

## Chinese Marines

Raekwon

Chinese marines  
Jet black Beemers  
That Aston blue screen  
I was part of the Teamsters  
Money hungry, yo meet the blingers  
Avenue gun holders  
Blow a nigga open, no demons  
All my nigga slinging  
Yeah, perpetual lifestyle, knife style  
Welcome to the cleaners  
Heavyweights, you gotta come see us  
You right, one knee us  
Welcome to the forest of the leaders  
All I do is take money, come beat us  
Invisible lead start flying  
Lick the head, drop the ninas  
Left feind lucky like a genius  
Play both sides like Serena  
Found dead in the steamers  
Real niggas won't talk, real as a roach  
When the lights out, killa be Ghost  
In the new shit, light blue Pilwig  
Come through, you know we ain't do it  
Rocket launcher out the window, you shoot

Got killers in the Benzes  
Canine senses  
Everything covered from the exit to the entrance  
Dedicated goons understand it's high stakes  
Life out a nigga 'til his eyes dilate  
It's a cold world  
Surely weather with the V bombs and leathers  
With the fur on the collar  
We 'bout major dollars  
See the hoes, they holla  
When they eat us and swallow  
Cause we them dime dadas  
Get them top shoppers  
Eyes on us, death to those that lied on us  
And love for ever for all my soldiers that cried for us  
I put my mind on it, relax, get high on it  
Y'all niggas ain't built, I was designed for it  
Lame niggas fall back in our presence  
Bow down to the king, when you see me, nah mean  
I ain't playing with you  
Yeah, you gonna take one for the team  
Fucking dog crying, ever seen a grown man scream

You tacky like head rest TVs  
Your value drop, you not worth these  
Bacon strips we gets, you stay broke  
We stay leaning in new red Rolls  
Smoke stack lightening, coming out the crack black window  
That's us getting high, letting things go  
We getting it, the money don't stop  
Beef don't cease, the drama gonna pop  
Soon as we step in the spot, shots on me

Line 'em up, kill every single bottle they got  
The drama gonna pop like the pipe bomb  
Hyper, the son don't chill, Allah  
You get burned, try and dap me  
These hands are made for clapping  
A round of applause for that dumb ass rap beat, that  
Fuck that, take a bath  
Stay ass damp  
Lift your head back up  
And blow brains out