

Flashback Memories

Raekwon

Yo Game what up, (Yo Chef what it is)
Aint nothing my nigga, Tryna get paid in full man
(You know I'm definitely down for that)
So you rep'n Black Wall Street right
(Black Wall Street general, Five star soldier and all that)
No question I'm rep'n Vatican, We gone do this big nigga style
Let's take em there for real, Let's go

Before flusty days living in Killa Hills
I was young'd out with rusty waves
Cut'n hair chill'n, Going down town blaze'n
Lay'n up in Albee Square, When I bought my first fronts there
Everybody young as fuck, In the pizza shop, What up
Brooklyn niggas rap with a cuffle
Call the highlights the gangsta dialect
Before I let any nigga take mine I'm die'n, Moet
What's the jump off, The new shit
Then he said hold up a sec
Get this crack money, Niggas except
Wick checks, Food stamps and amps
Blue Wallabee's, Aviaries' on in the back on the ramp
You know we pop off for hours, Cowards beware
Word to Mother, You gone respect my power
Respect the dollar, No quizzzy, Get busy
It was like adolescents at war, We clapped them thizzies
On the duece suited Voltron, The ratchet heavy
In the crib cool'n blunted, Watch'n Tom & Jerry
Bag'n up, Laugh'n, Bling'n, Rhyme'n and sing'n
When it come to getting currency, Call me a swinger
We rock Maybach's, Benz's is little
Icicles on, Cover the ground with a massive dribble
Call us ballers, Brawlers, Them whores want all us
Suede down, Cool'n, Play'n spades with quarters
And then left it for the rap game
All my niggas grab champagne
Bust of them seals it's mad flames, Yall lames
Stay in your lane, We move'n like big money
Bet a nigga die for them chains
You know the slang baby, Watch me lay her
Half goon, Half mayor, The other half call me a hater
But later, I'ma polly for Rae-ah, And a hundred wolves
Pull next time, Respect the playa, What

Flashbacks, Memories, Two shots of Hennessy
Street life etiquette, Real niggas blend with me
Talking bout ten a key, Baltimore, Tennessee
I ain't got to tell you, How long I been a G

I'm sick and that drop Aston is the medicine
Ride'n with the Moon in the rear view, It's only evident
I'm fly as the wings on a seven forty-seven jet
Game code his rhymes, Ain't even been recorded yet
On the fence where my Father used to sport a Vet
And my Uncle Red ran the rock like door set
Rewind time ten years before I had the Lex
Mail man scared to drop the bills on my door step
Little nigga street dream'n bout a fast car

My Father had dope tracks like his arm was Nascar
In eighty-seven, Shit I was maybe seven
Watch'n my big brother throw'n ten, Come back with eleven
Only knew what it was cause I overheard
My Pops on the phone talking bout selling all my birds
I cried over the next eight years over them pigeons
To only find out not one was missing, Word

Yeah, That's how we do what we do, Knowhatimsayin
For real, The only thing we do baby
Is fold dough, You heard
And read the DuPont all day nigga
And get the stove clean you heard
This is real offical shit man, Word up man
Our cherry is different from all these
Phony ass, Carrot cake ass niggas
Fake ice philanthropist, You know what the fuck I mean nigga
Ha ha, It's real niggas right here boy
Word up, Go buy the babies them big bang'n
Am & Barshon necklaces, Nothing but new luggage nigga
Youknowhatimsayin, Catch me in the South of France nigga
Clean as a fuck, That's how it go
Yeah, This is powerful shit baby, Word up
Black Wall Street, Vatican, BT man, What up baby