

Christian Christian

"Knuckleheadz"

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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

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