

Verbal Intercourse

Raekwon

Through the lights cameras and action, glamour, glitters and gold
I unfold the scroll, plant seeds to stampede the globe
When I'm deceased, by then the beast arise like yeast
To conquer peace leavin' savages to roam in the streets

Live on the run, police payin' me to give in my gun
Trick my wisdom with the system that imprisoned my son
Smoke a gold leaf, I hold heat, nonchalantly
I'm grungy, but things I do is real, it never haunts me

While, funny style niggaz roll in the pile
Rooster heads profile on a bus to riker's isle
Holdin' weed inside they pussy with they minds on the
Pretty things in life, props is a true thug's wife

It's like a cycle, niggaz come home, some'll go in
Do a bullet, come back, do the same shit again
From the womb to the tomb, presume the unpredictable
Guns salute life, rapidly, that's the ritual

Perhaps bullets bust niggaz discuss mad money
True lies and white guys, we can see it through the eyes
Catch the most on tape, kilos disintegrate
Pyrex pots, we break, fiends lickin' plates

In the building niggaz buildin' like little children starin'
Them older niggaz ain't carin'
Sirens circlin', fiends are lurkin' in your baggage
Oh, one's gone now, what, smack him in his cabbage

In the woodwork, crack cells, bubble like Woolworths
In the projects, richest niggaz rockin' all the real worth
Police questionin', rooftop cats invested in
Tradin' in they Lexus? GS's sendin' messages

Two and two makes four, Cristals crazily pour
Gun wars my crew phantom like swords
With the green leathers, hunded pound snakes and cakes
Fiends found in lakes, jealousy jakes we shake

What I strive for is what I live for
Infatuated by material things and it's wild like for war
Like somewhere over the rainbow, I see a big pot of gold
Future stacks, yo, I hold

Thousands of cracks bagged up inside the shoebox
Don't keep jack in my lap, don't wanna see Tupac
Got two spots, a new lot, flooded with rocks
Shoot-outs makin' me hot, crooked cops bad tony and the ball drop

In the now, I'm bangin' niggaz for slide time
Hurry up, duke, I'm next, show 'em mine
And what the fuck is you lookin' at?
By the way young blood, hit me off with that Green Bay hat

Watch your back inside the hall, new niggaz slide through
Like doors, yo, you're starin' in the mess hall

Your adrenaline runs, cigarette niggas be swindlin'
New jacks surrenderin', come home not rememberin'

Made bail with different size kicks on, a white dress shirt
Lookin' gay in the yard, and you got hurt
Flashbacks, for the day room, mop ringer style
Your faggot ass got bashed tryin' to turn the dial

You told your boo you was whylin'
Once you heard Wu, out of the blue, your family's from Shaolin
High class cooks, throw on vests out of phone books
Infirmary niggas are screamin', "I got drugs"

Sharpen toothbrushes, 190 mixed with baby oil and shit
Your man's in the kitchen stashin' ice picks
Well I'ma end this with a big red cherry on top
Me, Nas and Rae got the best product on the block

Strength my whole team is eatin' off this type of shit
Good shit, nigga next time, no more whatever shit
Keep your eyes open and your wallet in your front pocket
Rza, Chef, Ghost and Nas, niggaz is the prophet