

Raekwon, Knowledge God

Intro: Raekwon, Ghostface

sniff *drumbeat* *long sniff*

Plug, *sniff* word yo

snort word yo, *s-snort* Youknowwhatl'msayin?

sniff You know, you know we had the baddest motherfuckin

long sniff unit back in the days, kid!

No doubt, no doubt, I know that Son, I know that

You know that, you know what I'm sayin?

I miss all my niggaz, though, believe me

And I'll never forget none of them

Word up, word up

Stovetop, Roofside, you know what I'm sayin

I had these motherfuckin, all these wild-ass niggaz man

You know what I'm sayin, LB?

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Shit is wild overall, youknowwhatl'msayin God?

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Word up, youknowwhatl'msayin?

You know how we do, word up

So you let my shit go on the count of three, though

Youknowwhatl'msayin?

Verse One: Raekwon

Fake niggaz throw shit in they drinks

Club nights we snatch linx politic, Africans and chinks

While World of Sport niggaz snort coke by the seconds

Niggaz projects filled with fiends injectin

Morphine, the God seen more CREAM, and upstate

Cousin Reek, almost got hit with fourteen

Chill Pah, the God'll be a Star when you come home

Light bones and let you rock my 3G stone

So, see cousin, yo I was workin, cats I'm jerkin

And uptown these niggaz actin like they hurtin

Keys twenty-four a brick

Columbians be on some bullshit, that's why Poppy got hit

Stay tuned, word up, I hope to see you in June

By the way, I seen your bitch, she was up in this cat's room

Skeyed up, weed the fuck up, to top it off

look beat up, with two crack fiends huggin your seed up

I took care of that, though, but don't worry bout it

I got your back though

Chorus: Raekwon

Yo why's my niggas always yellin that broke shit

Let's get money Son, now you wanna smoke shit

Chill God, yo the Son don't chill Allah

What's today's mathematic Son? Knowledge God

Verse Two: Raekwon

Fly like cashmere, last year, my team caught bodies in Gravesmere

Hit a store owner named Mike Lavonia

Italiano, slanted-eyed bangin them fat Milano

Selling coke right out the bottle

Sometime, a nigga brought nines to test with minds

Crazy peace, buying keys in Greece

Was a rich nigga, picture the nigga without dope figures

Condo with his chick, rockin the gold vigor

Mafia flicks, tyin up tricks was his main hobby

Teachin his seed, Wu-Tang karate

Mixin drinks in clubs, hairy chest with many minks

Night time rollin with spics

Extra live, he claimed he couldn't die, top rank

Took sixteen shots in his fist to bank

And his pet piranha, he named him marijuana

Smokin ganja, callin his weed paisandra

Claimin New York was ancient Babylon

Where the sky stayed the color of grey, like her-on

I can't front though, truck loads of indo
Soon to blow slow, his ass is out now, tally-hoe
Chorus 2X
pause
Chorus
Outro: Raekwon
Yeah uh huh, uh huh, Miami niggaz
Word up, show your love
Yeah y'all, yeah y'all, yeah
Word up, London, Europe, Africa
Word up, the fifty-two states, yeah
Catch me later, word up, yeah, yeah
About to make moves and slide like grease
Moves and slide like grease
Moves