

# Verbal Intercourse

## Chef 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, Crystals 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

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