

## **Raekwon the Chef**

### **"Winter warz"**

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It's on..

[Cappa] Where your sparkle at kid?

Ryzarector..

[Break: Raekwon the Chef]

Yes the shit is raw, comin at your door

Start to scream out loud, Wu-Tang's back for more

Yes the hour's four, I told you before

Prepare for mic fights (and plus the cold war)

[Verse One: U-God]

This rhyme you digest through the RZA console

Ask why I slam nine diagram pole

Raekwon dropped the bomb, Hunchback, Norte Dame

Golden Arms is bronze, buddah palm hit Qu'ran

It blows extreme, mean stream be the theme

Supreme team, America's Cream Team, redeemed

Vidal Sassoon, chrome tones hear the moans of Al

Capone

Gun POW to the dome

And split the bone, wig blown off the ledge

By the alledged, full-fledged, sledge RZA edge

One dose of my feroc(ious) handheld trigga cuts

Acapella spittin shell paralyzed when you get touched

And critical mic cords, hangin like umbilical

Cords, dope swords, five star general

Raw be the quote rap style sore throat

Through the fully operational, hand held tote mm-hmm

[Break: (first two lines)]

[Verse Two: Ghostface Killah]

More than a thousand times one, snatch up my styles  
get done

I hold a title, enhanced how my belt was won, check it

Slick majestic, broke mics are left infected

Germs start to spread through your crew, drew like an  
epic

You asked for it, shot up the jams like syringes

My technique alone blows doors straight off the hinges

Masked Avenger, I appear to blow your ear like wind

With a freestyle, sharper than the Indian spear  
So sit back and let the king explore  
Describe me, the kid's nice and he holds swords  
And his name, black attack's the nerve like migraines  
With more games than beggars on trains, livid sharp  
pains  
Poisonous Rebel like Deck, you can't destroy this  
You get ambushed, skate, try to avoid this  
Side effects of, hot raps and hot tracks  
A duffle bag full of guns son, dipped in black  
My culture, glides and attacks just like a vulture  
Ghostface in Madison Square is on your poster

[Break]

[Verse Three: Masta Killa]

Be on the lookout for this mass murderous suspect  
That fills more body bags than apartments in projects  
And as far as the coroners know  
The autopsy show, it was a Shaolin blow  
Put on by my family brought to the academy  
of the Wu and learned how to  
fuck up yo' anatomy, steadily, calm and deadly  
Spatter-head lyrics I lick through your transmit  
MC's submit to the will as I kill your  
juvenile freestyle, civilize the men-tal  
Devils worship this like an icon  
Bear-huggin mics with the grips of a python

[Break]

[Verse Four: Cappadonna]

You heard of the rasp before but kept waitin  
for the sun of song, I keep dancehalls strong  
Beats never worthy of my cause, I prolong  
Extravangza, time sits still  
No propoganda, be wary of the skill  
As I bring forth the music, make love to your eardrum  
Dedicated to rap nigga beware of the fearsome  
Lebanon Don, Malcolm X beat threat  
CD massacre, murder to cassette  
I blow the shop up, you ain't seen nuttin yet  
One man ran, tryin to get away from it  
Put your bifocal on, watch me a-cometh  
into your chamber like Freddy enter dream  
Discombumberate your technique and your scheme  
Four course applause, like a black dat to dat  
You're stuck on stupid like I'm stuck on the map  
Nowhere to go except next show bro  
Entertainin motherfuckers can't stop O  
in battlin, you don't want me to start tattlin

All upon the stage cause y'all snakes keep rattlin  
Bitch, you ain't got nothin on the rich  
Every other day my whole dress code switch  
So just in case you want to clock me like Sherry  
All y'all crab bitches ain't got to worry  
Can't get a nigga like Don dime a dozen  
Even if I'm smoked out I can't be scoped out  
I'm too ill, I represent Park Hill  
See my face on the twenty dollar bill  
Cash it in, and get ten dollars back  
The fat LP with Cappachino on the wax  
Pass it in your think, put valve up to twelve  
Put all the other LP's back on the shelf  
And smoke a blunt, and dial 9-1-7  
1-6-0-4-9-3-11  
And you could get long dick hip-hop affection  
I damage any MC who step in my direction  
I'm Staten Island's best son fuck what you heard  
Niggaz still talkin that shit is absurd  
My repotoire, is U.S.S.R.  
P.L.O. style got thrown out the car  
and ran over, by the Method Man jeep  
Divine can't define my style is so deep  
like pussy, my low cut fade stay bushy  
like a porcupine, I part backs like a spine  
Cut you like a blunt and reconstruct your design  
I know you want to diss me, but I can read your mind  
Cuz you weak in the knees, like SWV  
Tryin to get a title like Wu Killa Bee  
Kid change your habit, you know I'm friends with the  
Abbott  
Me and RZA ridin name printed in the tablet  
under vets, we paid our debts for mad years  
Hibernate the sound, and now we out like beers  
and blunt power, born physically power speakin  
The truth in the song be the pro-black teachin

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