

Verbal Intercourse (feat. Ghostface Killah & Nas)

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 leaving savages to roam in the streets
Live on the run, police paying 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 raunchy, the things I do is real it never haunts me
While, funny style niggas roll in the pile
Rooster heads profile on a bus to Riker's Isle
Holding 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, niggas 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 niggas 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 licking plates
In the building niggas building, like little children, staring
Them older niggas ain't caring
Sirens circling fiends are lurking in your baggage
Oh, one's gone now, what, smack him in his cabbage
In the woodwork, crack sales bubble like Woolworth's
In the projects, richest niggas rocking all the real worth
Police questioning, rooftop cats invested in
Trading in they Lexuses, GS's, sending messages
Two and two makes four, Cristal's crazily pour
Gun wars my crew feel 'em like swords With the green leathers, hundred 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 in this wild life of war
Like somewhere over the rainbow, I see a big pot of gold
Future stacks so I hold
Thousands of cracks bagged up inside the shoebox
Don't keep jack in my lab, don't wanna see 2Pac
Got two spots, a new lot, flooded with rocks
Shoot-outs making me hot, crooked cops Bad Tony and the ball drop
In the 'nile, I'm banging niggas for slot time

Hurry up duke I'm next on line
And what the fuck is you looking at?
By the way young blood, hit me off with that Green Bay hat
Watch your back inside the hall, new niggas slide through
Like doors yo, you're staring in the mess hall
Your adrenaline runs, cigarette niggas be swindling
New jacks surrendering, come home not remembering
Made bail with different size kicks on, a white dress shirt
Looking gay in the yard, and you got hurt
Flashbacks, of the day room, mop wringer style
Your faggot ass got bashed trying to turn the dial
You told your boo you was wiling
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 screaming, "I got juxed!"
Sharpened toothbrushes, 190 mixed with baby oil and shit
Your man's in the kitchen stashing 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

Songwriters

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