

# 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/>