

# Criminology (feat. Ghostface Killah)

## Raekwon

'Intro: Raekwon (plus sample of Tony Montana having an argument)"I told you a long time ago  
you fuckin little monkey  
not to FUCK ME."

"Hey hey, who the FUCK you think you goin for huh?!"

"Who the fuck you think I am your fuckin dough-boy?"

"You wanna go to war?... Wanna go to war, OK?"Comin up on half a mil, we build  
Get real God, taking you on another one Son

Uhh, Julio Igleasias

Makin CREAM like that nigga

Verse One: Ghostface Killah

Yo, first of all son, peep the arson

Many brothers I be sparkin and bustin mad light inside the dark

Call me dough snatcher, just the brother for the rapture

I handglide, holdin on strong, hard to capture

Extravagant, RZA bake the track and it's militant

Then I react like a convict and start killin shit

It's manifested, the Gods work like appliances

Dealin in my cypher I revolve around science

The 9th chamber, leave you trapped inside my hallway

You try to flee but you got smoked up by the doorway (blaow! blaow! blaow!)

No question, I send your ass back right to the essence

Your whole frame is smothered in dirt, now how you restin

While I'll be trapped by sounds, locked behind loops

Throwin niggaz off airplanes cause +Cash Rules

Everything Around Me+ black, as you can see

Swallow this murder one verse like God Degree

Then analyze my soundtrack for satisfaction

You adapt like a flashback chain reaction

Verse Two: Raekwon the Chef

Just a minute son...

AK's black bust back like seventy Macs

I'm all that, street niggaz knowin my steez black

Ron G, you know he coincide with me see

Marvelous, Menace fo' Society

But anyway, let's toast, champagne thoughts with Ghost

I max the most shotguns through the nose

Phonograph Hip Hop put me on top

'Lo wears, and Tommy Hil fly shit with a knot

The witty unpredictable live shit, drive by shit

Do or die shit, I'll take your lie and shit

And then you know, I'm runnin through the penal, foul

Four-toothed child was wild

The old lady snitched, but fuck it, you know it, one love kid  
No I'm not doin a bid  
Too much to get for what cause six niggaz got  
stuck, and the nigga chain was truck  
Yo fuck that, Criminology rap  
Speakers stay jet black floatin in the flyest Ac'  
Nigga... bring it! Yeah.Outro: Raekwon  
Much love go to New York City  
All my Tommy Hil' ice rockin niggaz  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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