

Raekwon, Own My Mind

[Intro: Raekwon]

It's like... real niggaz blow off a fucking head
Ya'll niggaz don't know provides, this the real story

[Raekwon]

Six degrees all the way to the black Lee's, the mac squeeze
Catch you in the open, click-clack, pass the keys, homey
Moving through the town, we there, out of towners get the stare down
Clap you for your blue Nike air's
You a wild comrade, well I'm a wilder one
We've been pumping crack since nine, I run foul with a pile of sons
Moving through the city getting thousands
Digging them wallets, slide in to Olive Garden, wilding
Fourty cal's and eagles, buying teeth, gleamy on the set
Fly to Union Square, we legal, pussy niggaz jet
The old code better blow to the death, get ya niggaz out the yard
No behind bars, we buying niggaz jets
It's just a movement that came right out of a blueprint
Two bents, this is how real we gotta roll, think Cuban hit
This is how a general remains, always be a soldier, don't tell
When real niggaz die in reign, while we come blow shit now
Moving in them fly roses, it's all old to us, dick, rubbing our noses
I should of bought my momma a plane, matter fact
Two helicopters and a motherfucking chain that stay built
Your son is your man, let him do what he provides for you
Buy you some land, ride for you
Jet to the highest estate, cake out and just bling on it

[Outro: Raekwon]

Yeah, lord, that's what I'm talking bout family
Word up, we need like, fourty more of them, lord
And we gon' just let you get in, youknowwhatimsayin?
You know you that nigga, Daddy-O, youknowwhatimean?
We just wanna hear more of that street shit, man
Just give me some more, lord, word up, man
I'm faithfull, go 'head, yo, yo, you know I get down for you
Cuban Linx Part 2...