

Heat Rocks

Raekwon

Fire in your face
Time to take these streets again you heard
No more playing man, I want it. (Chef)

It was a Friday everybody was caken'n
And the house was shake'n and the beats was bang'n
And it won't be long that everybody know'n
That DJ brought the heat rocks
That DJ brought the heat rocks
That DJ brought the heat roooooocckks

(Let's go) Come, Get some, You little bum
I bake the cake but you can't get a crumb
From, Get physical, Lyrical, Spiritual
Ultimate, And all that good shit
I love brag'n, Gots to rag it, Flash the dragon
Back in nine-five with the wagon
Create drama when I hunt for cream
And I pack em in mean, My sweet sixteen
Is fly, My vibe is live, I gots to ride
A smoke a bone you know it when Cochise died
Hell up in Harlem, Note to Staten
When niggas do hits rock sixes black man
The black brand, Wu-Tang Clan, I smack hands
Then drive through the Hammerstein, Fronts and black bands
Cool'n, School'n, Everything around me
Might fire one off in clique's around me
I won't stand it, Dammit, Murder the planet
I more like a sign man, My coke just landed
You know, Get money nigga, The fly poet
Who only write rhymes and the track exploded

Ayo, Come see me man, Come see me I'm back up baby
Whatever you need, Come on man, Word up
Don't bring no people I don't know man

Back again, Son put the fronts back in
Fresh like a new wash or glass of gin
I got many kins ready to hit niggas
Plenty men, Blend with a new spaceship, That's what's in
Caught a whirl when Shallah shit drop
Crys pop, Got Barrack with me, Come get me, Ashy glock
You know it's cool even if I flop
Ain't no more real niggas left I just sit in the box
With all the fliest, Livest, Multi-buyers
Niggas eat money up, Most yall liars
Catch the kid in Hawaii tired
New-New Roll, You talking to my hoe you fired
Superstar Keyon quite
When I talk got every burroughs in a smash cause I am
The greatest, Pay this, Latest, Famous painters say this
Two more strong for your play list
New Yorker, Hulker, Call me Orca
Army jacket down to the floor I soak you up
This is a master classic rap shit
Play at five in the morning, Get the gun and mask kit
Smoke like an Indian, Pass it

And I'm not stopping no more, That's it your ass is lit

Yeah, Uhh huh, Yeah, You know it ain't over nigga
It's going down again baby, For real, For Real
I'mma come see you soon alright, Word up
Yall know who you are, Word up, I want it
For real, Chef, Yeah, The builder burgers nigga
We want in