

# Raekwon, Guillotinz (Swordz)

Intro: Inspectah Deck

Allow me to demonstrate the skill of Shaolin  
The special technique of shadowboxing

Poisonous, poisonous (word word word)

I should slap all y'all niggaz for coming in my fuckin face with that shit

Alright cool yeah, go ahead man...

Poisonous

Verse One: Inspectah Deck a.k.a. Rebel INS

Poisonous paragraphs, smash ya phonograph  
in half, it be the Inspectah Deck on the warpath

First class leavin mics with a cast

Causin ruckus like the aftermath when guns blast

Run fast, here comes the verbal assaulta

Rhymes runnin wild like a child in a walker

I scored from the inner slums abroad

And my thoughts are razor sharp I sliced the mic from the cord

First they criticize, but now they have become  
mentally paralyzed with hits that I devise

Now I testify, the rest is I, Rebel INS

Ya highness, blessed to electrify

with voltage of an eel, truth that I reveal'll

crush the amateurs who screamed to keep it real

Caesar black down hoodied up and fatigues

Part time minor leagues receive third degrees

Attack like a wolf pack, once I pull back

then guard you, and bust through like a fullback

Verse Two: Ghostface Killer a.k.a. Tony Starks

Yo, you fourteen carat gold slum computer wizard

Tappin inside my rap vein causes blizzards

Do I like the kills for ice trife like botta digits

Gorillas injected with strength of eighty midgets

The Earth spins ruins, rap exotic blends

Let my peeps in, niggaz gaspin swallowin aspirins

What a dosage, you overdosed in rap

High explosives my post-its hypnotize with hypnosis

I sell goods, my whole Clan is on the run like Natural Born Killers

Record-breaking the album Thriller

Now access the jig who has bombs and rocket launchers

Float like dope killer bees is what I sponsor

Ya entrepreneur, pens and gear like shakespeare

When I fuck I grab hair, collect drawers as souveneirs

Fuck yeah, my crew down German beers

My career is based on guns, throwin cats in wheelchairs

Etcetera, damage any lame ass competitor

Who try to front, get broken and passed like leathers

Whatever hot hardheads get shattered like mirrors

Beretta shots splatter your goose, scatter ya feathers

Say never poetry chumps crumbs deal with graphic

Blew my family overseas in mansions

If rap was crack, fully packed I be tour cats

Tax the kingpin of the rap drug traffickin

Village niggaz get slapped in Manhattan

for rappin, big Ghost steps off laffin

(Were you just using the Wu-Tang school method against me?

I've learned so many styles, forgive me)

Verse Three: Raekwon the Chef a.k.a. Lou Diamonds

Sit back relax, fake niggaz don't get turns

Watch me massage ya brain with slang that's king

Projects filled with young men cause threats

Who is that? Thousand dollar chains and techs

Focus, the brokest niggaz of life shit

These mics is like cocaine Sun, check the suicidal hype shit

Exchange mad blunts taste the sweepstakes

Keepin up on fakes outta state for cakes

No doubt, plus nobody amount, we making dough off of  
Puttin fifty on the Land and Allah, it's like that  
Pull ya shoes up black, matta of fact just adapt  
Tie up, ya black Nike's and tight hats  
Corners, stay surrounded with foreigners  
Whattup dread? Feds caught you grudgin for his bread  
But regardless, peace to jail niggaz with charges  
Unify layin in the guard with La  
My Clan done ran from Japan to Atlanta, with stamina  
Clingers and gamblers, and gram handlers  
Tical like the Isle, so God, let's get steamed  
Infrared guard yo' Beem, so seek nuff respect  
Rude bwoy you bet, keep it movin par shallah  
Pro black like tar  
Designin the fly shit and stay shinin and  
the RZA pours more beats than Cristal's fine wine  
Concrete raps go to black  
with 50 other niggaz on the other side of the map  
Knew it's all good and all done what, we want some  
Mike Tyson of this rap shit, pullin out Macs for fun  
Verse Four: The Genius/GZA a.k.a. Maximillion  
The nigga don't get mad, I got mad styles of my own  
And it's shown when my hands grip the chrome microphone  
Verbally I catch bodies with cordless shotties  
Intriguin emcees, I keep em trained like potties  
I bomb facts, my sword is an axe  
to split backs invisible, like dope fiend tracks  
Sky's the limit, niggaz are timid, and nobody knows  
How we move like wolfs in sheep clothes  
Producin data, microchips or software  
Undaground and off air, the Land of the Lost  
Notorious henchman from the North  
Strikin niggaz where the Mason-Dixon line crossed