Raekwon, Jury

Verse 1:

Yo, we came long ways but we got on

Yo, holdin' my son's arm

Make it through the industry calm Lord

His name Rakim Allah

Wid a wavy threw on shallah

Braveheart nigga from start yo

We all scientific instruments

I got put on math

Going through ill consequences

Running from jakes, running in gates

Check out the main face

We gotta gas and erase

Me not the ambitious one

I rather be there throw a word or two in

We here, I know we worth money yo

Just relax start analyzing

'Fore you start adding your sales tax

Took that tool in ooh 'bout to get large

Fuck that fucking wit C rules

Y'all fools, by then 2 rhymes is wrote

Trying to master my flow

Géttin' diamonds on the low

Splash me a boat

Hook: Kim Stephens

What I'm gonna be

Is something more than anyone could think of me

Do what you want I'm still gon' live my destiny

I've got one chance to live my life

And as long as I'm alive I will make it

Verse 2:

Hard work a nigga was sold yo

Just trying to take control rock me a Roll

Glock be the goal take my time and build

Into the 36 got real people wanna see us

The word Steeles, your work reflects your life

Your earth respects you twice

Commodity advice chill wid the ice

That's when I caught on

Sell these niggas the illusion

And plus live it out on spite

Yo the block is draining and scary

A nigga might die out here

Or be in some jail law library

Unlawful entry a century

Fuck I wanna live in jail?

I'm already in ghetto penitentiary

Talent made me be involuntary to y'all now

I just add on and teach one of y'all

Don't get exiled caught up in the mix

And loose sight focus burst

And you're forced to go wild yo,

Hook

Yeah, yeah

yeah, yeah

aiyyo

Verse 3:

Aiyyo,

Prosperity endangered so many of us

All the bullshit has got away with murder

That's why we can see who's real and who's fake

And who bit off the last nigga tape stole his state Wake up we running outta plans

The devil inside of him

Tricknology is in one hand Future's so far to see The present's how will it be The past don't even ask just believe Looking in the dictionary Trying to spell out hard words Défine 'em and design 'em I shine and curve Take this jewel in and conquer me I blend it in wit ganja Not for the babies it's a mind sponsor From the 17 million God raised 2 million lost slaved 19 million may we all praise So when we wake up Let's straighten up and get it together For real and keep all getting paper Hook Do what you want I'm still gon' live my life