

# 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 classic A 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 pizzas All 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 running Duh, duh, duh, duh, duh, duh, duh  
Duh, duh, duh, duh, duh, duh  
You bitch ass niggas By 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 on Next 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 silk We 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 attribute Suede 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 'em Stampede on 'em, Rap Playoffs got a three-nothing lead on 'em  
Sparkin' MC's like we quoting our degrees on 'em

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