

Raekwon the Chef "Incarcerated Scarfaces"

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He looks determined without being ruthless
Something heroic in this man
There's a courage about him, doesn't look like a killer
Comes across so calm
Acts like he has a dream full of passion
You don't trust me, huh? Well, you know why
I do, we're not supposed to trust anyone in our
profession anyway

Knock niggaz out the box all the time
Bitches on my mother fuckin' records pah
Big ones, yeah, big fuckers
Straight up, fuck your whole team
Yeah bust it, yo, yo, fly G.I. niggaz

Now yo yo, whattup yo, time is runnin' out
It's for real though, let's connect politic, ditto!
We could trade places, get lifted in the staircases
Word up, peace incarcerated scarfaces

Thug related style attract millions
Fans, they understand my plan
Who's the kid up in the green Land?
Me and the RZA connect, blow a fuse, you lose
Half-ass crews get demolished and bruised
Fake be frontin', hourglass heads niggaz be wantin'
Shuttin' down your slot, time for pumpin'
Poisonous sting which thumps up and act chumps

Raise a heavy generator
But yo, guess who's the black Trump?
Dough be flowin' by the hour's
Wu, we got the collars, scholars
Word life, peace to power and my whole unit
Word up! Quick to set it, don't wet it
Real niggas lick shots, peace Connecticut

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Chef'll shine like marble, rhyme remarkable
Real niggaz raise up, spend your money, argue
But this time is for the uninvited
Go head and rhyme to it, big nigga mics is gettin' fired
Morphine sticks be burnin' like chlorine
Niggaz recognize from here to Baltimore to Fort Green
But hold up, Moet be tastin' like throw-up
My mob roll up, dripped to death, whips rolled up

Ya never had no wins, slidin' in these dens wit Timbs
With Mac-10's and broke friends
Ya got guns, got guns too, what up son, do
You wanna battle for cash and see who Sun too?
I probably wax, tax, smack rap niggaz who fax
Niggaz lyrics is wack nigga
Can't stand unofficial, wet tissue, blank bustin' Scud
missles
You rollin' like Trump, you get your meat lumped

For real, it's just slang rap democracy
Here's the policy, slide off the ring, plus the Wallabees
Check the status, soon to see me at
Caesar's Palace eatin' salads
We beatin mics and the keys to Dallas
I move rhymes like retail, make sure shit sell
From where we at to my man's cell

From staircase to stage, minimun wage
But soon to get a article in 'Rap Page'
But all I need is my house, my gat, my Ac
Bank account fat, it's goin' down like that
And pardon the French but let me speak Italian
Black Stallion, dwellin' on Shaolin
That means the island of Staten
And niggaz carry gats and mad police from Manhattan

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I do this for barber shop niggaz in the Plaza
Catchin asthma, Rae is stickin' gun-flashers
Well-dressed, skatin' through the projects wit big ones
Broke elevators, turn the lights out, stick one
Upstairs, switch like a chameleon
Hip Brazilians, pass the cash or
Leave your children, leave the buildin'
Niggas, yo they be foldin' like envelopes under
pressure
Like Lou Farigno on coke

Yo, Africans denyin' niggaz up in yellow cabs
Musty like funk, wavin' they arms, the Arabs
Sit back, coolin' like Kahlua's on rocks
On the crack spots, rubberband wrapped on my knots
You bitches who fuck dreds on Sudafeds
Pussy's hurtin', they did it for a yard for the Feds
Word up, cousin, nigga, I seen it
Like a 27-inch Zenith, believe it!

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