

Raekwon f/ Inspectah Deck, Masta Killa "Kiss the Ring"

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[Intro: Raekwon w/ various others in background (Inspectah Deck)] Suga, come here, aiyo man, tell ya man He better bring that fucking money here tomorrow, man You, walk up in the joint with me, man It's all real, yo, what up son? Yo, hold the bottle, it's your night, nigga! It's your night! *bottles popping* Yeah, mad bottles! Playboy! We out of here, man (Step inside, kiss the ring --- so salute, and toast to the best who done it) {Give it up for the Wu-Tang Clan!}

[Chorus 2X: Inspectah Deck] When I step inside, kiss the ring, Wu Familia La Cosa Nostra, it's our thing So salute, and toast to the best who done it Murder rap shit, I spit, for the vets who love it [Raekwon] By the time you read this letter Your head gon' fly off your shoulder for lying And I'mma be in bed like holders Blood from a horse on your spread, you tried to play me now I'm coughing up, dough on your head, you just a baby See me in the flick as a Rick, I had to maybe with me All these niggas stay in the 90's, getting rich Rick Ruler robe on with rings, walking to the throne Fronting like I know I'm the king, I live alone though Buying up, China's Beemers, taking it to Simon's in Medina Only just to blind you and leave ya These young boys is crafted with aim, I bought 'em all Fly ranches, cuz they all stand beside me with flames Regardless, yo, to making the classic, you gon' witness some of the tactics Some died, live in the action A live general when he walk, if he died, then we slide Ninety thou' in the coffin, and take the child [Chorus] [Inspectah Deck] Black Jesus, check my walk, check my talk Legend in the flesh and I rep New York Crowned king, been down to bang, I'm House Gang Knockout specialist, in and out the ring Got dinner tables long as boats with old kitchens And Wu-Tang logos splashed on all the dishes You know how I speaks the truth, how I teach the youth I'm an animal, I beast the booth Been grinding, banging out for food to eat Your boy still eating good, check my new physique Since the world is mine, I'mma write my name on the clouds So that ol' yee faithful, can praise it and bow [Masta Killa] Now he's an old Mafia don, from back when He managed to survive the

game, ducking fame It's how he maintained, the State
of Grace, kept his lab laced Ladies of a fine taste, kept
his place guarded While the young charted, found
acquitted, all charges And his heart loss and,
marksmen take the contract From the contact, waiting
for the right event, it all made sense He left no prints
on the weapon, and he was blasting Came home from
prison stashing, still stacking His whip still matching his
kit, steel flashing Hands quick, nice with his shit, three
holy foods Drops jewels, from a street corner level,
young brother, I'mma rebel Here to instruct private
soldiers to buck arms Ya'll rap cats had your last win,
toast the kings It's Wu-Tang, it's our thing, kiss the ring
[Chorus 2X]

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