

Wu-Tang Clan f/ Cormega, Sean Price "Radiant Jewels"

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[Intro: Raekwon] Chef... let's do it... [Raekwon] Criminal kingpins, gangstas and cheap friends Actors, vixens, niggas put your kicks in Blood money when we hawking, awkward gun that go around curves Bullets braze niggas with coffin, yo Watch how to rhyme with hammers, I got two mens That don't speak English, shooting game's bananas Down in Spain, my bangles, clusty, checking my swings Trillions on, yo, cuffing my jeans Broad day, yo, body another, my microphone is like Blow 'caine, one, pull the trees, you love us, yo So killers be cool, pimps, read rules When a grown man is rapping, it's Ill Street Blues Striving, nigga, with one side Don't go against totally rent shit, nigga, baby gonna die Yeah, bank robbers armored up, gear like the boys in Heat DeNiro told one soul to keep quiet [Interlude: Cormega] Aiyo, word to mother Ya'll niggas better bring ya selfs son, word [Cormega] When Pun was packing a mack in back of the Acura I was dealing in them buildings, it wasn't no cameras The witness savages, snitching was hazardous, now it isin't Shit is embarrassing, fuck a flow, this is a lyrical aquaduct Sink or swim for what I'm hearing you bagging up Lyte like the MC, I'm 'paper thin', you tripping I'm taking trips, your eyes don't lie, take a glimpse Into my life, you see me blazing clips, with the green to make it rich With a team that'll scrape the Knicks, and a v that's crazy quick I came to wear my Yankee fitted, represent for greatness It's lyrical elevation, causing mental stimulation If I'm getting too deep, I give you a minute to take in My jewels radiant, like a view of the Caymans And thinking you seeing me, who you playing with? Cor, Mega, raw forever Fell back, pause, fell off? Never [Interlude: Sean Price] P! Shaolin, what up? [Sean Price] Aiyo, listen giraffe neck niggas, I blast techs Alejandro, came through with the Mexican Aztecs Rap smack niggas on a whole different aspect Homey, owe me dough, that's how we fucked up his last check Three train Saratoga, train stop, nigga been Metro part with the plan, make major figures Foul flagrant, two shots, give me the ball back You got shot, get off my ball sack You not hot, give me a call back, niggas is all wack

Super doopa stupid, get drugs and I fall back P, ain't a
problem that the God can't handle I set it off First
Blood, Sean John Rambo Whoooo, as you can see, I'm
focused Boot Camp for life, fuck the G.I. Joe shit Boot
Camp is an Army, better yet a Navy Marine Air Force
Ones, nigga, the shit's crazy, don't play me

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