

**Jon B.****"Verbal Intercourse"**Visit "[Verbal Intercourse](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

[Rae] No tricks, no tricks baby  
[Nas] Yeah, aiiyo Rae  
[Ghf] Check it out y'all  
[Nas] It's the science  
[Ghf] Fly wonderful  
[Rae] Yeah y'all  
[Nas] Tony Starks and umm Lex Diamonds  
[Ghf] Tony Starks, my nigga Nas  
[Rae] Strength my whole team is eatin off this type of  
shit  
[Nas] For all the fake niggaz out there, yaknahmean  
[Ghf] Word up  
[Rae] Good shit, nigga next time, no more whatever  
shit  
[Nas] Fakes be celebratin but they be mistaken  
[Ghf] Word to the wise  
[Rae] Keep your eyes open and your wallet in your front  
pocket  
[Ghf] All types of shit, yo son  
[Rae] Rock it, RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggaz is the  
prophet  
[Nas] Tell em it's on right?  
[Ghf] Show those crabs how to rhyme  
[Rae] RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggaz is the prophet  
[Ghf] It's only like five percent out of a hundred  
[Rae] RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggaz is the prophet  
[Ghf] Do it to em baby

Verse One: Nas

Through the lights cameras and action, glamour  
glitters and gold  
I unfold the scroll, plant seeds to stampede the globe  
When I'm deceased, by then the beast arise like yeast  
to conquer peace leaving savages to roam in the  
streets  
Live on the run, police paying me to give in my gun  
Trick my Wisdom, with the system that imprisoned my  
son  
Smoke a gold leaf I hold heat, nonchalantly  
I'm grungy, but things I do is real it never haunts me

while, funny style niggaz roll in the pile  
Rooster heads profile on a bus to Riker's Isle  
Holdin weed inside they pussy with they minds on the  
pretty things in life, props is a true thug's wife  
It's like a cycle, niggaz come home, some'll go in  
Do a bullet, come back, do the same shit again  
From the womb to the tomb, presume the  
unpredictable  
Guns salute life, rapidly, that's the ritual

#### Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Perhaps bullets bust niggaz discuss mad money  
True lies and white guys, we can see it through the  
eyes  
Catch the most on tape, kilos disintegrate  
Pyrex pots, we break, fiends lickin plates  
In the building niggaz building, like little children starin  
Them older niggaz aint carin  
Sirens circlin fiends are lurkin in your baggage  
oh, one's gone now, what, smack him in his cabbage  
In the woodwork, crack cells bubble like Woolworth's  
in the projects, richest niggaz rockin all the real worth  
Police questioning, rooftop cats invested in  
Tradin in they Lexus' GS's sendin messages  
Two and two makes four, Cristal's crazily pour  
Gun wars my crew phantom like swords

#### Verse Three: Ghostface Killer

With the green leathers, hunded pound snakes and  
cakes  
Fiends found in lakes, jealously Jakes we shake  
What I strive for is what I live for  
Infatuated by material things, and it's wild like for war  
like somewhere over the rainbow, I see a big pot of  
gold  
Future stacks yo I hold  
Thousands of cracks bagged up inside the shoebox  
Don't keep jack in my lap, don't wanna see Tupac  
Got two spots, a new lot, flooded with rocks  
Shoot-outs making me hot, crooked cops Bad Tony and  
the ball drop  
In the Now, I'm bangin niggaz for slide time  
Hurry up Duke I'm next, show em mine  
And what the fuck is you looking at?  
By the way young blood, hit me off with that Green Bay  
hat  
Watch your back inside the hall, new niggaz slide  
through  
like doors yo, you're starin in the mess hall

Your adrenaline runs, cigarette niggas be swindlin  
New jacks surrenderin, come home not rememberin  
Made bail with different size kicks on, a white dress  
shirt  
Lookin gay in the yard, and you got hurt  
Flashbacks, of the day room, mop ringer style  
Your faggot ass got bashed tryin to turn the dial  
You told your boo you was whylin  
Once you heard Wu, out of the blue, your family's from  
Shaolin  
High class cooks, throw on vestes out of phone books  
Infirmary niggas are screaming, "I got drugs!"  
Sharpen toothbrushes 190 mixed with baby oil and shit  
Your man's in the kitchen stashing ice picks  
Well I'ma end this with a big red cherry on top  
Me, Nas and Rae got the best product on the block

[Rae] Strength my whole team is eatin off this type of  
shit

[Ghf] Word up, throw your hands up

[Rae] Good shit, nigga next time, no more whatever  
shit

[Ghf] Cock back the Mac an say whatever

[Rae] Keep your eyes open and your wallet in your front  
pocket

[Ghf] Your Hawaiian's stale, exoticness, fly shit

[Rae] RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggaz is the prophet

[Ghf] Floatin on in nine-five in the basement

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