

Raekwon

"Criminology"

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Intro: Raekwon (plus sample of Tony Montana having an argument)

"I told you a long time ago you fuckin little monkey not to FUCK ME."

"Hey hey, who the FUCK you think you goin for huh??!"

"Who the fuck you think I am your fuckin bell-boy?"

"You wanna go to war?.... Wanna go to war, OK?"

Comin up on half a mil, we build
Get real God, taking you on another one Son
Uhh, Julio Igleasias
Makin CREAM like that nigga

Verse One: Ghostface Killah

Yo, first of all son, peep the arson
Many brothers I be sparkin and bustin mad light inside
the dark
Call me dough snatcher, just the brother for the rapture
I handglide, holdin on strong, hard to capture
Extravagant, RZA bake the track and it's militant
Then I react, like a convict, and start killin shit
It's manifested, the Gods work like appliances
Dealin in my cypher I revolve around sciences
The ninth chamber, nigga trapped inside my hallway
You try to flee but you got smoked up by the doorway
(blaow! blaow! blaow!)
No question, I send your ass back, right to the essence
Your whole frame is smothered in dirt, now how you
restin
While I'll be trapped by sounds, locked behind loops
Throwin niggaz off airplanes cause CASH RULES
Everything around me black as you can see
Swallow this murder one verse like God degree
Then analyze my soundtrack for satisfaction
You adapt like a flashback chain reaction

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Just a minute son...

AK's black bust back like seventy Macs

I'm all that, street niggaz knowin my steez black
Ron G, you know he coincide with me see
Marvelous, Menace fo' Society
But anyway, let's toast, champagne thoughts with
Ghost
I max the most shotguns through the nose
Phonograph hip-hop put me on top
'Lo wears, and Tommy Hil fly shit with a knot
The witty unpredictable live shit, drive by shit
Do or die shit, I'll take your lie and shit
And then you know I'm runnin through the penal foul
Four-toothed child was wild
The old lady snitched, but fuck it, you know it, one love
kid
No I'm not doin a bid
Too much to get for what cause six niggaz got
Stuck, and the nigga chain was truck
Yo fuck that, Criminology rap
Speakers stay jet black floating in the flyest Ac
Nigga... bring it!
Yeah

Outro: Raekwon

Much love go to New York City
All my Tommy Hil ice rockin niggaz

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