

Raekwon the Chef "Knowledge God"

Visit "[Knowledge God](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: Raekwon, Ghostface

sniff *drumbeat* *long sniff*
Plug, *sniff* word yo
snort word yo, *s-snort* Youknowwhatl'msayin?
sniff You know, you know we had the baddest
motherfuckin
long sniff unit back in the days, kid!
No doubt, no doubt, I know that Son, I know that
You know that, you know what I'm sayin?
I miss all my niggaz, though, believe me
And I'll never forget none of them
Word up, word up
Stovetop, Roofside, you know what I'm sayin
I had these motherfuckin, all these wild-ass niggaz
man
You know what I'm sayin, LB?
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Shit is wild overall, youknowwhatl'msayin God?
Yeah yeah yeah yeah
Word up, youknowwhatl'msayin?
You know how we do, word up
So you let my shit go on the count of three, though
Youknowwhatl'msayin?

[Raekwon]

Fake niggaz throw shit in they drinks
Club nights we snatch linx politic, Africans and chinks
While World of Sport niggaz snort coke by the seconds
Niggaz projects filled with fiends injectin
Morphine, the God seen more CREAM, and upstate
Cousin Reek, almost got hit with fourteen
Chill Pah, the God'll be a Star when you come home
Light bones and let you rock my 3G stone
So, see cousin, yo I was workin, cats I'm jerkin
And uptown these niggaz actin like they hurtin
Keys twenty-four a brick
Columbians be on some bullshit, that's why Poppy got
hit
Stay tuned, word up, I hope to see you in June
By the way, I seen your bitch, she was up in this cat's
room

Skeyed up, weed the fuck up, to top it off
look beat up, with two crack fiends huggin your seed
up
I took care of that, though, but don't worry bout it
I got your back though

Chorus: Raekwon

Yo why's my niggas always yellin that broke shit
Let's get money Son, now you wanna smoke shit
Chill God, yo the Son don't chill Allah
What's today's mathematic Son? Knowledge God

[Raekwon]

Fly like cashmere, last year, my team caught bodies in
Gravesmere
Hit a store owner named Mike Lavonia
Italiano, slanted-eyed bangin them fat Milano
Selling coke right out the bottle
Sometime, a nigga brought nines to test with minds
Crazy peace, buying keys in Greece
Was a rich nigga, picture the nigga without dope
figures
Condo with his chick, rockin a gold Vigor
Mafia flicks, tyin up tricks was his main hobby
Teachin his seed, Wu-Tang karate
Mixin drinks in clubs, hairy chest with many minks
Night time rollin with spics
Extra live, he claimed he couldn't die, top rank
Sixteen shots in his fishtank
And his pet piranha, he named him marijuana
Smokin ganja, callin his weed paisandra
Claimin New York was ancient Babylon
Where the sky stayed the color of grey, like her-on
I can't front though, truck loads of indo
Soon to blow slow, his ass is out now, tally-hoe

Chorus 2X

{*pause*}

Chorus

[Raekwon]

Yeah uh huh, uh huh, Miami niggaz
Word up, show your love
Yeah y'all, yeah y'all, yeah
Word up, London, Europe, Africa
Word up, the fifty-two states, yeah
Catch me later, word up, yeah, yeah
About to make moves and slide like grease

Moves and slide like grease
Moves

Visit [Raekwon the Chef](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.