

# Ghostface Killah, Daytona 500

(feat. Raekwon the Chef, Cappadonna)

[singing]

We are the G, O-D's  
And we came to rock, the spot  
Like Ironman Starks  
They be the illest MC's, in the world today  
Cappa Raekwon and the R-Z-A  
So listen to them clear, and put the box right near your ear  
Light your blunts and down your beers  
Cause you could never fuck with Wu-Tang Killer Beez...

[Verse One: Raekwon the Chef]

Say peace to cats who rock mack knowledge  
Knowledgists, street astrologists  
Light up the mic God, knowledge this  
Fly joints that carried your points  
Corolla Motorola holder  
Play it God, he pack over the shoulder  
Chrome tanks, player like Yanks, check the franchise  
Front on my guys, my enterprise splash many lives  
Rapel on fakes like reflectors  
He had sugar in his ear in his last crack career  
We can can him, manhandle him, if you wanna  
run in his crib-o, get ditto, skate like a limo  
And jet to the flyest estate, relate take a break  
Break down an eighth and then wait drop it like Drake  
Thugs they be boeing and screwing, we canoeing  
Claim they doin the same shit we doin, fuck your unit  
It's the same style, RZA trainable, jump the turnstyle  
On the alley tried to challenge God for the new vials  
Especially that, aluminum bat in the act  
Relax, lay back, sell a grenade a day, it pays black  
The Mac-10 flex white cats like Windex  
Index finger be sore, bustin these fly scripts  
The Wally kid count crazily grands with our plans  
Layin with my bitches and my mans in Lex Lands  
We losin em, jet to the stash and now Jerusalem  
Abusin em, rockin his jewels like we usin em  
Low pro star, seven thick waves rock Polar  
Roll with the older God, build with the Son and the Star

[Chorus:]

All these MC's start realizing  
That Ghost got that shit, that'll keep you vibing  
The Wu is here to bring, you Shaolin's finest  
But if your shields are weak, you better step behind us

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killer]

Mercury raps is roughed then God just shown like taps  
Red and white Wally's that match, bend my baseball hat  
Doin forever shit, like pissin out the window on turnpikes  
Robbin niggaz for leathers, high swipin on dirt bikes  
Voice be metal like Von Harper radio bubble  
Murder sleep away camp, the fly lady champ  
The arsonist, who burn with his pen regardless  
Slaying all these earthlings and fake foreigners  
In the Phillipines, pick herbal beans, bubbling strings  
Body chemical CREAM, we burn kerosene  
The conviction of my tape is rape, wicked like Nixon  
Long-heads inscriptions with three sixes in

Kiss the pyramid experiment with high explosive  
I slapbox with Jesus, lick shots at Joseph  
Zoomin like binoculars, the rap blacksmith  
Money's Rolex, with sparkles, Chef ragtop is spotless  
I'm Iron Man no cheap cash metal I'm steel alloy  
True identity hidden inside secret tabloids  
Breathe oxygen both sides of my jaw carry oxes  
The track hit like the bangers, in hundred watt boxes  
Yo jostling these cats while Little J be deli-ing  
Sip Irish Moss out of Widelians

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Cappadonna]

Give me the the fifty thou, small bills  
My gold plate, my slang kills  
My Benz spills, whattup Lils  
Murder one Dunn  
Killer bee stung, guess who back home Son  
My technique of slang camp won, third platoon soon  
Cristal bottles, cages of boom, probably wardrobe  
The mad-hatter big dick style, beware goons  
smuggle balloons, lord of dooms, in fat pussy wombs  
Let the Gods build, pull up the grill  
Check out the mad skills  
Top secret technique, too hard for you to peep it  
and keep it, jiggy style of rap and watchin knuckle slang  
sweep it out of order ape recorder can't record my slaughter  
spoil the rotten Don is too good to be forgotten  
High top notch, borderline rhymes is handcocked  
Ninety-six, my ill sound clash is still hot  
Get yourself shot

[Chorus]