Verbal Intercourse

Raekwon

[Rae] No tricks, no tricks baby
[Nas] Yeah, aiyyo Rae
[Ghf] Check it out y'all
[Nas] It's the science
[Ghf] Fly wonderful
[Rae] Yeah y'all
[Nas] Tony Starks and umm Lex Diamonds
[Ghf] Tony Starks, my nigga Nas
[Rae] Strength my whole team is eatin off this type of shit
[Nas] For all the fake niggaz out there, yaknahmean
[Ghf] Word up
[Rae] Good shit, nigga next time, no more whatever shit
[Nas] Fakes be celebratin but they be mistaken
[Ghf] Word to the wise
[Rae] Keep your eyes open and your wallet in your front pocket
[Ghf] All types of shit, yo son
[Rae] Rock it, RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggaz is the prophet
[Nas] Tell em it's on right?
[Ghf] Show those crabs how to rhyme
[Rae] RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggaz is the prophet
[Ghf] It's only like five percent out of a hundred
[Rae] RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggaz is the prophet
[Ghf] Do it to em baby
[Verse One: Nas]
Thru tha lights, cam'ras, n action, glama glittas in gold.
I unfold, tha scroll. Plant seeds ta stampede tha globe.
When I'm deceased, by then tha beasta rise like yeast
ta conquer peace, leavin savages ta roam in tha streets.
Live on tha run; police payin me ta give in my gun.
Trick my wisdom, wit tha system that imprisoned my son.
Smoke a gold leaf. I hold heat, nonchalantly.
I'm raunchy, but things I do is real. It never haunts me,
while, funny style niggaz roll in tha pile.
Roosta heads profile on a bus ta Riker's Isle,
holdin weed inside they pussy wit they minds
on tha pretty things in life. Props is a true thugs wife.
It's like a cycle; niggaz come home, some'll go in,
do a bullet, come back, do tha same shit again.
From tha womb to tha tomb, presume tha unpredictable.
Guns salute life, rapidly, that's tha ritual.
[Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef]
Perhaps bullets bust niggaz discuss mad money

True lies and white guys, we can see it through the eyes
Catch the most on tape, kilos disintegrate
Pyrex pots, we break, fiends lickin plates
In the building niggaz building, like little children starin
Them older niggaz aint carin
Sirens circlin fiends are lurkin in your baggage
oh, one's gone now, what, smack him in his cabbage
In the woodwork, crack cells bubble like Woolworth's
in the projects, richest niggaz rockin all the real worth
Police questioning, rooftop cats invested in
Tradin in they Lexus' GS's sendin messages
Two and two makes four, Cristal's crazily pour
Gun wars my crew phantom like swords[Verse Three: Ghostface Killer]
With the green leathers, hunded pound snakes and cakes
Fiends found in lakes, jeolously Jakes we shake
What I strive for is what I live for
Infatuated by material things, and it's wild like for war
like somewhere over the rainbow, I see a big pot of gold
Future stacks yo I hold
Thousands of cracks bagged up inside the shoebox
Don't keep jack in my lap, don't wanna see Tupac
Got two spots, a new lot, flooded with rocks
Shoot-outs making me hot, crooked cops Bad Tony and the ball drop
In the Now, I'm bangin niggaz for slide time
Hurry up Duke I'm next, show em mine
And what the fuck is you looking at?
By the way young blood, hit me off with that Green Bay hat
Watch your back inside the hall, new niggaz slide through
like doors yo, you're starin in the mess hall
Your adrenaline runs, cigarette niggas be swindlin
New jacks surrenderin, come home not rememberin
Made bail with different size kicks on, a white dress shirt
Lookin gay in the yard, and you got hurt
Flashbacks, of the day room, mop ringer style
Your faggot ass got bashed tryin to turn the dial
You told your boo you was whylin
Once you heard Wu, out of the blue, your family's from Shaolin
High class cooks, throw on vestes out of phone books
Infirmary niggas are screaming, "I got drugs!"
Sharpen toothbrushes 190 mixed with baby oil and shit
Your man's in the kitchen stashing ice picks
Well I'ma end this with a big red cherry on top
Me, Nas and Rae got the best product on the block[Rae] Strength my whole team is eatin off this type of shit
[Ghf] Word up, throw your hands up
[Rae] Good shit, nigga next time, no more whatever shit
[Ghf] Cock back the Mac an say whatever
[Rae] Keep your eyes open and your wallet in your front pocket
[Ghf] Your Hawaiian's stale, exoticness, fly shit

[Rae] RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggaz is the prophet
[Ghf] Floatin on in nine-five in the basement
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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