

# Surgical Gloves

Raekwon

Eight million stories, nigga  
Take ya'll niggas somewhere, man  
Ya'll niggas never heard niggas rhyme like this before, man  
This ain't no Wizard of Oz shit neither, man  
For real, man, aiyo

Surgical gloves, snubs in the grass with his blood  
Homey hold that, the four black, we black down  
Gold Jag', Ol' laughing yo, yo, what the fuck happened?  
They clapped him and the scalp it flew that way  
Yo why they capped him? It went through his lap  
Snatched his older mom's pink hat, took his mango, get at  
He painted it, slayed blocks, aiming it  
Hit a child, this is foul, but he styled with his flamer flaming shit  
Teddy with the red Range, supercharged Kangols  
Rae & Ghost CD in his change, yo, Angel  
Spanish kid lingo, all I know is where he hang though, kept it sideways, angle  
Good brush, tough talk, keep it real, daddy, got them thangos  
I respect on how the game goes, the same goes  
Forget fresh niggas, test niggas, extra bless niggas, with them egos  
We blow you out your peacoats  
Haha, adios mios, we get them twelve a ki, yo  
Keep it moving, slide off in the G.O.'s  
Freeloaders, the D's over, your shit won't sell no more  
Breeze over...

Money, gear, drugs, guns, Goodyears  
All my niggas sit, smelling the tears  
Cookin snow white, it's just the poor life, never living off fear  
We all millionaires, now where my shares?  
(Money) You know the code, drug money, gear money, baby  
(Money) You know we fold the stash holders, cash blowers, yeah  
(Money) So when the D's come, we float and grab the boats, yea  
(Money) Spend off, I got my win off, have a potent year

X6's red, up in Albany with the dreds  
Bags of black, fuck the feds  
Papers in Aruba's, gold tuba from Bermuda  
In my living room spreads, cameras action, got the calico cranked  
Where the food at? Hood jewelry on, I gots to do that  
Long chain hatchet flooded up, you knew that  
Baby blue mack, stones on the nozzle stick  
Bulletproof brocco's with the Jew bitches, all I got is two cracks  
Gazelle lenses, clear rude wraps, bagging every ziplock  
And my peoples sit around, cops split that  
High potent white kit kats, we sell up in the hood  
Going door to door, every floor, every get back  
My gangsta shit, get gats, for every man, here go a gram  
Meet me by my drop head and drop your lip back  
Forty-seven quick claps, spray off on something

Spray on one of ya'll man, the streets is mine, nigga  
You know what we do, for real  
Straight up, it's how we playing right now, man  
Cause the streets, man, streets is making ya'll niggas see, man  
But some of ya'll is blind, for real