

for them. You know, guys that I fooled with were killers themselves&it;how you want it?, how you want it? stop that!, stop that!&gt;

These are the men who lead the crime families of America. I control 26,000 men. Except for dope, we operate in all aspects of organized crime. And if there's one thing I'm sure of, it's that drugs destroy your mind. And destroy your home. In the end it'll only lead our country into ruin).....

[GHOSTFACE KILLAH]

We eat fish, tossed salads and make rap ballads  
The biochemical slang lord'll throw the arrows in the dope fiend  
Vocal chords switch laser beams my triple sevens  
Broke the slot machines out in Queens, Grey Poupon is rebel on rap  
Smack on, swing like batons, most want niggas smoked like Hilshire Farms  
Check the gun we sew, underneath my shoe lies the tap  
That attract bow-legged bitches with wide horse gaps  
In steel mills iron he'll smoke the blow on Duns  
You run heroins, Primatine mist is afraid of my lungs  
Turn my channel, it'll blow your whole bench off the panel  
Like 80 roman candles that backfired then slammed you  
Every day is like a video shoot, check this shit  
I take you back to Playboy, stash guns and whips  
Picture afro, big shish-ka-bobs and daishikis  
1000 civil marched blazed their fists in early sixties

[CAPPADONNA]

Now check this one, you must have been stupid to miss this one  
'Donna shogunnin' flip a ton of fashion  
Destination be the cash when I step past one  
Don't make me blast one, I'm cold like eskimo flow  
Cappadonna stay chillin' take shots of penicillin  
Clean out and let the steam out, she fiend to blow out  
But I'm equipped with mad white, Morris The Rap got nine lives  
I'll take a few hundred-thousand dollar dives  
and then I still never go down  
Until the last round I shine,  
when RZA do his thing motherfucka, I'ma do mine

[RAEKWON]

Now, where I come from cats be carryin' Marryin' drug money  
Fuck up your wife, get four to life, claim we handling  
Midtown niggers scramblin', moving examine the fly shit  
Plus quick to buy shit Chef, yeah, you know the whole gods  
Asterick, Fidel Castro suits plus depositin' cash rule big time  
Play it like Canadian wine, RZA 's the rhyme now, the sacredness of  
one's true mind Now let's get colorful like money green  
High roller coaster, Sosa, million dollar nigger roaster  
Yeah, GOD, be havin' my whole steez laced  
now let's wrap our tapes, connect dots  
aim Glocks train style, Figaro fly jewel  
Tri-color Cubans swervin we'll pow with Germans in Suburbans  
24 niggas with vests's on, my own restaurant  
Dons sendin' my sons membership forms  
They still gettin' this paper scraper  
Fake haters from Jamaica, wizards be passin like Lakers  
And if you comin' from Lex, Lewis, Rich Liberace  
Fetus style and block your goals like hockey....