Wisdom Body (feat. Ghostface Killah)

Raekwon

No man all bitches are the same, just like my hoes, you know
I keep em broke
Wake up one morning with some money they're subject to go crazy you know?
I keep em lookin good, pretty and all that
You know, but no dough
When I get a bitch, I got a bitch (right on)Word up, that motherfuckin brother wise
YouknowhatI'msayin? Teachin the uncivilized
Yeah, runnin the streets, know it's deep
Word up, check his technique, yeah
I be Ghostface
Flippin the, marvelous track
Yeah
You know the steelo, but yo, yo
Check the bangin sounds that I invent
Fake niggaz who tried to flex hard came and went
They couldn't match up with the fly nigga
Wit his back against the wall
Heads clapped once I came in the door
I played the speaker, sippin on Kahlua
Saw this bad bitch wit a switch
And yo, I had to step to her in a manner
and rather wished the current was warm
When I had reached her, I looked and knew the shit was on
Peace, excuse me, allow to introduce myself
Yo, I'm the man, and Honey, you've been rated top shelf
Yo, what's your name hon, hair wrapped up in a bun
Your eyes sparkle, just like glass in the sun
Never diss em, it's hard for a nigga just to miss em
Especially, when you're browsin, goin fishin
Your wasteline, bangin like a bassline
Physical form is well complexed
And yo, I love your outline, Boo
Your whole body is wild, wit your rugged profile
Enough to make a hard rock smile
You can't strikeout, tell me what can really go wrong
You rockin' labels - Tommy Hil down to Claiborne
Show me some love hon, show me some love boo
Show me the vibe and I'll be more than glad to shoot it through
Aiyyo peep it, I know you love Victoria's Secret

And lovin' all the marvelous slang on how I freak it
Plus, see you're the type to make a nigga crash
Far from trash, your flesh is way softer than a baby's ass
Your body lotion is the potion, the shit got me open like dust
And yo, your stee is high potent, yo
We can go the distance, I put you under wings
From this convo we can spark and see whatever brings
I walked a hot Arabian desert, barefooted
I grabbed your hand, you grabbed my joint and knew where to put it
Word up, yo, straight up and down yo
Check the joint, baby
It be the Wu-Tang production
Yeah, yeah, and all types of shit
And brothas catchin repercussions
Yo, straight up

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