

# Raekwon, Incarcerated Scarfaces

Intro: [LP Version]

He looks determined without being ruthless  
Something heroic in this man, there's a courage about him  
Doesn't look like a killer  
Comes across so calm, acts like he has a dream  
Full of passion

You don't trust me huh?

Well you know why

I do, we're not supposed to trust anyone in our profession anyway

Intro Two: Raekwon the Chef

Knock niggaz out the box all the time  
Bitches on my motherfuckin records Pah  
Big ones, yeah, big fuckers  
Straight up, fuck your whole team  
Yeah bust it

Yo, yo, fly G.I. niggaz

Chorus: Raekwon the Chef

Now yo yo, whattup yo, time is runnin out  
It's for real though, let's connect politic - ditto!  
We could trade places, get lifted in the staircases  
Word up, peace incarcerated scarfaces

Verse One: Raekwon the Chef

Thug related style attract millions  
Fans, they understand my plan  
Who's the kid up in the green Land?  
Me and the RZA connect, blow a fuse, you lose  
Half-ass crews get demolished and bruised  
Fake be frontin, hourglass heads niggaz be wantin  
Shuttin down your slot; time for pumpin  
Poisonous sting which thumps up and act chumps  
Raise a heavy generator  
But yo, guess who's the black Trump?  
Dough be flowin by the hour's  
Wu, we got the collars, scholars  
Word life, peace to power and my whole unit  
Word up! Quick to set it, don't wet it  
Real niggas lick shots, peace kinetic

Chorus

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Chef'll shine like marble, rhyme remarkable  
Real niggaz raise up, spend your money, argue  
But this time is for the uninvited  
Go head and rhyme to it, big nigga mics is gettin fired  
Morphine chicks be burnin like chlorine  
Niggaz recognize from here to Baltimore to Fort Greene  
But hold up, Moet be tastin like throw-up  
My mob roll up, dripped to death whips rolled up  
Ya never had no wins, slidin in these dens wit Timbs  
Wit Mac-10's and broke friends  
Ya got guns, got guns too, what up son, do  
you wanna battle for cash and see who Sun too?  
I probably wax, tax, smack rap niggaz who fax  
niggaz lyrics is wack nigga  
Can't stand unofficial, wet tissue, blank bustin Scud missles  
You rollin like Trump, you get your meat lumped  
For real, it's just slang rap democracy  
Here's the policy, slide off the ring, plus the Wallabees  
Check the status, soon to see me at  
Caesar's Palace eatin salads  
We beatin mics and the keys to Dallas  
I move rhymes like retail, make sure shit sell  
From where we at to my man's cell  
From staircase to stage, minimum wage  
But soon to get a article in RapPage

But all I need is my house, my gat, my Ac  
Bank account fat - it's goin' down like that  
And pardon the French but let me speak Italian  
Black Stallion, dwellin on Shaolin  
That means the island of Staten  
And niggaz carry gats and mad police from Manhattan  
Chorus

Verse Three: Raekwon the Chef

I do this for barber shop niggaz in the Plaza  
Catchin asthma, Rae is stickin gun-flashers  
Well-dressed, skatin through the projects wit big ones  
Broke elevators, turn the lights out, stick one  
upstairs, swithc like a chameleon  
Hip Brazilians, pass the cash or leave your children  
Leave the buildin  
Niggas, yo they be foldin' like envelopes under pressure  
Like Lou Farigno on coke  
Yo, Africans denyin niggaz up in yellow cabs  
Musty like funk, wavin they arms, the Arabs  
Sit back, coolin like Kahlua's on rocks  
On the crack spots, rubberband wrapped on my knots  
You bitches who fuck dreds on Sudafeds  
Pussy's hurtin, they did it for a yard for the Feds  
Word up cousin, nigga, I seen it  
Like a 27-inch Zenith - believe it!  
Chorus  
...politic ditto  
...get lifted in the staircases