

Raekwon, State Of Grace

(feat. RZA)

[Intro: Tony Montana "Scarface" sample]

It's those guys, man

It's the fucking bankers, the politicians

They the ones, don't wanna make coke illegal

So they can make the fucking money

And then they get the fucking votes

You fighting the bad guys, they the bad guys!

[Intro: RZA (Raekwon)]

Trash... yes!

(And close the fucking door, man) Wu-Tang!

(Fucking idiots, man) Aiyoo, Chef, bodododododododododododododo....

(Stand... shit man, fuck these motherfuckers, come on, man)

Nigga what!

[Raekwon]

CREAM vanquish, my queen keeps it's stainless

Cracks and Brussels, screwing everything famous

Love to hustle, my ring, call it big Uranus

Cats that scuffle, crawl on you and break fingers

That's what's up, some saw me in them bone rangers

Me and my homey, we bought like forty things up

Long as you owe me, you won't get a damn thing, son

Shoot off your kangol, while you in the plane, fronting

Stop, admire me, ya'll should of fired me

Cause when I come back, it's me and my diary

None of that bullshit, few men got tired of me

My niggaz is wrong, they hated, and they lied to me

Explain the saga, fuck yo, your chain liver

Fuck the blinging, have my money by five, to me

Ya'll 'pose to bring it, fuck you and your whole variety

I'm bringing my hammers, I beat it like, five to three

[Chorus: Raekwon]

Jealous ass niggaz can't see they man prosper

They'd rather see me in a broke down fuckin' Mazda

Don't disrespect me, son, you will get popped up

My resume's off the hook, now, check mi casa

Yeah, call it, what you wanna call it

My bread is larger, nigga, you can never spoil it

Thought you was loyal, now a nigga can't support you

Blastin' you up, and off me, now you look rewarded

[Raekwon]

What's that smell? Rat piss and possum pussy

Bitch don't yell, I'm not impressed, don't push me

I'm back with some haters, they wipe shit and blast pussies up

Bloody ya blazer, take all your man cush weed

Yeah, I'm coming just to claim a title

Rap is boring, niggaz need another idol

When I'm gone, just let off like forty rifles

Aiming at rappers, biting off the God's bible

I destroy you, lyrically, I spit oil

This is war, you can never escape, conio

Ya'll some lamesters, never seen a yard soiled

When it's on, now we gon' see who's loyal

Yeah, yeah, I'm coming, yo, to get it from you

Place that crown in the garbage, or you sitting on

A few things mattered, you was just a corner don

That got shot dead like Malcolm in the Audubon

[Chorus]