

## Wyclef Jean F/ MB2, Yossou N'Dour "Knuckleheadz"

Visit "[Knuckleheadz](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Intro:

[Raekwon]

One for you, one for me

Two for you, one-two for me

Three for you...

[Ghostface]

What? I'll smack fuck out ya

Smack fire out your fuckin ass, what the fuck you think  
this is man?

Get the fuck up outta here man

[Raekwon] So yo matter of fact, the man is back

[Ghostface] Think my head is madder than fuckin fire

[Raekwon] Shit aight, this ain't even enough burn right  
here

This ain't enough

[Ghostface] Fuck it man

[Raekwon] We gonna shoot right over there

And yo them niggaz got the big CREAM over there

So just chill

[Ghostface] So let's do this the fuck up, roll up like  
tropical kid

Don't play me like I got a flowerpot head kid

Just chill man

[Raekwon] On the real let's go get this money fast Son

I know how we gotta do this kid

\*shots fire\*

[Ghostface] Scrungy-head motherfucker

Verse One: Raekwon the Chef

Lay on the crime scene, sippin fine wines

Pullin nines on, UFO's, takin they fly clothes

They eyes closed, we gettin loot

No doubt, check the word of mouth, unheard about

Guns go off and now a murder bout

I'm out

My raps play the part like a Get Smart secret agent

in a maze and, styles blazin, Johnny Blaze and Tony

Starks in a daze and

rhymin, my nigga Lou Diamond will wrap it up

We like Meth to go and fuck with Noodles  
Havin them poodles on the lockdown buyin me  
Amarett-ahs, and chewables, stackin pharmecuetical  
Rap niggaz on dust and wools  
Yo, I told you, some kill rob and fold  
The gold's untold, fuck it it beats parole  
So stroll marvelous, soul controller  
of the whole globe, god damn I got it sewn  
And yo, whattup pop, pop the suitcase high  
And we can talk, you can walk out the fuckin building  
And get caught, save the fully inflatable  
Rap relatable, drug relatable  
Niggaz here to play with you  
A hundred dollar Rottweiler goes to spot sellers  
Guns and glocks go to niggaz who got props  
on top, jail niggaz get mad bigger  
And yo, mail a guy about a hundred pictures  
Word to momma, this rap wonderama team got drama  
Comma, plus smoke realize marijuana  
Chef may resign to boat across the Farasana  
Immaculate plus all my guns so accurate  
They get CREAM and the cuisine in Queens  
I told you, money stated with the night beams, and two  
rings

Crazy fat, gettin ready to do this shit  
[Ghostface] Sniff mad shit man, what the fuck  
\*car peels and crashes\*

#### Verse Two: Ghostface Killer

Who's the Knucklehead, wantin respect?  
Chop his fingers in the drug game, money well known  
Lead singer, humdinger, flash is the aftermath  
Here's his photograph  
Run up in his lab, take off the mask Chaz and think fast  
Don't laugh, bag the cash, grab the hash, don't forget  
his stash  
Grab the tear gas, and place it in his face fast  
The full blast  
...  
Then skate to the next state  
Further upstate, I heard they got crazy weight  
Bagged up by the gates, in crates like disco breaks  
Yo look out for Jakes, give it all it takes  
Let's burn the place before we motivate  
Yo Blake, niggaz don't fink, rape his mate  
if the bitch scream, for God's sake, grab the grey tape  
It's by the plate, with the blow crushed up with the  
flakes  
Killer snakes, four bodies found floatin in lakes

Drug related, paper talkin bout the kids who didn't  
make it  
Hits without a trace, never seen the Big C Rae and  
Ghostface  
Congratulations Chef, let's celebrate and sip an eighth

Verse Three: U-God

The rap scar is on rap chrome  
Put it on seal it on, we're silicone  
Spark it on your Talkathon  
This rap phenomenon, to word is bond to the arms  
Hit me on the hip and horns, rap chaperone  
Scars tone, bar clones, war tones, raw tones  
Blowin out the door, bones but  
Your rap's fraudulent, float in these rap quarter inches  
Reinforced with suspense, be on your rap sword  
defense  
These microphone professional, sensational  
Fully operational, I got NIGGAZ here to play with you  
You know the steez you know my whole program  
Brothers from the No-Lands, all we want is the G's  
guns and grams, livin fat like the Hoffa  
Mafia, sippin eatin pastas  
Layin in the house tellin the seeds about the sagas  
Before we got Germanic and thoughts got sporadic  
We grabbed golden tablets and quick guarded the  
Abbots  
Slugs hit the belly put tones into the telly  
Sucker tried to knock me out the box like skelly  
I smoke the weed dreams I drop top two degrees  
Honeydips spendin G's on nails and hair weave  
The crime boss, takin no loss, excessive force  
We can play the A-Train, back of the iron horse

Yo man, knahmsayin? Fuck it man  
\*car squeels and crashes twice\*

Visit [Wyclef Jean F/ MB2. Yossou N'Dour](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.