

# Raekwon The Chef, Casablanca

(Conversation):

Stop touching the f\*\*king door man  
You so f\*\*king paranoid man  
What's the matter wit' you man?  
It's like a nigga could write for hours  
And get real theatrical wit' this,  
Understand?  
Tellin' you kid,  
I got stripes when it comes to this right here,  
Y'all know my repertoire  
It's dangerous, and the cats I roll wit' is dangerous  
And they ain't your regular average cats  
Here we go..

Verse 1:

Aiyyo,  
It's all elegance  
He spoke third power style high intelligence  
A young man handle the game like Merrill Lynch  
3 a.m. breathing, leaning in gates  
I mean creaming,  
Selling these cakes in slabs like Lanolakes  
Fiends beaming, steaming  
Associated wit' names and demons  
All apparant reasons  
We live here the gate blew in a year  
Sorta like time share where crime  
Sport it like I shine yeah,  
Rainbow dough was the emmo  
So many flavours yo,  
Buy your neighbour off underwater vault  
Then I met him, Colombian name Flako  
Had the whole block locked selling tons in Morocco  
Wristwatch Fachera Costanti, nigga dead up  
Sniff the rawest mist mixed wit' 7up  
Had a black wiz spoke German  
Higher learning burning  
Ask Vernon got a bed set bought a black jet  
Bitch large percentage on her rich motor lodge  
Lost her arm, shot wid a AK up in the south  
Paramedics rocked her,  
Said she had connections out Anartica  
Barrels of juices from Florida  
Can't forget live dusthead centerfoldin  
Out in Club Med butt ass layin' like she dead  
Wise guys fell for her ambiance  
Pull it together, black renaissance  
Queen Elizabeth aunt  
Crazy swift Cristal murderer  
Guzzle the shit like she dying kid  
Showing off her diamond  
Flashbacks now it's me and him again  
Last word I caught  
'Put your money in we could have the shit bumpin'  
That's federalo music  
I caught the glimpse from the bitch  
When she winched yeah Santa a grinch  
She blinked twitched her nose then froze  
Check your Rolls by the blow  
It's time to roll nigga let's go  
I thought about it  
Broke the money down

What's the total count it,  
No count it over in the mix  
Day going slower,  
Nope not time to motor  
He estimated over me not being a crook  
Count it over  
Yo only on the strength of my man  
We ain't hit him wid the strong hand  
Gun him down leave him out in flatlands  
He backhand smacked her  
Threw her on the table jacked her  
I broke out in laughter fifteen minutes after  
Police knocked on the door  
Looked out the window of my room  
As your, nigga yeah that's yours  
He opened up the door this nigga wildin'  
His bitch is in shock  
Start smiling and speaking on Valen  
Yo wisen up bitch this from the rich  
Immobilize the game get your name right  
Envelope came hype  
Regards from the mayor you hype  
F\*\*k right, lets f\*\*k this money up  
And get large and blow outta sight

Wise niggas wake up  
Dead niggas lose  
Who you gon' choose  
Me or him  
You a fool  
Pay attention  
F\*\*k around meet the tension  
See you in the next dimension  
Y'all niggas didn't listen

(Repeat x3)