

# This Shit Hard

Raekwon

Fuck a middleman, I can get it direct  
Cook it up, watch it bubble in that pyrex  
This shit hard, that's what I'm talking 'bout  
This shit hard, that's what I'm talking 'bout  
I could show you how to make a killing in them projects  
All I need is some powder and a pyrex  
This shit hard, that's what I'm talking 'bout  
This shit hard, that's what I'm talking 'bout

Yeah, I'm getting fronted by the [?], waiting 'til they catapult  
Raw organic blow, straight off the banana bough  
Frantic when them birds landed, niggas damn near had a stroke  
shook a can of coke  
White limes the baking soda merging  
Agua, make it up bubble up like detergent  
Start off soft when I whip it, work it  
Come back hard like a nigga from his first bit  
Yeah, this is the type of shit that'll hook your mayor  
pill white like an Aryan  
Met him at the Sheraton, reminding me of Pablo  
Giving me his spill while I inhale cigar smoke  
He said I supply you through private cargo  
You need to find a pilot that could fly you to Chicago  
And back to the condo to come up with a plan  
I met a plug, cutting out the middleman

Yeah, shit smell like fish scale, cocaine  
Let the water boil then I cook it on the low flame  
Whipping up the whole thing with a box of Armor  
Hammer, shit coming back like karma  
Pull it out the water, the icing on the cake  
Let it dry, paper towels sitting on a plate  
Scrape the shake out the pot, the feeling on his face  
So numb that he try to tell me how it tastes  
Hit the cookie with the [?], make it crumble  
Nigga at the kitchen table wrapping up bundles  
Caught carpal tunnel in your wrist I'll be damned  
Got the whole hood looking like Zombie Land  
Now I'm at the doctor Seran wrap  
White like anthrax, nigga met the birdman  
Now I got them things transported through a

Ayo, the hood  
Champion hoodie, what's goodie  
I'll put y'all niggas on and I'm fully  
A gangsta 'til I'm gone  
Been blessed with these ounces for so long  
Giving niggas money for their moms  
This bail paper right here is back up  
I'm leaving the country, need a trillion on my arm to live comfy  
Back up, my spots is like leopards  
I come through with shepherds  
Shoulder strap on, black movies black bombers  
Yeah the police is scared 400 thousand, take them there  
You know it's all of us, one crack you can't even spam  
I'm not doing jail for racketeering  
My niggas gangsta for sure

We'll shoot anything, just open the door  
We get it in, we want RBC money  
Ready with black crack, running back to the crib, they coming

[Hook]