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Raekwon f/ RZA "State of Grace"

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* first single; send corrections to the typist

[Intro: Tony Montana "Scarface" sample] It's those guys, man It's the fucking bankers, the politicians They the ones, don't wanna make coke illegal So they can make the fucking money And then they get the fucking votes You fighting the bad guys, they the bad guys!

[Intro: RZA (Raekwon)] Trash... yes! (And close the fucking door, man) Wu-Tang! (Fucking idiots, man) Aiyo, Chef, bodododododododododo.... (Stand ... shit man, fuck these motherfuckers, come on, man) Nigga what!

[Raekwon]

CREAM vanguish, my gueen keeps it's stainless Cracks and Brussels, screwing everything famous Love to hustle, my ring, call it big Uranus Cats that scuffle, crawl on you and break fingers That's what's up, some saw me in them bone rangers Me and my homey, we bought like forty things up Long as you owe me, you won't get a damn thing, son Shoot off your kangol, while you in the plane, fronting Stop, admire me, ya'll should of fired me Cause when I come back, it's me and my diary None of that bullshit, few men got tired of me My niggaz is wrong, they hated, and they lied to me Explain the saga, fuck yo, your chain liver Fuck the blinging, have my money by five, to me Ya'll 'pose to bring it, fuck you and your whole variety I'm bringing my hammers, I beat it like, five to three

[Chorus: Raekwon]

Jealous ass niggaz can't see they man prosper They'd rather see me in a broke down fuckin' Mazda Don't disrespect me, son, you will get popped up

My resume's off the hook, now, check mi casa Yeah, call it, what you wanna call it My bread is larger, nigga, you can never spoil it Thought you was loyal, now a nigga can't support you Blastin' you up, and off me, now you look rewarded

[Raekwon]

What's that smell? Rat piss and possum pussy Bitch don't yell, I'm not impressed, don't push me I'm back with some haters, they wipe shit and blast pussies up Bloody ya blazer, take all your man cush weed Yeah, I'm coming just to claim a title Rap is boring, niggaz need another idol When I'm gone, just let off like forty rifles Aiming at rappers, biting off the God's bible I destroy you, lyrically, I spit oil This is war, you can never escape, conio Ya'll some lamesters, never seen a yard soiled When it's on, now we gon' see who's loyal Yeah, yeah, I'm coming, yo, to get it from you Place that crown in the garbage, or you sitting on A few things mattered, you was just a corner don That got shot dead like Malcolm in the Audubon

[Chorus]

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