

Knuckleheadz

Raekwon

One for you, one for me
Two for you, one-two for me
Three for you
What? I'll smack fuck out yaSmack fire out your fuckin' ass
What the fuck you think this is man?
Get the fuck up outta here man
So yo matter of fact, the man is backThink my head is madder than fuckin' fire
Shit alright, this ain't even enough burn right here
This ain't enough
Fuck it manWe gonna shoot right over there
And yo them niggaz got the big cream over there
So just chill
So let's do this the fuck up, roll up like tropical kid
Don't play me like I got a flowerpot head kid
Just chill man
On the real let's go get this money fast son
I know how we gotta do this kid
Scrungey-head motherfuckerLay on the crime scene, sippin' fine wines
Pullin nines on, UFOs, takin' they fly clothes
They eyes closed, we gettin' loot
No doubt, check the word of mouth, unheard about
Guns go off and now a murder 'bout, I'm outMy raps play the part like a get smart secret agent
In a maze and, styles blazin', Johnny Blaze
And Tony Starks in a daze and
Rhymin', my nigga Lou Diamond will wrap it upWe like meth to go and fuck with noodles
Havin' them poodles on the lockdown buyin' me
Amarettas, and chewables, stackin' pharmecuetical
Rap niggaz on dust and wools
Yo, I told you, some kill, rob and fold
The gold's untold, fuck it it beats parole
So stroll marvelous, soul controller
Of the whole globe, god damn I got it sewnAnd yo, whattup pop, pop the suitcase high
And we can talk, you can walk out the fuckin' building
And get caught, save the fully inflatable
Rap relatable, drug relatable, niggaz here to play with youA hundred dollar rottweiler goes to
spot sellers
Guns and glocks go to niggaz who got props
On top, jail niggaz get mad bigger
And yo, mail a guy about a hundred picturesWord to momma, this rap wonderama team got
drama
Comma, plus smoke realize marijuana
Chef may resign to boat across the farasana

Immaculate plus all my guns so accurate
 They get cream and the cuisine in Queens
 I told you, money stated with the night beams and two rings
 Crazy fat, gettin ready to do this shit
 Sniff mad shit man, what the fuck!
 Who's the knucklehead, wantin' 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
 Chaz 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
 The full blast
 Then skate to the next state
 Further upstate, I heard they got crazy weight
 Bagged up by the gates, 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, niggaz don't fink, 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 floatin' in lakes
 Drug related, paper talkin' 'bout the kids who
 didn't make it
 Hits without a trace
 Never seen the big C and ghostface
 Congratulations chef, let's celebrate and sip
 An eighth
 The rap scar is on rap chrome
 Put it on seal it on, we're silicone
 Spark it on your talkathon
 This rap phenomenon, to word is bond to the arms
 Hit me on the hip and horns, rap chaperone
 Scars tone, bar clones, war tones, raw tones
 Blowin' out the door, bones but
 Your rap's fraudulent, float in these rap quarter inches
 Reinforced with suspense, be on your rap sword defense
 These microphone professional, sensational
 Fully operational, I got niggaz here to play with you
 You know the steez you know my whole
 program
 Brothers from the no-lands, all we want is the G's
 Guns and grams, livin' fat like the hoffa
 Mafia, sippin' eatin' pastas
 Layin' in the house tellin' the seeds about the sagas
 Before we got germanic and thoughts got sporadic
 We grabbed golden tablets and quick guarded the abbots
 Slugs hit the belly put tones into the telly
 Sucker tried to knock me out the box like skelly
 I smoke the weed dreams I drop top two degrees
 Honeydips spendin G's on nails and hair weave
 The crime boss, takin' no loss, excessive force
 We can play the A train, back off the iron horse
 Yo man, Y'know what I'm sayin'? Fuck it man

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>