

# Raekwon, Determination

[Intro: Raekwon]

I really don't need to be \*fuckin\* wit ya right now  
I need to movin' around in the air, circlin' Manhattan  
Real smooth

[Raekwon]

Here we go again son, black Harrison \*Ford\* on the run  
One, beef in the field, it's real  
Highly recommend shield, Lee rocks, still he rock  
Got the blue lazer, grill, like Martin \*Scorcese\*-ah  
Jumpin outta limo's, \*expos\*, black rentals  
Chasin \*niggas\* through the projects, polex  
Moseyin', 15 of us, five trucks  
Crazy deluxe, bound by honor, \*nigga\* what?  
Tailin' us in boats and land, \*40 caliber\* in my hand  
Made the left... Lex fam  
Sho enough what, \*Hummer\* craft lookin up, what?  
Kid the chipped out \*flex\* now I'm stuck  
Bounced on him, public announcements say they want him  
Any ideas? Where he at? Cops want him  
Changin' the gear the same foot wear  
Runnin like a crook, yea, no love here  
\*Fuck\* yea, we up there  
Had a little \*drugs\* there, they was there  
Pass it kid, \*Novacain\* caught a slug there  
Had it mastered in fleis-school, \*nigga\* go whip a plane  
Drivin land, map \*shit\* out, go to night school  
Bronze star, feelin who we are  
Half animal, whole lotta love, black God  
Standin' front and center, from here to winter  
Grip the \*splinter, shoot it sideways, nozzle on, pop-it\*  
(nothin' but determination)  
Ready to hit somethin, pop \*shit\* wit somethin  
Blow \*blimps\* on the mad rubber grips, big lips on it  
Rollin wit top rank medals, hands is like \*Greg Neddles\*  
Bright link, purple heart, swim bezzle  
Hearin' the horn of Josh, movin' like the moss  
Executive decision play large  
Caught a blip on the radar, screen him out  
Fightin' like like Julio \*Cazar\*, blaze y'all  
May day, may day, chasin' me, CIA, KGB, FBI, DIA on they way  
Trynna chase down the God, this Afro-African'll lace ya

[Chorus 3X: Raekwon]

Nothin' but determination

[Raekwon]

Part two kid, establish brain power, truth did  
Yo it's realer than a \*fuck\* now, ain't stupid  
Trash, three hundred thousand in cash, guerilla mash  
Brass this gat, TNT \*niggas\* on my \*ass\*  
Play for real, Lex will, I suggest still  
Clear my own \*shit\*, let the press ill, let's bill  
Make it to the UN, doin bout a thousand in the blue M  
Frogmen, repped out cluein, \*left all the American Express cards\*  
Left the passports, time share, \*shit up on\* in \*Escort\*  
Bail 'em, bustin his \*joint\*, Chief O'Heara  
That old, \*Louis McDarren\*, see the waves through the mirror  
Spot that, hop that, through the top back  
Ready to lock somethin', down for the cause, stop that  
You play the king, I play the \*pawn\*, who the king of the Swarm?  
You wrong, where's the evidence, watch the \*fire\* arm  
Wit eternal affairs there, I knew I had little bits of love  
Hopin it'll be fair, he watch me, heavy roxy scene

He clean though, American \*Cream\* Team let him leave  
See the moral of the story, feelin' me like  
Mordon and Glory when they came for me  
Had fifty on the line, look at mine, all dressed down  
Handlin' nines, know the time