Ghostface Killah

"Daytona 500(feat. Raekwon the Chef, Cappadonna"

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[singing]
We are the G, O-D's
And we came to rock, the spot
Like Ironman Starks
They be the illest MC's, in the world today
Cappa Raekwon and the R-Z-A
So listen to them clear, and put the box right near your ear
Light your blunts and down your beers
Cause you could never fuck with Wu-Tang Killer Beez...

[Verse One: Raekwon the Chef]

Say peace to cats who rock mack knowledge Knowledgists, street astrologists Light up the mic God, knowledge this Fly joints that carried your points Corolla Motorola holder Play it God, he pack over the shoulder Chrome tanks, player like Yanks, check the franchise Front on my guys, my enterprise splash many lives Rapel on fakes like reflectors He had sugar in his ear in his last crack career We can can him, manhandle him, if you wanna run in his crib-o, get ditto, skate like a limo And jet to the flyest estate, relate take a break Break down an eighth and then wait drop it like Drake Thugs they be booing and screwing, we canoeing Claim they doin the same shit we doin, fuck your unit It's the same style, RZA trainable, jump the turnstyle On the alley tried to challenge God for the new vials Especially that, aluminum bat in the act Relax, lay back, sell a grenade a day, it pays black The Mac-10 flex white cats like Windex Index finger be sore, bustin these fly scripts The Wally kid count crazily grands with our plans Layin with my bitches and my mans in Lex Lands We losin em, jet to the stash and now Jerusalem Abusin em, rockin his jewels like we usin em Low pro star, seven thick waves rock Polar Roll with the older God, build with the Son and the Star

[Chorus:]

All these MC's start realizing
That Ghost got that shit, that'll keep you vibing
The Wu is here to bring, you Shaolin's finest
But if your shields are weak, you better step behind us

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killer]

Mercury raps is roughed then God just shown like taps Red and white Wally's that match, bend my baseball hat

Doin forever shit, like pissin out the window on turnpikes

Robbin niggaz for leathers, high swipin on dirt bikes Voice be metal like Von Harper radio bubble Murder sleep away camp, the fly lady champ The arsonist, who burn with his pen regardless Slaying all these earthlings and fake foreigners In the Phillipines, pick herbal beans, bubbling strings Body chemical CREAM, we burn kerosene The conviction of my tape is rape, wicked like Nixon Long-heads inscriptions with three sixes in Kiss the pyramid experiment with high explosive I slapbox with Jesus, lick shots at Joseph Zoomin like binoculars, the rap blacksmith Money's Rolex, with sparkles, Chef ragtop is spotless I'm Iron Man no cheap cash metal I'm steel alloy True identity hidden inside secret tabloids Breathe oxygen both sides of my jaw carry oxes The track hit like the bangers, in hundred watt boxes Yo jostling these cats while Little J be deli-ing Sip Irish Moss out of Widelians

[Chorus]

[Verse Three: Cappadonna]

Give me the the fifty thou, small bills

My gold plate, my slang kills

My Benz spills, whattup Lils

Murder one Dunn

Killer bee stung, guess who back home Son

My technique of slang camp won, third platoon soon

Cristal bottles, cages of boom, probably wardrobe

The mad-hatter big dick style, beware goons

smuggle balloons, lord of dooms, in fat pussy wombs

Let the Gods build, pull up the grill

Check out the mad skills

Top secret technique, too hard for you to peep it

and keep it, jiggy style of rap and watchin knuckle slang sweep it out of order ape recorder can't record my slaughter spoil the rotten Don is too good to be forgotten High top notch, borderline rhymes is handcocked Ninety-six, my ill sound clash is still hot Get yourself shot [Chorus]

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