

# Raekwon The Chef, Knuckleheadz

Intro:

(Raekwon)

One for you, one for me  
Two for you, one-two for me  
Three for you...

(Ghostface)

What? I'll smack f\*\*k out ya  
Smack fire out your f\*\*kin ass, what the f\*\*k you think this is man?  
Get the f\*\*k up outta here man

(Raekwon) So yo matter of fact, the man is back

(Ghostface) Think my head is madder than f\*\*kin fire

(Raekwon) Shit aight, this ain't even enough burn right here  
This ain't enough

(Ghostface) F\*\*k it man

(Raekwon) We gonna shoot right over there  
And yo them niggaz got the big CREAM over there  
So just chill

(Ghostface) So let's do this the f\*\*k up, roll up like tropical kid  
Don't play me like I got a flowerpot head kid

Just chill man

(Raekwon) On the real let's go get this money fast Son  
I know how we gotta do this kid

\*shots fire\*

(Ghostface) Scrungy-head motherf\*\*ker

Verse One: Raekwon the Chef

Lay on the crime scene, sippin fine wines  
Pullin nines on, UFO's, takin they fly clothes  
They eyes closed, we gettin loot  
No doubt, check the word of mouth, unheard about  
Guns go off and now a murder bout  
I'm out  
My raps play the part like a Get Smart secret agent  
in a maze and, styles blazin, Johnny Blaze and Tony Starks in a daze and  
rhymin, my nigga Lou Diamond will wrap it up  
We like Meth to go and f\*\*k with Noodles  
Havin them poodles on the lockdown buyin me  
Amarett-ahs, and chewables, stackin pharmecuetical  
Rap niggaz on dust and wools  
Yo, I told you, some kill rob and fold  
The gold's untold, f\*\*k it it beats parole  
So stroll marvelous, soul controller  
of the whole globe, god damn I got it sewn  
And yo, whattup pop, pop the suitcase high  
And we can talk, you can walk out the f\*\*kin building  
And get caught, save the fully inflatable  
Rap relatable, drug relatable  
Niggaz here to play with you  
A hundred dollar Rottweiler goes to spot sellers  
Guns and glocks go to niggaz who got props  
on top, jail niggaz get mad bigger  
And yo, mail a guy about a hundred pictures  
Word to momma, this rap wonderama team got drama  
Comma, plus smoke realize marijuana  
Chef may resign to boat across the Farasana  
Immaculate plus all my guns so accurate  
They get CREAM and the cuisine in Queens  
I told you, money stated with the night beams, and two rings

Crazy fat, gettin ready to do this shit

(Ghostface) Sniff mad shit man, what the f\*\*k

\*car peels and crashes\*

## Verse Two: Ghostface Killer

Who's the Knucklehead, wantin respect?  
Chop his fingers in the drug game, money well known  
Lead singer, humdinger, flash is the aftermath  
Here's his photograph  
Run up in his lab, take off the mask Chaz and think fast  
Don't laugh, bag the cash, grab the hash, don't forget his stash  
Grab the tear gas, and place it in his face fast  
The full blast

...

Then skate to the next state  
Further upstate, I heard they got crazy weight  
Bagged up by the gates, in crates like disco breaks  
Yo look out for Jakes, give it all it takes  
Let's burn the place before we motivate  
Yo Blake, niggaz don't fink, rape his mate  
if the bitch scream, for God's sake, grab the grey tape  
It's by the plate, with the blow crushed up with the flakes  
Killer snakes, four bodies found floatin in lakes  
Drug related, paper talkin bout the kids who didn't make it  
Hits without a trace, never seen the Big C Rae and Ghostface  
Congratulations Chef, let's celebrate and sip an eighth

## Verse Three: U-God

The rap scar is on rap chrome  
Put it on seal it on, we're silicone  
Spark it on your Talkathon  
This rap phenomenon, to word is bond to the arms  
Hit me on the hip and horns, rap chaperone  
Scars tone, bar clones, war tones, raw tones  
Blowin out the door, bones but  
Your rap's fraudulent, float in these rap quarter inches  
Reinforced with suspense, be on your rap sword defense  
These microphone professional, sensational  
Fully operational, I got NIGGAZ here to play with you  
You know the steez you know my whole program  
Brothers from the No-Lands, all we want is the G's  
guns and grams, livin fat like the Hoffa  
Mafia, sippin eatin pastas  
Layin in the house tellin the seeds about the sagas  
Before we got Germanic and thoughts got sporadic  
We grabbed golden tablets and quick guarded the Abbots  
Slugs hit the belly put tones into the telly  
Sucker tried to knock me out the box like skelly  
I smoke the weed dreams I drop top two degrees  
Honeydips spendin G's on nails and hair weave  
The crime boss, takin no loss, excessive force  
We can play the A-Train, back of the iron horse

Yo man, knahmsayin? F\*\*k it man  
\*car squeels and crashes twice\*