# Knowledge God

## Raekwon

Plug, word yo
I'm sayin'?
Know, you know we had the baddest
Motherfuckin' unit back in the days, kid
You know that?
You know what I'm sayin'?
I miss all my niggas though believe me
And I'll never forget none of 'emStovetop, Roofside, you know what I say
I had these motherfuckin', all these wild-ass niggas man
You know what I say, LB?
Shit is wild overall, you know what I'm sayin', God?
Word up, you know what I'm sayin'?
So you let my shit go on the count of three, though
You know what I'm sayin'?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 stoneSo see cousin, yo, I was workin', cats I'm jerkin'
And uptown these niggas actin' like they hurtin', keys twenty-four a brick
Columbians 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 moneys son, now you wanna 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 vigorMafia 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
Sixteen shots in his fist to bank
And his pet piranha, he named him marijuana
Smokin' ganja, callin' his weed paisandraClaimin' 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
Let's get moneys son, now you wanna smoke shit
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What's today's mathematic son, Knowledge GodWhy's my niggas always yellin' that broke shit
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Let's get moneys son, now you wanna smoke shit
Chill God, yo, the Son don't chill Allah
What's today's mathematic son, Knowledge GodYeah, uh huh, uh huh, Miami niggas
Word up, show your love
Yeah y'all, yeah y'all, yeah
Word up, London, Europe, Africa
Word up, the fifty-two states, yeah
Catch me later, word up, yeah, yeah
About to make moves and slide like grease
Moves and slide like grease

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