

# Verbal Intercourse (feat. Nas & Ghostface Killah)

## 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

Lyrics provided by

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