

Raekwon the Chef

"Molasses"

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[Intro: Raekwon]

Yo, legend, what's good, legend, what's going on?
(Yo, we gotta do the intro over and all that, right?) Ice
H2O
(Ight, keep all that, keep all that) Keep our palace,
n*gga
Yeah, word up, yeah, yeah, yeah, turn me up, son
Yo, Ross, what up, my n*gga? (Murderous sh*t) Aiyo,
aiyo

[Verse 1: Raekwon]

Word to the gold panamaras, and to the wood grain in
my labo
I go the extra mile, my flow scaffolds
Crew cuts, the older n*ggas, the same rumors, just the
same goons
When n*ggas catch visions of killing capos
Palestinian armor, golden rocket launcher, my aunt
She copped it from me, bought it in Rwanda
See demons scheming, n*ggas get live in the Beacon
I'm 'shaw' to 'shank' sh*t up like Morgan Freeman
Pussy getting rapper, rich n*gga, one-on-one rents
n*ggas
And incidents, my fingerprints been tore up
We sell love slinging like Siemens, the snortable
Beemers
They love calling n*ggas names out, you screaming
Feds try to tap us and plus clap us, n*ggas'll grab Bust'
Throw you in the rattle, yo, clap ups
Catch me at the Stephen King mansion, with four of my
Branson n*ggas
With me, me and Britney, a dancer
Know your sh*t authentic by the way your hat fit on you,
with it
I'm like the Blair Witch n*gga in the rented
Curtains in the five-seven, chunky and short
Bagging dope up in the backseat, your packages walk
Holding my girl wedding ring, she Medellin
Name is Coretta King, live in Alpharetta and she never
leave me
Flow freely this is all graffiti, the cloth I'm cut from

Is straight from a rich n*gga genie

[Chorus: Raekwon (x2)]

Yo, Scarface gangstas, criminal n*ggas up in the
trenches
Army coats on, playing the benches
Getting paper, sly, that's the motto, intelligent goons
Inside a hundred thousand dollar whip, follow

[Verse 2: Rick Ross]

The f*cking Juan Don, yeah, Su Wu-Tang
Still gritty, leave the pretty to the females
The watch mother pearl weather seashells
Pick of the litter, have this n*gga picking paper up
Twitter thug, I'm the townline strangler
Get 'em up, banging dangerous as angel dust
Cuban Linx smoking stink in the Brink's trunk
I run with killas who snort powder, extort cowards
Ankle monitors under garments, so f*ck showers
I give a f*ck what you talking 'bout
Mob meetings, we them only n*ggas walking out
Sparking purple once a n*gga done spaghetti slurping
Fly away in my new, Scabetti, surfing

[Chorus: Raekwon (x2)]

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[Verse 3: Ghostface Killah]

Yo, we in the back roasting marshmallows, bottles of
Cru'
The dialogue is the big chain n*ggas is rude
Law library scholars, potatoes over the thirty eights
With bald-heads, all live wires
Eleven homes, six trust funds, came home from doing
a dime
We just left Un's, straight up
And we standing over the stoves, in denim Gibaud's
Bought a Dairy Queen in Queens right next to Lowe's
IMAX Theaters, Astoria Waldorf
Philip Drummer suite, pretty young thing sucking my
balls off
Bubble baths, hash, zooted up, eyes closed
Silk drawers, fronting in my key lime pie Wall-o's
And I still got a half a key indeed, Frank Lucas sh*t
Hidden in coffins, flying over seas
And if you ever try to ruin my night
I'ma make sure my best pawn put like three in your kite

Shot caller, laying in big laws
Rock of Gibraltar, my pinky joint, killer like Orca
Daytime hawk, a nasty street author
Me, Rae and Rick, Uzi'd out in the Porsche's
Case we gotta Warner bro, like Malcolm-Jamal
I'ma Falcon, Seven Mike Vick with the ball
Cuz I can hut-one, hut-two, disrespect, I hunt you down
Ain't a muthaf*ckin' crew we can't run through

[Chorus: Raekwon (x2)]

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[Outro]

Army sh*t, n*gga
Camouflage, guerrilla sh*t, n*gga
You know what it is, man
Yo, Lex, talk, yeah
Where ya man at? Let's go
Stay together, my n*gga

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