

# Wisdom Body

## Raekwon

No man all bitches are the same  
Just like my hoes, you know  
I keep 'em broke  
Wake up one mornin' with some money  
They're subject to go crazy you know?  
I keep 'em lookin' good, pretty and all that  
You know, but no dough  
When I get a bitch, I get a bitch  
(Right on)Word up, that motherfuckin' brother wise  
You know what I'm sayin'? Teachin' the uncivilized  
Yeah, runnin' the streets, know it's deep  
Word up, check his technique, yeah  
I be Ghostface  
Flippin' the marvelous track, yeah  
You know the steelo, but yo, yo  
Check the bangin' sounds that I inventFake niggaz who tried to flex hard came and went  
They couldn't match up with the fly nigga  
With his back against the wall  
Heads clapped once I came in the door  
I played the speaker, sippin' on Kahlua  
Saw this bad bitch with a switch  
And yo, I had to step to her in a manner  
And rather wished the current was warmWhen I had reached her, I looked and knew the shit was on  
Please, excuse me, allow to introduce myself  
Yo, I'm the man, and Honey, you've been rated top shelf  
Yo, what's your name hon'? Hair wrapped up in a bun  
Your eyes sparkle, just like glass in the sun  
Never diss 'em, it's hard for a nigga just to miss 'em  
Especially, when you're browsin', goin' fishin'  
Your wasteline, bangin' like a baselinePhysical form is well complexed  
And yo, I love your outline, boo  
Your whole body is wild, with your rugged profile  
Enough to make a hard rock smile  
You can't strikeout, tell me what can really go wrong?  
You rockin' labels, Tommy Hil' down to Claiborne  
Show me some love hon', show me some love boo  
Show me the vibe and I'll be more than glad to shoot it throughAiiyyo peep it, I know you love Victoria's Secret  
And lovin' all the marvelous slang on how I freak it  
Plus, see you're the type to make a nigga crash

Far from trash, your flesh is way softer than a baby's ass  
Your body lotion is the potion, the shit got me open like dust  
And yo, your stee is high potent, yo  
We can go the distance, I put you under wings  
From this convo we can spark and see whatever brings I walked a hot Arabian desert, barefooted  
I grabbed your hand, you grabbed my joint and knew where to put it  
Word up, yo, straight up and down yo  
Check the joint, baby  
It be the Wu-Tang production  
Yeah, yeah, and all types of shit  
And brothers catchin' repercussions  
Yo, straight up

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