

Verbal Intercourse

Raekwon

[Produced by RZA]

[Intro: Raekwon, Nas & Ghostface Killah]

No tricks, no tricks baby

Yeah, ayo Rae

Check it out y'all

It's the science

Fly wonderful

Yeah y'all

Tony Starks and umm Lex Diamonds

Tony Starks, my nigga Nas

Strength my whole team is eatin off this type of shit

For all the fake niggas out there, yaknahmean

Word up

Good shit, nigga next time, no more whatever shit

Fakes be celebratin but they be mistaken

Word to the wise

Keep your eyes open and your wallet in your front pocket

All types of shit, yo son

Rock it, RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggas is the prophet

Tell 'em it's on right?

Show those crabs how to rhyme

RZA, Chef, Ghost, and Nas niggas is the prophet

It's only like five percent out of a hundred

RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggas is the prophet

Do it to 'em baby

[Verse 1: Nas]

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 Rikers Isle

Holding weed inside they pussy with their 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
Through a bullet, come back, through the same shit again
From the womb to the tomb, presume the unpredictable
Guns salute life rapidly, that's the ritual

[Verse 2: Raekwon]

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

[Verse 3: Ghostface Killah]

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 on New Lots, flooded with rocks
Shoot-outs making me hot, crooked cops bag Tony and the ball drop
In the Isle, 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 whyling
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

[Outro: Raekwon & (Ghostface Killah)]
CREAM my whole team is eatin' off this good shit
(Word up, throw your hands up)
Good shit, nigga next time, no more whatever shit
(Cock back the MAC if... say whatever)
Keep your eyes open and your wallet in your front pocket
(Your Hawaiian's style, exoticness, fly shit)
RZA, Chef, Ghost and Nas niggas is the prophet
(Floatin on in nine-five in the wind)

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>