Silver Rings (feat. Ghostface Killah)

Raekwon

Aiyo, Indian head, jury, out in Egypt with the wrists of fury
Spanking bracelet, rocking Asics, trick bandit, Ghost is brick granite
At the U.S. Open with my whole len, slapping up fifty scramblers
Niggas said the II was classicA lot of crack is in the game, yo but your shit is the only 'lastic
C.R.E.A.M. rap, militant flow, combination with Swahilian dough
Guaranteed we dose that, in the beast like pizzasAll I know is reefer and street stuff
Stay fly, moving in fleece, what?
Traveling the continents with confidence
Cuban Linx III coming, don't know when but the time is runningDuh, duh, duh, duh, duh, duh, duh
Duh, duh, duh, duh, duh, duh
You bitch ass niggasBy any means on, Ron O'Neal lean on
Freestyle, you want it from Ghost? Then throw C.R.E.A.M. on
Suited up, smelling like Fahrenheit with jeans on
Knock the rice out a wedding, come and get your bling onNext winter we in Allah cabins, small baggage, more savage
Central Park killas, that equals more stabbings
You read the papers, more horrors like Amityville
Profanity kills, you like lint on a raggety silkWe rock bulls, rock jewels, you heard the interludes
Blow up beds in a fifty yard swimming pool
Jumping out of planes for dough, Gucci parachutes
Abdul Raheem written across is the attributeSuede loafers, 'Lo scarves, my little grandson want
The 20-10 Mercedes-Benz go kart
So he can pull out the lollipop keys on 'em
His pops'll push the Bugatti drop V on 'emStampede on 'em, Rap Playoffs got a three-nothing lead on 'em
Sparking MC's like we quoting our degrees on 'em

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