Knowledge God

Raekwon

Fake niggas throw shit in they drinks
Club nights we snatch linx politic, Africans and chinks
While World of Sport niggas snort coke by the seconds
Niggas projects filled with fiends injectin'
Morphine, the God seen more CREAM, and upstate
Cousin Reek, almost got hit with fourteen
Chill Pah, the God'll be a Star when you come home
Light bones and let you rock my 3G stone
So, see cousin, yo I was workin', cats I'm jerkin
And uptown these niggas actin like they hurtin'
Keys twenty-four a brick
Colombians be on some bullshit, that's why Poppy got hit
Stay tuned, word up, I hope to see you in June
By the way, I seen your bitch, she was up in this cat's room
Skeyed up, weed the fuck up, to top it off
Look beat up, with two crack fiends huggin' your seed up
I took care of that, though, but don't worry bout it
I got your back thoughYo why's my niggas always yellin' that broke shit
Let's get money Son, now you want to smoke shit
Chill God, yo the Son don't chill Allah
What's today's mathematic Son? Knowledge GodFly like cashmere, last year, my team caught bodies in Gravesmere
Hit a store owner named Mike Lavonia
Italiano, slanted-eyed bangin' them fat Milano
Selling coke right out the bottle
Sometime, a nigga brought nines to test with minds
Crazy peace, buying keys in Greece
Was a rich nigga, picture the nigga without dope figures
Condo with his chick, rockin' the gold vigor
Mafia flicks, tyin up tricks was his main hobby
Teachin his seed, Wu-Tang karate
Mixin drinks in clubs, hairy chest with many minks
Night time rollin' with spics
Extra live, he claimed he couldn't die, top rank
Took sixteen shots in his fist to bank
And his pet piranha, he named him marijuana
Smokin' ganja, callin' his weed paisandra
Claimin New York was ancient Babylon
Where the sky stayed the color of grey, like her-on

I can't front though, truck loads of indo
Soon to blow slow, his ass is out now, tally-hoeYo why's my niggas always yellin' that broke shit
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