

Raekwon, Wisdom Body

Intro: _The Mack_

No man all bitches are the same, just like my hoes, you know

I keep em broke

Wake up one morning with some money they're subject to go crazy you know?

I keep em lookin good, pretty and all that

You know, but no dough

When I get a bitch, I got a bitch (right on)

Lyrics: Ghostface

Word up, that motherfuckin brother wise

Youknowwhat!msayin? Teachin the uncivilized

Yeah, runnin the streets, know it's deep

Word up, check his technique, yeah

I be Ghostface

Flippin the, marvelous track

Yeah

You know the steelo, but yo, yo

Check the bangin sounds that I invent

Fake niggaz who tried to flex hard came and went

They couldn't match up with the fly nigga

Wit his back against the wall

Heads clapped once I came in the door

I played the speaker, sippin on Kahlua

Saw this bad bitch wit a switch

And yo, I had to step to her in a manner

and rather wished the current was warm

When I had reached her, I looked and knew the shit was on

Peace, excuse me, allow to introduce myself

Yo, I'm the man, and Honey, you've been rated top shelf

Yo, what's your name hon, hair wrapped up in a bun

Your eyes sparkle, just like glass in the sun

Never diss em, it's hard for a nigga just to miss em

Especially, when you're browsin, goin fishin

Your wasteline, bangin like a bassline

Physical form is well complexed

And yo, I love your outline, Boo

Your whole body is wild, wit your rugged profile

Enough to make a hard rock smile

You can't strikeout, tell me what can really go wrong

You rockin' labels - Tommy Hil down to Claiborne

Show me some love hon, show me some love boo

Show me the vibe and I'll be more than glad to shoot it through

Aiyyo peep it, I know you love Victoria's Secret

And lovin' all the marvelous slang on how I freak it

Plus, see you're the type to make a nigga crash

Far from trash, your flesh is way softer than a baby's ass

Your body lotion is the potion, the shit got me open like dust

And yo, your stee is high potent, yo

We can go the distance, I put you under wings

From this convo we can spark and see whatever brings

I walked a hot Arabian desert, barefooted

I grabbed your hand, you grabbed my joint and knew where to put it

Word up, yo, straight up and down yo

Check the joint, baby

It be the Wu-Tang production

Yeah, yeah, and all types of shit

And brothas catchin repercussions

Yo, straight up