

# Knowledge God

Raekwon

Plug, word yo  
I'm sayin'?  
Know, you know we had the baddest  
Motherfuckin' unit back in the days, kid  
You know that?  
You know what I'm sayin'?  
I miss all my niggas though believe me  
And I'll never forget none of 'em

Stovetop, Roofside, you know what I say  
I had these motherfuckin', all these wild-ass niggas man  
You know what I say, LB?  
Shit is wild overall, you know what I'm sayin', God?  
Word up, you know what I'm sayin'?  
So you let my shit go on the count of three, though  
You know what I'm sayin'?

Fake niggas throw shit in they drinks  
Club nights we snatch linx politic, Africans and chinks  
While World of Sport niggas snort coke by the seconds  
Niggas 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 niggas 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  
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Yo, why's my niggas always yellin' that broke shit  
Let's get moneys son, now you wanna smoke shit  
Chill God, yo, the Son don't chill Allah  
What's today's mathematic son, Knowledge God

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' the 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 fist to bank  
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-hoe

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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