

## **Raekwon the Chef "The Table"**

Visit "[The Table](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Raekwon]

Moet got me actin like a fuckin goat in here  
Yo god, remember back in the days god?  
When we came a long way and shit, man?  
(No question)  
Supposed to be blessin each other on our physical days  
and shit  
Yaknowimsayin, it's like basically  
I wanna hit my family wit like land and all that  
Diamonds and all that, we ran through that chamber  
dunn

Mainly stack mine, indeed it's been a long time  
Let me feed y'all, fruits of life, shut up and eat y'all  
Flavors for neighbors, Wallee's down to gators  
The whole configuration stackin paper  
Yo we do this, on the low though  
If so, we runnin John dolo  
First thing, you need if you don't know  
We carry 'cause it's a real world, show and prove  
In ill words, all my herbs know the surge  
Dress nasty like fuck, keep my bird on the job yo  
You got to straighten up, do the worst thing to hurt her  
heart, damn  
Took care of that, shared, even shed a tear for that  
Bust my gat to throw gear on her back  
Damn son, why she takin you through that?  
She's a part of me, pardon me flow Allah, we sworn we  
Wisin up, take care of home bases  
Then we slide to another part and start more hatred  
Life is sacred  
The other side of that paw, you lie naked  
Clothes in the box, go 'head take it  
Flash back Jew status, salute moms and get ya boots  
splattered  
Batting average, ya moms had it  
Just a broke young dumb, full of cum  
Ready to haunt something, takes something of yours  
Here you want something  
Growing up around fifteen  
Watchin how the big niggas rollin wit big cream, big  
schemes

Quick to flash ya gat, laser beam  
Pool table action black, hundred stacks made my  
niggas leave  
Some be sayin "Let em breathe"  
The others wanna deceive, how we gonna make it if we  
don't achieve?  
Right now, catch it from a vertical degree yo  
We startin showin our asses, committing burglaries  
One got caught, threw us all off  
Threw us in the hell section near the boardwalk  
Wonderin how the sword talk  
Did he fall off? Did he stand like the hawk that he was  
in New York?  
Kept the waves spinnin on the cross, of course  
Come back a little cutty endorse  
Risked it for his kids the pain is lost  
We sittin back on a better note  
Yellin "Peace god, I love you love you to death, you  
thoroughbredable"  
The Robbin Hood of the hood  
Sit back, it's all good, won't spoil it if we call it, we all  
hood  
Ha ha

[Masta Killa]  
I make knowledge born to save self, you know?  
Who gon' live it, gon' live it  
Be is to be a born, knawmean?

Soaked in degrees of knowledge, polished by sun rays  
Carving by nine swordsmen to a needle point of  
perfection  
It's a blessing to deliver this lesson  
While travellin the planet, extending development  
And vote for the mind, never ended  
We now send it long winded, descended  
Infital, Bobby Digital, Abbot of the Shaolin now  
Wit knowledge and wisdom  
The original sword style begin, birth of the Wu-Tang  
Clan

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