

Raekwon The Chef, Guillotinz (Swordz)

Intro: Inspectah Deck

Allow me to demonstrate the skill of Shaolin
The special technique of shadowboxing

Poisonous, poisonous (word word word)
I should slap all y'all niggaz for coming in my f**kin face with that shit
Alright cool yeah, go ahead man...
Poisonous

Verse One: Inspectah Deck a.k.a. Rebel INS

Poisonous paragraphs, smash ya phonograph
in half, it be the Inspectah Deck on the warpath
First class leavin mics with a cast
Causin ruckus like the aftermath when guns blast
Run fast, here comes the verbal assaulta
Rhymes runnin wild like a child in a walker
I scored from the inner slums abroad
And my thoughts are razor sharp I sliced the mic from the cord
First they criticize, but now they have become
mentally paralyzed with hits that I devise
Now I testify, the rest is I, Rebel INS
Ya highness, blessed to electrify
with voltage of an eel, truth that I reveal'll
crush the amateurs who screamed to keep it real
Caesar black down hoodied up and fatigues
Part time minor leagues receive third degrees
Attack like a wolf pack, once I pull back
then guard you, and bust through like a fullback

Verse Two: Ghostface Killer a.k.a. Tony Starks

Yo, you fourteen carat gold slum computer wizard
Tappin inside my rap vein causes blizzards
Do I like the kills for ice trife like botta digits
Gorillas injected with strength of eighty midgets
The Earth spins ruins, rap exotic blends
Let my peeps in, niggaz gaspin swallowin aspirins
What a dosage, you overdosed in rap
High explosives my post-its hypnotize with hypnosis
I sell goods, my whole Clan is on the run like Natural Born Killers
Record-breaking the album Thriller
Now access the jig who has bombs and rocket launchers
Float like dope killer bees is what I sponsor
Ya entrepreneur, pens and gear like shakespeare
When I f**k I grab hair, collect drawers as souveneirs
F**k yeah, my crew down German beers
My career is based on guns, throwin cats in wheelchairs
Etcetera, damage any lame ass competitor
Who try to front, get broken and passed like leathers
Whatever hot hardheads get shattered like mirrors
Beretta shots splatter your goose, scatter ya feathers
Say never poetry chumps crumbs deal with graphic
Blew my family overseas in mansions
If rap was crack, fully packed I be tour cats
Tax the kingpin of the rap drug traffickin
Village niggaz get slapped in Manhattan
for rappin, big Ghost steps off laffin

(Were you just using the Wu-Tang school method against me?
I've learned so many styles, forgive me)

Verse Three: Raekwon the Chef a.k.a. Lou Diamonds

Sit back relax, fake niggaz don't get turns
Watch me massage ya brain with slang that's king
Projects filled with young men cause threats
Who is that? Thousand dollar chains and techs
Focus, the brokest niggaz of life shit
These mics is like cocaine Sun, check the suicidal hype shit
Exchange mad blunts taste the sweepstakes
Keepin up on fakes outta state for cakes
No doubt, plus nobody amount, we making dough off of
Puttin fifty on the Land and Allah, it's like that
Pull ya shoes up black, matta of fact just adapt
Tie up, ya black Nike's and tight hats
Corners, stay surrounded with foreigners
Whattup dread? Feds caught you grudgin for his bread
But regardless, peace to jail niggaz with charges
Unify layin in the guard with La
My Clan done ran from Japan to Atlanta, with stamina
Clingers and gamblers, and gram handlers
Tical like the Isle, so God, let's get steamed
Infrared guard yo' Beem, so seek nuff respect
Rude bwoy you bet, keep it movin par shallah
Pro black like tar
Designin the fly shit and stay shinin and
the RZA pours more beats than Cristal's fine wine
Concrete raps go to black
with 50 other niggaz on the other side of the map
Knew it's all good and all done what, we want some
Mike Tyson of this rap shit, pullin out Macs for fun

Verse Four: The Genius/GZA a.k.a. Maximillion

The nigga don't get mad, I got mad styles of my own
And it's shown when my hands grip the chrome microphone
Verbally I catch bodies with cordless shotties
Intriguin emcees, I keep em trained like potties
I bomb facts, my sword is an axe
to split backs invisible, like dope fiend tracks
Sky's the limit, niggaz are timid, and nobody knows
How we move like wolfs in sheep clothes
Producin data, microchips or software
Undaground and off air, the Land of the Lost
Notorious henchman from the North
Strikin niggaz where the Mason-Dixon line crossed