

# Raekwon The Chef, Power

[Raekwon]

Take it off, sho' 'nough kid

Take it off

We gon' take it from the East to the West  
to the North to the South

Show y'all what it's about

Don't make me throw no gun in your mouth

You know?

How long is your CREAM? This long?

Eh yo, his belt got karats in it

Swift description, E-320 nigga pitchin

Rock a raw dinosaur chain, hang to his thing

It's like, he pump isolated, still cashin in CREAM

Niggas in the hood hate him, drew a vase of him

Blaze 'em, he actin like Shallah raisin him

This is hydrogen, son ain't live as him

He like Maguyver, chin 4 spies with him

Roll relentless, desert that he hold is a gift wish

Shash the list, give his miss dick

Technique, operation: tech scream

Bet CREAM, them alligators jet like a vet swing

Nigga like Nicolas Cage with the gauge in your braids

2 cannons that'll spray, rockin banana suede

Suck this drunk alcohol dick

F\*\*k y'all niggas with hits

We bout to shit on y'all shit

[Trifly'n]

Y'all brothas wanna call us out?

Name names, otherwise it'd be the best to shut the f\*\*k up

Get pimp-smacked up, jacked up and macked up

You're scared and froze of bein exposed

I own Harlem, I bone Harlem, call me the mayor

It's my borough, you don't want no problems

I'm on now, you dead pop, all jokes aside

I ride the top, you glide the bottom

Pitfall, 5 foot 9, my dick, balls

Shit y'all, leave flat line to stick your's

We flip off basic and brace it

8 kills, 47 ways to taste it

Never understand what you never been told

You did your book bitin off of my scrolls

We hit man, Colombo, coats and hats to match

Bust off quick, and then, guns go back

[Superb]

I move like Arthur Ash against God

4 raquets, 8 balls and no practice

Every cypher's a heated discussion

The industry was like a beat that needed percussion

I brun the music, shit that make crews flip

State that I'm the illest, this is Q.U. shit

I used to heat-hole, now I'm takin over like the repo'

Bitches that roll, Cee-Lo that'll sniff a kilo'

We went from Frank's and greens to shanks and beans

Now we drive our Navigators to banks in Queen's

Y'all can't f\*\*k around, your words ain't right

Every time I touch the mic, they say "Perb ain't right"

But that's the truth though, d'oh, infact that's it

When they drop this shit, I'm gon' cop that shit

The new star, you want me? I'm at the juice bar

Y'all once hap' niggas, give me 2 stars

[Chip Banks]

I heard what y'all rappin about, but bring your stash out  
You shouldn't throw rocks if you livin in glass house  
Sneak your weak shit at us, on the low though  
Where these cats come from, speakin about po'  
He got cash to cop and I'm crashin {\*car crashing\*}  
But half of y'all cats just catchin up to Rae' last year  
Got guns in the jungle, call 'em Jurassic  
The chrome, the steel, the 20-shot plastic  
While y'all niggas cop jars, me and my niggas cop bars  
Gettin head from rock stars  
We blowin everything apart, I'm smashin the charts  
How I see it? (Yo, how you see it?)

Chorus: Raekwon

Eh yo, what you wanna be when you grow up?  
Yo, I wanna be a leader  
Slow your speed up and stop tryin to be us  
Say somethin always, got a future? Stay out the hallways  
And get yourself right, a 100 more ways

[Rhyme Recca]

Fly like iceberg, nice with verbs, precise words  
Bently swerve, hit the curb, jump out, cock back, spit out  
Shut your block down, get out, criminal route  
Gangsta shit, can't talk now, gun in your mouth  
Cream Team killas, cocoon cats like caterpillars  
Giant size gorillas, break niggas backs from the skrilla  
Scratch, greenback track, Fed's berserk  
That's my word, disrespect Recca, get what you deserve  
Inferno, melt down mic's, millionaire in my afterlife  
Broke bread with Christ on the last night  
Apocalypse, sleep with 4-5th, 2 clips  
Passport, cellphone with the removable micro-chip  
Specialist, 40-karat Sicillian necklace  
Matching bracelet, Cream Team crisp the basic