son campaignin'  
Yup, I'm not no fuckin' bellboy, I war anything out there  
The ring is mine, you can tell Roy  
That's when I was hit with the call, your whole motto is get tour  
Drug rap owner, you will rip all  
Live like the pope, and get a big hall  
Flipped them a claren, the front, like the Jag back like the store

Yea, we back in the motherfuckin' staircase, nigga  
You know that kid is coming, Cuban Linx, nigga  
Louis Rich, the signature, bitch  
(Every dog has his day, huh, Mel?  
You wanna job Ernie? Ok, then, you call me tomorrow)