

# Knowledge God

## Raekwon

Intro: Raekwon, Ghostface\*sniff\* \*drumbeat\* \*long sniff\*

Plug, \*sniff\* word yo

\*snort\* word yo, \*s-snort\* YouknowwhatI'msayin?

\*sniff\* You know, you know we had the baddest motherfuckin

\*long sniff\* unit back in the days, kid!

No doubt, no doubt, I know that Son, I know that

You know that, you know what I'm sayin?

I miss all my niggaz, though, believe me

And I'll never forget none of them

Word up, word up

Stovetop, Roofside, you know what I'm sayin

I had these motherfuckin, all these wild-ass niggaz man

You know what I'm sayin, LB?

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Shit is wild overall, youknowwhatI'msayin God?

Yeah yeah yeah yeah

Word up, youknowwhatI'msayin?

You know how we do, word up

So you let my shit go on the count of three, though

YouknowwhatI'msayin?

[Raekwon]

Fake niggaz throw shit in they drinks

Club nights we snatch linx politic, Africans and chinks

While World of Sport niggaz snort coke by the seconds

Niggaz projects filled with fiends injectin

Morphine, the God seen more CREAM, and upstate

Cousin Reek, almost got hit with fourteen

Chill Pah, 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 workin, cats I'm jerkin

And uptown these niggaz actin like they hurtin

Keys twenty-four a brick

Columbians be on some bullshit, that's why Poppy 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

Skeyed up, weed the fuck up, to top it off

look beat up, with two crack fiends huggin your seed up

I took care of that, though, but don't worry bout it

I got your back though

Chorus: Raekwon Yo why's my niggas always yellin 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 mathematic Son? Knowledge God[Raekwon]  
Fly like cashmere, last year, my team caught bodies in Gravesmere  
Hit a store owner named Mike Lavonia  
Italiano, slanted-eyed bangin them fat Milano  
Selling coke right out the bottle  
Sometime, a nigga brought nines to test with minds  
Crazy peace, buying keys in Greece  
Was a rich nigga, picture the nigga without dope figures  
Condo with his chick, rockin a gold Vigor  
Mafia flicks, tyin up tricks was his main hobby  
Teachin his seed, Wu-Tang karate  
Mixin drinks in clubs, hairy chest with many minks  
Night time rollin with spics  
Extra live, he claimed he couldn't die, top rank  
Sixteen shots in his fishtank  
And his pet piranha, he named him marijuana  
Smokin ganja, callin his weed paisandra  
Claimin 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-hoeChorus 2X{\*pause\*}Chorus[Raekwon]  
Yeah uh huh, uh huh, Miami niggaz  
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  
Moves

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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