

Thousands to M's

Raekwon

Yo, send all the workers up to five b man, you know what time it is man
Niggas did good this week man, let's celebrate

Bottles of crew, bagging in the living room, high noon
Couple rachets, snares, the razors and earmuffs
Walking joints, chirping niggas downstairs in the lobby converting
There's something next to live wires and goons
All in the sets hundreds to thousands, thousands to ms
Then tackle up the rims store, go and buy timbs
Hit the Popeyes, cops got eyes
We breezing through with nothing but fives
Puffing herb, we gon let the sun rise
They don't know niggas is slingerling, what's the lingering?
Niggas ain't fiends, \$400 jeans, cooling like it's England
Rather see me role in a hole, rocking state jeans and sneakers
Square sandwich, juices and peaches
Not right now dick, this is our valve, we get down dick
None of that clown shit, we built it from a thou
See straight watchers, my niggas sleep, all of my unique poppers
Legends from the eighties came home, we got em eating poppers
Take money, eating steaks, being rude, feeding snakes
This is what get us all the planes and the eights
This is my land like Thailand, why?
Cause I control it and I own it, But some say it's FBI land

Now just gimme that, don't make me take that
The minute I'm finished with it, I go straight back
Re up and reload, keep up my workload
Homeboy this block is mine cause I say so (what)

Violation of the fequent statue to cash rules
Cocaine is a hell of a drug, the fortune of intelligent thugs
We the ones that they write movies about
Beautiful pounds, got the best doobies in town
Shoot it the fuck out, wash money, wipe the blood off of Benjamin's face
Defenders of the faith, measure the weight
Forever by itself, reaping pleasure from pain
We the best in the game, hit you in the chest and the brain
Now move weight homie and expand like Scarface
Leave you hanging from the chopper like Omar Suave
Ill Bill, suicidal live ayatollah, keeps it liver than Al Qaidia soldeirs
Sign in the name of Allah Jehovah
Portable wars, the blowjobs never stop
Freak bitches won't stop, snocker till their nose pop
Nose candy enthusiast
Bitches able to swallow an entire one liter bottle, abuser shit
We super gangsta, accurately cruising for bangers
Ya'll in the womb rappers, have to leave ya, remove you with hangers
We move like a federation of terror
Put you under the dirt, cus ain't no room in the equation for error

[Chorus x2]