

## **Jadakiss f/ Ghostface Killah, Raekwon**

### **"Cartel Gathering"**

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[Ghostface Killah] Yo yo yo! Word to ride nigga, yeah  
Aiyyo we four or five niggaz with furs on Up top gated  
up, big tables got the reserves on Blowin on  
saxophones, the band is rough So much ice on looks  
like my wrist been cut And we just made it back from  
Beijing Seen my jeweler, told him melt the bird down to  
eight rings And the music stopped, Jada stood up  
(yeah) Before the speech, he had everybody raise they  
cups He said, I been in spots where I can't even  
mention it "Don't drink the Cris', Ghost mighta pissed in  
it!" Romanian dude, black down, pourin the saki Face  
slumped to the side like Rocky Then Strahan came  
through, with his bullshit ring He said YIKES, when I  
pulled out my monster bling Don't be afraid of the New  
York street talk I switch gear all day bro, like you do on  
your peach porch The chairs is suede, the walls is  
velvet Marquise ballroom, so live I felt it Fat asses in  
fishnets, shakin they pelvis Playin with they pussy,  
middle finger drippin, I smelt it Poker tables, crap joints  
just for rap niggaz Me and Sheek, walkin around bitch-  
slappin niggaz There go Rae, there go P Yo Chop  
whattup! Whattup? [Raekwon] Sam Cooke writin hand,  
all of my lightning, damn Used to rob niggaz in Sam's,  
buy shams for my dude's baby shoe or booster baby,  
rollin with steel Eatin Jamaican food under the wheel  
You know the deal, book somethin then blow When  
from a O to a low, little apartment in Brookdale Gold  
was my motto, lotto numbers is what? Had it in me,  
rolled down coolin with coke That's the 90's, Chef era  
take over America Bag Ugly Betty up, make her Ms.  
Guerrera Pinky wench in sweaters, cortex burnin the  
mic booth Travel right past my heritage Them old  
school niggaz is me Taught me how to read, get  
skee'd, everybody missin a ki Yo I do this with a natural  
movement Catch me by the {?}, scope on me, fuck it  
I'm losin it [Jadakiss] AH-HAHHHH! Uh, yeah, yo I did it  
my way, lights off on the highway Greek statues on  
both sides of the driveway Word to the stamps on the  
diesel The way these niggaz is lookin either they got  
cramps or they evil One go we all go, D-boy fresh but  
hard dough Cashmere and suede cargoes On top of

the beige Wallo's 45 government edition clippers,  
straight hollows My +Clientele+ is +Supreme+ and it's  
proven that I'm +Only Built 4 the Link+ if it's +Cuban+  
I'm a pioneer, I'm not a vet (uh-uh) "Last Kiss" is a  
French one, it's not a peck (uh-uh) Movin powder, piff  
and a lot of wet You're gonna die, that's a promise, not  
a threat Yeah, but I ain't with the chatterin Cause I'd just  
rather splatter them This is a Cartel gatherin, what?

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