

Knuckleheadz

Raekwon

[Intro: Raekwon, Ghostface Killah, U-God]

Ghostface: Let me - let me hold that

Raekwon: One for you; one for me

Two for you; one-two for me

Ghostface: What?!

Raekwon: Three for you

Ghostface: Nigga get - get the

Raekwon: What?

U-God: Fuck out of here with all that shit

Ghostface: Smack fire out your fucking ass. Man, what the fuck you think this is man? Get the fuck up out of here man

Raekwon: Chill, chill. So, yo, matter of fact: the man is back

Ghostface: Stick this man head out over a fucking fire!

Raekwon: Shit, alright. This ain't even enough bread right here. This ain't enough

Ghostface: Fuck that man, yo

Raekwon: We going to shoot right over there. And, yo, them niggas got the big cream over there; just chill

U-God: Alright, let's get this cash, and move nigga

Raekwon: Spark it, right out the tropical, kid

Ghostface: Alright, don't play me like I got a flowerpot head kid

Raekwon: Just chill man

{*loading clip*}

Raekwon: On the real, man. Just chill: Let's go get this money fast son; I know how we got to do this, kid

{*gunshots*}

Raekwon: ... you know trust this

Ghostface: Alright, scrungy-head motherfuckers

[Verse 1: Raekwon]

Lay on the crime scene, sipping fine wines, pulling nines on

UFOs taking they fly clothes, they eyes closed

We getting loot, no doubt, check the word of mouth

Unheard about, guns go off and now I murder route

I'm out, my raps play the part like a Get Smart secret agent

In a maze and style's blazing

Johnny Blaze and Tony Starks in the Days Inn and

And Rhyming, my nigga Lou Diamond with Robert F

We like Meth to go and fuck with Noodles

Having them poodles on the lockdown, buying me

Amarettos and chewables, smacking pharmecuetical

Rap niggas on dust and woos
Yo, I told you some killed, robbed and fold
The goal's untold, fuck it, it beats parole
So stroll marvelous, soul controller of the whole globe
Goddamn I got it sewn and yo
What up wop? Pop the suitcase high and we can talk
You can walk out the fucking building and get caught
Save the fully inflatable, rap relatable
Drug relatable, niggas here to play with you
A hundred dollar Rottweiler, go to spot sellers
Guns and Glocks for them niggas who got props
Off top jail niggas get mad bigger and yo
Mail a guy about a hundred pictures
Word to mama, this rap wonder rhymers team got drama
Comma, blunt smoke real ass marijuana
Chef Maranzano boats across the Verrazano
Immaculate, bust off my gun's so accurate
And get cream in the cuisine of Queens
I told you Money skated with night beams and two rings

[Interlude: Raekwon (Ghostface Killah)]
Crazy fag, I'm getting ready to do this shit
(Sniff mad shit)
Man, niggas know not to step on this shit

[Verse 2: Ghostface Killah]
Who's the knucklehead, wanting respect?
Chop his fingers in the drug game, Money well known
Lead singer, humdinger, flash is the aftermath, here's his photograph
Run up in his lab, take off the mask Chas and think fast
Don't laugh, bag the cash, grab the hash, don't forget his stash
Grab the tear gas and place it in his face fast
At full blast { *Car zooming by* }
Then skate to the next gate further upstate
I heard they got crazy weight, bagged up by the cakes in
Crates like disco breaks, yo look out for Jakes
Give it all it takes, let's burn the place before we motivate
Yo, Blake, niggas don't fake, rape his mate
If the bitch scream, for God's sake grab the grey tape
It's by the plate with the blow crushed up with the flakes
Killer snakes, four bodies found floating in lakes
Drug related paper talking about the kids who didn't make it
Hits without a trace, never seen the bricks, see Rae and Ghostface
Congratulations Chef, let's celebrate and sniff an eighth

{ *Inaudible conversation* }

[Verse 3: U-God]
The rap star is born, Rap Parmesan, put it on, seal it on

We're silicone, spark it on your talkathon
This rap phenomenon, two corresponds
Took the arms, hit me on the hip and horns, rap chaperone
Scars tone, bars thrown, war tones, raw tones
Blowing out the door, bones, but
Your raps is fraudulent, plug in these rap coordinates
Is reinforced with suspense, be on your rap sword defense
These microphone professional, sensational
Fully operational, I got niggas here to play with you
You know the steez, you know my whole program
Brothers from the no-lands, all we want is the Gs, guns and grams
Living fat like the Hoffa, mafia, sipping, eating pastas
Laying in the house telling the seeds about the sagas
Before we got dramatic and thoughts got sporadic
We grabbed golden tablets and quick guarded the Abbots
Slugs hit the Pelle, put tokes into the belly
Suckers tried to knock me out the box like Skelly
I smoke the weed trees, I drop top to the breeze
Honey dip spending G's on nails and hair weave
The crime boss taking no loss, excessive force
We can play the A-Train back of the iron horse

[Outro: Raekwon, Ghostface Killah]

Raekwon: Yo, man, you know what I'm saying?

Ghostface: Fuck it man

{*Tire screech*}

{*crash*}

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