

# Raekwon The Chef, Criminology

"Intro: Raekwon (plus sample of Tony Montana having an argument)"

&quot;I told you a long time ago you fuckin little monkey  
not to FUCK ME.&quot;  
&quot;Hey hey, who the FUCK you think you goin for huh??!&quot;  
&quot;Who the fuck you think I am your fuckin dough-boy?&quot;  
&quot;You wanna go to war?... Wanna go to war, OK?&quot;

Comin up on half a mil, we build  
Get real God, taking you on another one Son  
Uhh, Julio Igleasias  
Makin CREAM like that nigga

"Verse One: Ghostface Killah"

Yo, first of all son, peep the arson  
Many brothers I be sparkin and bustin mad light inside the dark  
Call me dough snatcher, just the brother for the rapture  
I handglide, holdin on strong, hard to capture  
Extravagant, RZA bake the track and it's militant  
Then I react, like a convict, and start killin shit  
It's manifested, the Gods work like appliances  
Dealin in my cypher I revolve around sciences  
The 9th chamber, leave you trapped inside my hallway  
You try to flee but you got smoked up by the doorway (blaow! blaow! blaow!)  
No question, I send your ass back, right to the essence  
Your whole frame is smothered in dirt, now how you restin  
While I'll be trapped by sounds, locked behind loops  
Throwin niggaz off airplanes cause +Cash Rules  
Everything Around Me+ black, as you can see  
Swallow this murder one verse like God Degree  
Then analyze my soundtrack for satisfaction  
You adapt like a flashback chain reaction

"Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef"

Just a minute son...  
AK's black bust back like seventy Macs  
I'm all that, street niggaz knowin my steez black  
Ron G, you know he coincide with me see  
Marvelous, Menace fo' Society  
But anyway, let's toast, champagne thoughts with Ghost  
I max the most shotguns through the nose  
Phonograph hip-hop put me on top  
'Lo wears, and Tommy Hil fly shit with a knot  
The witty unpredictable live shit, drive by shit  
Do or die shit, I'll take your lie and shit  
And then you know, I'm runnin through the penal, foul  
Four-toothed child was wild  
The old lady snitched, but fuck it, you know it, one love kid  
No I'm not doin a bid  
Too much to get for what cause six niggaz got  
stuck, and the nigga chain was truck  
Yo fuck that, Criminology rap  
Speakers stay jet black floatin in the flyest Ac'  
Nigga... bring it! Yeah..

"Outro: Raekwon"

Much love go to New York City  
All my Tommy Hil' ice rockin niggaz