

# Wall To Wall

Raekwon

My nigga Raekwon talkin', uh-huh  
Everythin' you want you don't need  
And don't believe everythin' you read  
And only half what you see

I said I won't, I don't need it, yeah  
Don't believe everythin' you read, yeah  
Only half what you see, yeah  
Man, this shit is what it is, yeah, ooh

It's "Hello", oh, Lord  
When you're tryin' to bail out, who to call?  
Your bitch turned down, this shit is love  
Me and my niggas fill up, we goin' to war  
We goin' to war (wall to wall)  
My money's stacked up (wall to wall)  
My shows' packed up (wall to wall)  
Her ass stepped up (wall to wall)  
Got my money up, we goin' to war

Clear view, dark tints, hustle by the park bench  
White top, blue tops, niggas I don't call friends  
'Til they called it love  
Called my niggas, grabbed their hammers  
'Bout to go to war  
Prices on your head, I'm a spend it  
Everythin' in that showroom, nigga, I was in it  
On my son, I was in it, I was in it  
Dirty money, ten chains, I be shinin' every minute  
I'm shinin' every minute  
Soft to the hard rock, Hard Rock Casino  
Me and shorty watchin' Nino in the hardtop  
I done counted ten mills when that ball dropped  
Me and Chinx poppin' bottles out in Far Rock

Frozen fishscale, you better go to Ishmael  
Tiger-skin hammer, sittin' by the Benz grille  
Knots of hundreds; it's lunch, kid, play fair  
Say "yeah," feed your brother, he's a one, shit  
Enough money to slum kids, kings with pillows  
Leave your body, yo, under the dumpsters  
Take money suitcases, bracelets, cake mix  
Come out the hole, this is weight flicks  
So much bread, we build lead houses  
Run in the shed, see dead thousands  
Faces, we call 'em big noses  
Flashin' in the foreign shit  
Grubbed up niggas is wasted

Yo, whip my feet up, gettin' manicures in a zap  
And spectacular visuals  
Niggas be camera-phonin' up my movement  
Everythin' we do to sit and take precedents  
While we go stackin' residuals  
Niggas starvin' to know just how we do it  
Absolutely be stayin' the money every night (Dracula)  
Niggas, stay up in it like Jamaicans and stay in the maximum

Difficult to predict, I'm calculated like algebra  
Cause the money traced back to them diamond mines out in Africa  
We in the future with it though, closin' my eyes for pictures  
Phone'd have me speak with holograms  
When I'm buildin' with bitches  
And then I bang 'em like body slammin', one-handin' 'em ishes  
Like I was sellin' warheads and I'm baggage handlin' missiles  
Fuck it, decided to blow an M just bein' silly  
With a bob and a step and a charisma like I sit on a billi  
And for the five percent with the science  
And the ones that really get me  
I got a lot to do with civilizin' and countin', I'm busy

Salute, salute, yeah  
Montana, what up, baby?  
Word up, you know what it is, my nigga  
Louis Rich right here, baby  
Yeah, you know what this is, nigga