

# 10 Bricks (feat. Cappadonna & Ghostface Killah)

Raekwon

Yo, yo, Iron Chef (gracias)  
I need some of that, (slide through the back)  
I need ya'll to come back to the, (I heard juice)  
Back of the store over here (just be easy and tell ya man to be cool)  
We got some culinary cats right here, we need you (we'll kill him if he  
Fault)Aiyo, rappers stepping to me, they want a brick, son  
But I'm the Chef, my price is 26, son  
Move up, about 32 of those and open locker dough  
Soldier got locked up, blow killed the doctor  
Flamboyant police is X fives, watching my lofts  
So many leeches I just left it and walked  
My flow wicked, Miami money, moving and ridicly  
Geico on the arm froze, rose gold with me  
Take baths with white women, lingerie see-through  
Taking trips to Iran, my Spanish nigga people  
Selling drugs to Flatbush, call my nigga Cecil  
Snub with the black gloves, on half-moon Greek do  
Killed him in the Bahamas, his wife ran, white van pulled up  
They caught him out in Brooklyn with a white man  
Slutted out, rosed out, sister was gone, she geeking  
She threw the rifle in her mouth and said 'good evening'  
Yup, Paul Wall grill line, be getting money, crime thief  
I know her from Africa, pretty smile, nine teeth  
Gold joints, frames only, Louis Vuitton, pony  
Leather with the matching sweater on, you owe me  
Knock the ash off the blunt, confront niggas who cunt  
Swing an ax, tax niggas rhyme different from cats  
Specialize in mic rippers, splashes  
We the last skippers, big rocks and the block will stickBeefsteak Charlie niggas eat and they get  
fat  
Chase heads up and down the block and kill rats  
Skilled with the gats, even feds don't know where the shells at  
The shell trapped up in nice crib with four packs  
Four macs, caught a nice cell for four stacks  
Yeah, me and my nigga Arafat  
Gotta escape but we'll be right back, real soon  
Chef cook it up, we got a date with real goons  
Telling you Ghost, my connect crazy with the wreck  
Pythons used to talk to her sister named Yvette  
I speed it up, me and the Linx, was getting weeded up

I beat it up, yeah I hit that, but I ain't seed it up  
Meanwhile, back on the block, we seen two trucks  
Then the windows rolled down, we see these two fucks  
Soon as they jumped out, see these tools bust  
Yeah, yo, I lit a boogah up, rocks is gone, so we bagging up all shape  
Binocolurs, scanners, we all listen to jake  
Ran out of baggies, my mouth is dry  
Got them dirty joints all scattered, don't act surprised  
Nah, nigga the currency rushes like popping a wheelie  
Holding a pipe with one hand, the other down in the Bentleys  
You know how it be with the peppermint Clarks, throwing darts at a hoodrat  
Getting slow neck up in The Bronx  
That's all me, thirty four shines, forty four lines  
I just chill like Aaron Hall, writing raw rhymes  
Like, threw Kool-Aid rubies in a lemonade bezzle  
When I was 12 in the church, I started packing that metal  
A deuce deuce, my supplier was Loose Bruce  
Ever since I had the drop, my instinct was to shoot-shoot  
This ain't For the Love of Ray J, it's for the love of the AK  
Cause you can get scratched like AJ  
Cuban Link Dynasty has emerged, this rap shit stop  
I have a team of niggas moving my furs  
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