Kiss The Ring

Raekwon

[**feat. Inspectah Deck & Masta Killa:][Intro: ~Raekwon w/ various others in background (Inspectah Deck)~]Suga, come here, aiyo man, tell ya man
He better bring that fucking money here tomorrow, man
You, walk up in the joint with me, man
It's all real, yo, what up son?
Yo, hold the bottle, it's your night, nigga!
It's your night! *bottles popping*
Yeah, mad bottles! Playboy! We out of here, man
(Step inside, kiss the ring --- so salute, and toast to the best who done it)
{Give it up for the Wu-Tang Clan!}
[Chorus (2x): ~Inspectah Deck~]When I step inside, kiss the ring, Wu Familia
La Cosa Nostra, it's our thing
So salute, and toast to the best who done it
Murder rap shit, I spit, for the vets who love it
[Raekwon:]By the time you read this letter
Your head gon' fly off your shoulder for lying
And I'mma be in bed like holders
Blood from a horse on your spread, you tried to play me now
I'm coughing up, dough on your head, you just a baby
See me in the flick as a Rick, I had to maybe with me
All these niggas stay in the 90's, getting rich
Rick Ruler robe on with rings, walking to the throne
Fronting like I know I'm the king, I live alone though
Buying up, China's Beemers, taking it to Simon's in Medina
Only just to blind you and leave ya
These young boys is crafted with aim, I bought 'em all
Fly ranches, cuz they all stand beside me with flames
Regardless, yo, to making the classic, you gon' witness some of the tactics
Some died, live in the action

A live general when he walk, if he died, then we slide
Ninety thou' in the coffin, and take the child
[Repeat Chorus:][Inspectah Deck:]Black Jesus, check my walk, check my talk
Legend in the flesh and I rep New York
Crowned king, been down to bang, I'm House Gang
Knockout specialist, in and out the ring
Got dinner tables long as boats with old kitchens
And Wu-Tang logos splashed on all the dishes
You know how I speaks the truth, how I teach the youth

I'm an animal, I beast the booth
Been grinding, banging out for food to eat
Your boy still eating good, check my new physique
Since the world is mine, I'mma write my name on the clouds
So that ol' yee faithful, can praise it and bow
[Masta Killa:]Now he's an old Mafia don, from back when
He managed to survive the game, ducking fame
It's how he maintained, the State of Grace, kept his lab laced
Ladies of a fine taste, kept his place guarded
While the young charted, found acquitted, all charges
And his heart loss and, marksmen take the contract
From the contact, waiting for the right event, it all made sense
He left no prints on the weapon, and he was blasting
Came home from prison stashing, still stacking
His whip still matching his kit, steel flashing
Hands quick, nice with his shit, three holy foods
Drops jewels, from a street corner level, young brother, I'mma rebel
Here to instruct private soldiers to buck arms
Ya'll rap cats had your last win, toast the kings
It's Wu-Tang, it's our thing, kiss the ring
[Repeat Chorus:] (2x)

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