

Jay-Z F/ Rell F

"The Untouchables"

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[Intro - Raekwon & Prodigy]

[Rae] You know how it go. You know how it go

[Pro] Uh-huh, uh-huh

[Rae] There's many out there

Many duplicate faggots

[Pro] Check this shit, son

[Rae] No question. You know how it go, son

Ice Water, Ice Water

[Verse 1 - Prodigy]

Infinite, check it out

In-stoppable, in-touchable, you couldn't flex on me

if you was right next to me

and you wanted to (c'mon)

I take you fuckin' bullies - let's do this

P is deadly, he's just like his music

Come through like the Taliban unit

Catch me by myself, I'm only sayin' bullshit

I don't switch up, I won't change

You gonn' have to catch my body to sell my brain

An' that's simply the truth

Niggaz wanna flip on me, we makin' the news

And hopefully, I'll be makin' it home

But if not, it really makes me no dickens, it's whatever,

yo

Fear's not an option, Min(?)'s childish

Squeeze your gun, just make sure I'm finished

My style is Porsches and XL trucks

But my presence alone'll make the good girls fuck

I see they wanna rhyme just like P

They wanna copy off me, bite my jury

Used to scream on they song

Now they rhyme calm

Takin' pieces of my verse like I gave

Y'all, they wanna be, just like the Mobb

They wanna observe us, bite our style of dress

Bite our style of rap. I see all of that {*echoes*}

[Verse 2 - Raekwon]

Aiyyo, aiyyo
Shoebox with nothin' but bread
The lead fly out the magnet
Dragged it by his brain and his leg
Where I'm from, niggaz is dead
But only bury light niggaz, some that take get outta
dead
I live like a champ, gun king, thumb ring
The joint that Kobe gave his girl, that's my son, bling
Sooner or later it's war
How many good niggaz die? That's the meaning of
New York
A powerful armour, ration it, all this is tailor made stuff
That's me fuckin' with crackers
Chef got a iller mood, real deal dude
A hundred bar marksman, shoot up the booth and
move
What you wann' do, lose?
I bet all my niggaz right now be stealin' ya food
We come from where the babies get blessed, yes
This my proposal : come and buy haircut's fresh

I see they wanna rhyme just like Rae
They wanna cop me all day, watch me in the Mae
Flyin' on my way to the bank
Yellin' "Goodness gracious, the hood won't even say
thanks"
But I got a trick for niggaz
'Cause when these heads get up, it's no friends, just
business
Problem? Meet me in the yard
The Ice Water clique with a hundred bars, let's get
involved

[Verse 3 - AZ]

Two-three, I'm back out with big Kay Slay
New place here, muh'fuckers screw up his face
You wanna hate? I'm alive, nigga, grew to embrace
all the tribes and tribulations, only few do escape
Been through the chase, the incriminatin', the case
No feel, the cold steel still the weight in my waist
One of the great, eighty-eight, young with cake
Duffel bag full of hustle, cash, gun in the safe
Some would relate, others wanted rap replaced
The nigga's style is how they know me now, but nothin'
is play
Involved in violence heavily, indirect
In car low, with it tinted up, in our reps
Been large before niggaz had to guard they chest
Before them boys in L.A. put The God to rest
B.I.G.! Get money, or starve to death (Yep)

Got killers among me, dodgin' the rest
Got my (?) in the hood, disregardin' the press
No disrespect, I'm a brother so pardon my (?)
Blood blower, rep for my boy to follower
She the thrower, the whole jail house roust, they all
know her
More soldiers, it's a war in the game
Some niggaz crossed over, nothin' really more to
explain
and niggaz can't be like me, I'm A.Z
I move inconspicuously, I'm on point
and beefin' ain't a part of my style
I'm a boss, player, mastered the art of morale
Man of respect, this war when I handle the check
But behind jail walls I'm like Hannibal Lec'
Motherfuckers!

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