

## **Kane And Able F/ C-Murder, Fiend**

### **"Planet of the Apes"**

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[Intro: Capone]

I just had to say that right there Rae  
I just have to say you my nigga, understand?  
It don't get no realer than this, man  
Let's slow the fuck down  
You gettin' like a hundred worth for real, man

[Hook 2X: Polite]

Eh yo thug niggas know the code, lock and load  
Hit 'em in the head, watch a nigga brain explode  
Yo from Y.O. to Q.B. they bang this shit  
Shaolin boys they bang them fifths

[Intro continues overlapped by Chorus]

Fuckin' cops ain't paid up nothin'  
Yo you know we shoot you down, man  
Ice Water Inc., yeah! Territory, nigga  
Millitainment, Y.O  
Yeah, yeah  
Yeah yeah eh yo

[Capone]

Eh yo late night, candle light, fiend with a crackpipe  
It's only right, feelin' higher than an airplane, right?  
I'm tryin' to get this money, right? So I move cautiously  
You more frauds, you see? I'ma live bossy  
Way out on Fantasy Island with Mr. Roth, B  
I gotta play the ghetto, everyday the hood endorse me  
(Q.B.)  
I'm destined for triple, left hand crook and the right  
hand fury  
Will block the shots, that's simple, I dented a tomb for  
style  
A toast to the death of my foes, respect violence, the  
criminal codes  
Hammer smack a nigga out his five senses  
Leave him dumb, deaf and blind, I ride on rinses  
Interest so tight, strobe lights follow my grace  
Bang bullets by the gates, might hollow ya face  
Me and Chef smark massive murder, kill 'em!  
I scramble anywhere in Shaolin, right in Castalano

buildin'

[Chorus 2X: Polite w/o "Eh yo" second time]  
Eh yo real niggas get up, live niggas, what up?  
We don't give a fuck, you faggots'll get hit up  
Q.B., what up? Y.O., what up?  
Shaolin get up or get yo' ass hit up!

[Sheek Louch]  
Eh yo I'm a motherfuckin' Nigga Wit an Attitude  
Heavy gun play, cock back, niggas is screwed  
Stomach wounds make it hard for you to swallow ya  
food  
Throwin' Purple Tape off for me to get in the mood  
Sheek Louch, who fuckin' wit' that kid?  
I'm sick in the head, they need to make a throwback  
straight jacket  
White tee on, a light G. on  
These bitches you wife and the God try pee on  
I don't care if it's a gram or brick  
I'ma make it sell, get off my dick  
Pump or the Desert E., take your pick  
Money too long, the case won't stick  
D-Block niggas fuck with Rae  
Nigga act hard and get hit up in the middle of day  
Tough guys and all that but I know that you pay  
And I don't give a fuck, niggas better watch what they  
say

[Chorus 2X]

[Raekwon]  
Body specialist, full cam F50 with vans  
A pull up, do it to ya mans, yo scrams  
If you take niggas ears, niggas ain't really queers  
Listen, it's grown men in the town, niggas is their's  
Fluck niggas, I cut niggas, stuck niggas  
Come up, pluck niggas, pop niggas in chucks, it's  
business  
You in this? We non-shoulder style, son, relentless  
They four lettered me Chef, nigga get down  
Drop you, piss on you, get this, it's official on you  
Yo twist the clips hits, this was on you  
I'm just a business head ridin' with visual  
Don't force me to put out ya head  
One for the money, two for the crime round up  
Peep it, all major niggas holdin' they ground, get up  
Let's form an army millenia, Ice Water!  
From Q.B. to Y.O. with Shaolin, I'm feelin' you

[Chorus 2X]

[Break 4X: Raekwon singing]  
We gon' ride for our team  
My niggas'll kill you

[Outro: Polite \*over break\*]  
For the team, nigga  
My niggas kill you, nigga  
Y'all niggas want war? Nigga pop up!  
Yeah ride for ya motherfuckin' team, nigga  
Death before dishonor, you heard me?  
The motherfuckin' Lex Diamond Story  
Y'all niggas better wake the fuck up!  
Yeah, Ice Water Inc., you heard me?  
D-Block, what up?  
Pain, time and glory, word, you heard?  
Yeah, yeah.. my niggas'll kill you, nigga!  
Bitch-ass niggas!

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