

# Raekwon The Chef, Ice Water

Intro: Ghostface Killer

Tommy Hil' rockin ice niggaz  
Tommy Hil' ice rockin niggaz who f\*\*k...  
Mira, afrente  
Take a one on one to this shit y'all (yeah)  
Get your nostrils clear (yeah)  
Come on, sniff your brains out  
All my Al Capone, Al Pacino niggaz (yeah)  
Who's down with drug smuggling  
Cappadonna, Golden Arms

Verse One: Ghostface Killer

Yo, yo  
Take out the rap kingpin, the black Jesus  
I know a few niggaz sniff coke, it cause seizures  
Peace to half-moon Caesars  
and all the bitches in the bleachers  
Hot weather, sex on the beaches  
Jury shopping out of the country  
Deluxe luxury, people saying dem not change  
Look, truckle me  
But what about the Wonder Woman bracelet  
Two-oh point three diamond cut engraved rubies  
Kid I laced it  
My sweet tooth gotta nigga throbbin, ready for robbin  
But first hit Maria's, for a butter almond  
The bionic microphone is stacked mechanic  
Move like a bunch of Mexicans with bandanas  
Son, it's on so we can just Maximillion  
I got the spot sewn, so we can make a billion  
The God's tropical  
Ladies call me black fruit punch  
Rainbow, flavored niggas murder niggas for lunch  
Peace to the Paris crew in the avenue, and my nigga Jay Love  
Who carries switch blades on the red roof

Verse Two: Cappadonna

Yo, the first branch, the third leaf, whoever want it got beef  
I politic, show love, crush those who dare creep  
Into my realm of sunshine I praise divine  
Fine line between dawn of dumb, deaf and blind  
He ain't mine, he shook like the faggots on daytime  
Crossed over grain while we was bubblin moonshine  
Sippin on the Moet, laid up, Rae-Gambino  
Mastermind the plan, Tony Starks, Cappachino  
Develop while your head be swellin up all for the nation  
Blinded by the ice while I release the confrontation  
Donna holy fat bads of weed, ravioli  
Pasta, Bodyguard the killa bee songs like Kevin Costner  
Infrared all inside your bumba rasta  
Cappadonna pimped the derby like the mobster

Interlude: Ghostface

Yeah, yeah  
Eight spaghetti lame brain ass niggaz  
Quarters, nickels, and dimes bitch  
Except for overtime nigga  
Any ass money should be fine  
Cause I'm coming strong, reaking niggas backs  
Keepin shit real

If you haven't noticed this crazy ass rusty, ass nigga  
Let me tell you this four times  
Tony Starks, Raekwon the chef  
Cappachino and Golden Arms  
Is comin through mad strong  
From the isles of Shaolin  
For all them faggot ass  
Rusty ticket-head bitches too  
Shump shump baby

#### Verse Three: Raekwon the Chef

Yo back in the days, baggin crack, scrapin plates  
Flippin cakes to them heavy head niggaz hatin Jakes  
It be us, all the war's soldiers, hangin in halls gettin over  
City niggaz who for blood money rockin Rovers  
Stay dipped, don't have no money in your pocket  
In the streets while these people mark money in their Jeep  
Crack bums watch your back for jumps  
Caught before a fake twenty dollar bill  
Get em son, we ain't the one  
Politickin, purse vickin, sick of these Dominicans  
Eatin good, had to shoot my way up out of Bennigans  
That's life, to top it all off, beef for white  
pullin bleach out tryin to throw it in my eyesight  
Yo what the f\*\*k was on yo mind?