

# Incarcerated Scarfaces

## Raekwon

He looks determined without being ruthless  
Something heroic in this man, there's a courage about him  
Doesn't look like a killer  
Comes across so calm, acts like he has a dream  
Full of passion You don't trust me, huh?  
Well you know why  
I do, we're not supposed to trust anyone in our profession anyway Raekwon the Chef  
Knock niggaz out the box all the time  
Bitches on my motherfuckin records Pah  
Big ones, yeah, big fuckers  
Straight up, fuck your whole team  
Yeah bust it  
Yo, yo, fly G.I. niggaz  
Now yo yo, whattup yo, time is runnin out  
It's for real though, let's connect politic - ditto!  
We could trade places, get lifted in the staircases  
Word up, peace incarcerated scarfaces Thug related style attract millions Fans,  
they understand my plan, who's the kid up in the green Land?  
Me and the RZA connect, blow a fuse, you lose  
Half-ass crews get demolished and bruised  
Fake be frontin, hourglass heads niggaz be wantin  
Shuttin down your slot; time for pumpin  
Poisonous sting which thumps up and act chumps  
Raise a heavy generator, but yo, guess who's the black Trump?  
Dough be flowin by the hour's Wu, we got the collars, scholars  
Word life, peace to power and my whole unit  
Word up! Quick to set it, don't wet it  
Real niggaz lick shots, peace kinetic Kid  
Now yo yo, whattup yo, time is runnin out  
It's for real though, let's connect politic - ditto!  
We could trade places, get lifted in the staircases  
Word up, peace incarcerated scarfaces Chef'll shine like marble, rhyme remarkable  
Real niggaz raise up, spend your money, argue  
But this time is for the uninvited  
Go head and rhyme to it, big nigga mics is gettin fired  
Morphine chicks be burnin like chlorine  
Niggaz recognize from here to Baltimore to Fort Greene  
But hold up, Moet be tastin like throw-up  
My mob roll up, dripped to death whips rolled up  
Ya never had no wins, slidin in these dens wit Timbs  
Wit Mac-10's and broke friends  
Ya got guns, got guns too, what up son, do

you wanna battle for cash and see who Sun too?  
 I probably wax, tax, smack rap niggaz who fax  
 niggaz lyrics is wack nigga  
 Can't stand unofficial, wet tissue, blank bustin Scud missles  
 You rollin like Trump, you get your meat lumped  
 For real, it's just slang rap democracy  
 Here's the policy, slide off the ring, plus the Wallabees  
 Check the status, soon to see me at Caesar's Palace eatin salads  
 We beatin mics and the keys to Dallas  
 I move rhymes like retail, make sure shit sell  
 From where we at to my man's cell  
 From staircase to stage, minimum wage  
 But soon to get a article in RapPage  
 But all I need is my house, my gat, my Ac  
 Bank account fat - it's goin' down like that  
 And pardon the French but let me speak Italian  
 Black Stallion, dwellin on Shaolin  
 That means the island of Staten  
 And niggaz carry gats and mad police from Manhattan  
 Now yo yo, whattup yo, time is runnin  
 out  
 It's for real though, let's connect politic - ditto!  
 We could trade places, get lifted in the staircases  
 Word up, peace incarcerated scarfaces  
 I do this for barber shop niggaz in the Plaza  
 Catchin asthma, Rae is stickin gun-flashers  
 Well-dressed, skatin through the projects wit big ones  
 Broke elevators, turn the lights out, stick one  
 Upstairs, switch like a chameleon, Hip Brazilians  
 Pass the cash or leave your children, leave the buildin  
 Niggas, yo they be foldin' like envelopes  
 Under pressure like Lou Farigno on coke  
 Yo, Africans denyin niggaz up in yellow cabs  
 Musty like funk, wavin they arms, the Arabs  
 Sit back, coolin like Kahlua's on rocks  
 On the crack spots, rubberband wrapped on my knots  
 You bitches who fuck dreds on Sudafeds  
 Pussy's hurtin, they did it for a yard for the Feds  
 Word up cousin, nigga, I seen it  
 Like a 27-inch Zenith - believe it!  
 Now yo yo, whattup yo, time is runnin out  
 It's for real though, let's connect politic - ditto!  
 We could trade places, get lifted in the staircases  
 Word up, peace incarcerated scarfaces  
 Now yo yo, whattup yo, time is runnin out  
 It's for real though, let's connect politic - ditto!  
 ... get lifted in the staircases  
 ... peace incarcerated scarfaces... time is runnin out  
 ... politic - ditto!... incarcerated scarfaces

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

