

Ray-J % Brandy "Poisonous Darts"

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"Let's see you try the water technique! Hai! Ha, ha!
(sounds of fists and a whoosh of air followed by a punch)

The sky is high, the cloud is low
But my water technique is hard to think
that the earth, can absorb water, hai! Hai!"

Yeah... word up... gotta zip my coat
Yeah...

"The sky is high, the cloud is low" (fuck him)
"But my water technique is hard to think" (yeah, check the live shit)
"that the earth, can absorb water, hai! Hai!" (uhh)

[Verse One: Ghostface Killah]

What the fuck I got the moonshine, word to God let's get it on
Clap your heels two times, grab the magic wand
Nameless, these stonewashed cats leave him brainless
Showin out of this world, stranded on Uranus
With coke and a dollar bill stems and crack capsules
Take a blast fool but we trap up crews it's natural
like soybean, burn like a laser beam
My vaccine I shoot it firm and it connects like sideburns
The segment, rare fragment comes together
like magnets, attract heads capture like Dragnet
Goin through mad phases, of all ages
Killa beez locked the fuck up behind cages
The Genovese swallow this line and caught a freeze
Press call ID for me to quote more degrees
The fortune teller Tucker sleepin gas umbrella
A war where they're gunnin in the back of Armanbella
Now who, don't believe that cash must rule
I don't eat beef, I slap blood out of Purdue
Keep a Wallace mic, mics on strike the session
It's over, I file this and glow like flourescent

Raekwon sings some shit over Water Technique samples

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killah]

Yo yo, methods of blow like snow constant cashflow
Rockin a Shaft afro, Tony got mad glow
with hoes, mega powder drippin from they nose
Fuckin Jet magazine bitches with, wild pussy pose
Send em for the whole night, daily venom horror snake
bites
Only Built 4 Cuban Link kings who shoot dice
Holdin money that's convertible, beds with feathered
bags
With the mongoose your man's got two seeds down in
Bagdad
You onionhead niggaz spread out and parlay
Yo Rae these itch days get crashed with ash trays
I pull stings like, guitar strings down in Spain
I'm so hyped Jakes label God "crack cocaine"
Why Equality Self God, yeah yeah you know it kid
Ricki fucked up, and G-Pac, blow his wig
he's rockin Wu Wear, the latest in fleece uniform
He's a newborn, look at money swearin like he's on
But anyway back to furry kangols Jamaican wallabees
My back is on the wall, bombin devils with trick-
knowledgy
My heart is cold like Russia, got jerked at The Source
awards
Next year two hundred niggaz comin with swords!

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