

Raekwon

"Verbal Intercourse - Raekwon Featuring Ghost Face Killer And Nas"

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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, hundred 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
Infirmiry 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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