

Nas "Verbal Intercourse"

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[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

Infirmery 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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