

## **Raekwon**

# **"Rich And Black"**

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And regardless to how much power you have  
When God sends prophets and messengers  
They don't care nothing about your power  
Because they come from Thee power

Rare nigga, I'm a wonder, your best success is my  
worst blunder  
Feds tapped the number  
Jury Jacqueline Onassis could appreciate  
Weed to alleviate the pain, Eddie Kane, Richard Pryor,  
pinky ring

Watch ya conduct nigga, full pardons for my niggas  
that's livin'  
You guessed it, models, y'all keep 'em if they anorexic  
Love 'em but can't trust 'em, hate 'em but won't bust  
'em  
Cake in the savings, spinning wisdom it's like a custom

Tats of Hieroglyphics, lipstick on the collar  
I got more to lose than you do but I'm a rider  
When did the rules change? Y'all livin' trendy on  
pennies  
Meetin' deadlines with ease, no gain

You fire, I'm butane, gave the Timbs ostrich belts  
These are the times that I surprise myself  
My niggas lookin' like Black Crowes at packed shows  
The don voice stay pristine like I'm still 17

I'm rick, black, African, rockin' a golden Mack  
Trailing leather Gucci leggings on my back  
Willied by some hoodlum in the trench  
Rinse these niggaz, 86 gazelles, dicing their defense

Mike Tyson disciple, trifle with my pen, it's a rifle  
16 ways to shoot you through your Chrysler duke  
Exhalin' with niggaz the jails argue  
Bring the best niggas to the table, I'll sick 4 of my  
whales on you

Custom wooded speakers rock Elise's

Run from polices, dump on creatures, holidays with  
preachers  
Stainless Steel watches ostrich turtlenecks, here's the  
deal  
If we can't come in, they can't have the field

Bones ya Sisco, murder instrumentals  
Kanye porsche rap, how many horses live official?  
I run with generals that flash Uzis in interviews  
My shit is deep, we fly swimming dude

Verse 2 gotta be all murder just like the first verse  
Timbs yellow like the hair on a Malibu surfer  
Yellow like my Harry Winston glistenin' arm B  
Yellow like New York City piss stained concrete

That's right yo, who voted toastin' in the wind?  
Las Vegas odors, what you know  
Leave it right here, we go to the Lotus  
Put a package on your head, be promoted  
Keys in effect, paying these dumb fuckin' D's off a  
donuts

I hate to see you acting like a slave  
To get an advance here, an advance there  
Because somebody else controls your destiny

I'm rich, black, umbrella calico captain  
Wes Craven with a blade and a black  
From hood ornaments, junkies win awards in my  
tournaments  
My shit is listed like informants pics

You know we order hits, planes fire, niggas is sure to  
get ya  
Whether in Costa Rica, Lisa she's sure to twist ya  
Eatin chow lo mein with chopsticks, glocks with aim  
Watermelon chips, pop some pain

From all the riches niggas forcing out they feelings kid  
Whether in hallways or boats, now feel us kid  
Out in Alaska in the Astons, remember my passion  
Hungry wolf who never eat in his castle

Bolivian connects wrestlers yeah  
Chef ambidextrous, quick to back you in like the Lexus  
shit  
Hunted by the FBI, we gracious  
More demonstrations shit is tough milk it, carnation

It was the Shaolin

The Shaolin? Never  
Never?  
The poison your master drunk is familiar to the Shaolin  
Monks

We don't talk, you're gonna die  
My lord, enough  
Quiet down  
There's no point to it, he's just like his master  
He's not gonna tell you

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