Raekwon The Chef, Verbal Intercourse

[Rae] No tricks, no tricks baby [Nas] Yeah, aiyyo Rae [Ghf] Check it out y'all [Nas] It's the science Fly wonderful [Ghf] [Rae] Yeah y'all

[Nas] Tony Starks and umm Lex Diamonds

[Ghf] Tony Starks, my nigga Nas

[Rae] Strength my whole team is eatin off this type of shit [Nas] For all the fake niggaz out there, yaknahmean

[Ghf] Word up

[Rae] Good shit, nigga next time, no more whatever shit

[Nas] Fakes be celebratin but they be mistaken

[Ghf] Word to the wise

[Rae] Keep your eyes open and your wallet in your front pocket

All types of shit, yo son

[Rae] Rock it, RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggaz is the prophet

[Nas] Tell em it's on right?

Show those crabs how to rhyme Ghf]

[Rae] RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggaz is the prophet It's only like five percent out of a hundred

[Rae] RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggaz is the prophet

[Ghf] Do it to em baby

Verse One: 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 grungy, but things I do is real it never haunts me while, funny style niggaz roll in the pile Rooster heads profile on a bus to Riker's Isle Holdin weed inside they pussy with they minds on the pretty things in life, props is a true thug's wife It's like a cycle, niggaz come home, some'll go in Do a bullet, come back, do the same shit again From the womb to the tomb, presume the unpredictable Guns salute life, rapidly, that's the ritual

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Perhaps bullets bust niggaz 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 lickin plates In the building niggaz building, like little children starin Them older niggaz aint carin Sirens circlin fiends are lurkin in your baggage oh, one's gone now, what, smack him in his cabbage In the woodwork, crack cells bubble like Woolworth's in the projects, richest niggaz rockin all the real worth Police questioning, rooftop cats invested in Tradin in they Lexus' GS's sendin messages Two and two makes four, Cristal's crazily pour Gun wars my crew phantom like swords

Verse Three: Ghostface Killer

With the green leathers, hunded pound snakes and cakes Fiends found in lakes, jeolously Jakes we shake

What I strive for is what I live for Infatuated by material things, and it's wild like for war like somewhere over the rainbow, I see a big pot of gold Future stacks yo I hold Thousands of cracks bagged up inside the shoebox Don't keep jack in my lap, don't wanna see Tupac Got two spots, a new lot, flooded with rocks Shoot-outs making me hot, crooked cops Bad Tony and the ball drop In the Now, I'm bangin niggaz for slide time Hurry up Duke I'm next, show em mine And what the f**k is you looking at? By the way young blood, hit me off with that Green Bay hat Watch your back inside the hall, new niggaz slide through like doors yo, you're starin in the mess hall Your adrenaline runs, cigarette niggas be swindlin New jacks surrenderin, come home not rememberin Made bail with different size kicks on, a white dress shirt Lookin gay in the yard, and you got hurt Flashbacks, of the day room, mop ringer style Your faggot ass got bashed tryin to turn the dial You told your boo you was whylin Once you heard Wu, out of the blue, your family's from Shaolin High class cooks, throw on vestes out of phone books Infirmary niggas are screaming, " got drugs! " Sharpen 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

[Rae] Strength my whole team is eatin off this type of shit [Ghf] Word up, throw your hands up

[Rae] Good shit, nigga next time, no more whatever shit

Ghf Cock back the Mac an say whatever

[Rae] Keep your eyes open and your wallet in your front pocket

Ghf] Your Hawaiian's stale, exoticness, fly shit

[Rae] RZA Chef Ghost and Nas niggaz is the prophet

Ghf Floatin on in nine-five in the basement