

Knowledge God

Raekwon

[Intro]

- Plug. Word
- Yo, son. Word, yo, you know what I'm saying? You know we had the baddest mothafuckin'...
unit back in the days kid
- No doubt. I know that, son, I know that. You know that
- You know, I know that. Yo, son. You know what I'm saying? I miss all my niggas though
believe me!
- No doubt, word up, you know what I'm saying?
- And I don't never forget none of it. Su, Tyrese, Size, you know what I'm saying. All them
wild-ass niggas, man
- Rob, you know what I'm saying?
- You know what I'm saying? L, yo, man, shit is wild, you know what I'm saying God? Word up
- No doubt, yeah. Tyrese, yeah
- You know what I'm saying? So you let my shit go at the count of three though, you know
what I'm saying?
- Powerful. Word up. Yo, it's time, it's your time

[Verse 1]

Fake niggas throw shit in they drinks
Club nights we snatch linx, politic, Africans, and Chinks
Wide World of Sport niggas snort coke by the seconds
Niggas projects filled with fiends injecting Morphine
The God seen more cream, and upstate
Cousin Reek, almost got hit with fourteen
Chill pa, the God'll be a Star when you come home
Light bones, and let you rock my 3G stone
So, see cousin, yo I was working, cats I'm jerking
And uptown these niggas acting like they hurting
Keys 20 for a brick
Colombians be on some bullshit, that's why Papi 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
Skied up, weed the fuck up, to top it off
Look beat up, with two crack fiends hugging your seed up
I took care of that, though, but don't worry 'bout it
I got your back though

[Hook]

Yo, why's my niggas always yelling that broke shit?
Let's get money son, now you wanna smoke shit

Chill God - yo the son don't chill Allah
What's today's mathematics, son? Knowledge God

[Verse 2]

Fly like cashmere, last year, my team caught bodies in Grasmere
Hit a store owner named Mike Lavogna
Italiano, slanted-eyed, banging a fat Milano
Selling coke right out the bottle
Sometime, a nigga brought 9's, to test with mines
Crazy piece, buying keys in grease
Was a rich nigga, picture the nigga without dope figures
Condo with his chick, rocking the gold vigor
Mafia flicks, tying up tricks was his main hobby
Teaching his seed, Wu-Tang karate
Mixing drinks in clubs, hairy chest with many minks
Night time rolling with snakes
Extra live, he claimed he couldn't die, top rank
Sixteen shots in his fish tank
And his pet piranha, he named him Marijuana
Smokin ganja, calling his weed pipe Sandra
Claiming 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-ho

[Hook]

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Let's get money son, now you wanna smoke shit
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Chill God, yo, the son don't chill Allah
What's today's mathematics, son? Knowledge God

[Outro]

Yeah, 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

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