

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
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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]