

# Rich and Black (feat. Nas)

## Raekwon & Nas

And regardless to how much power you have  
When God sends prophets and messengers  
They don't care nothing about your power  
Because they come from Thee powerRare nigga, I'm a wonder, your best success is my worst  
blunder  
Feds tapped the number  
Jury Jacqueline Onassis could appreciate  
Weed to alleviate the pain, Eddie Kane, Richard Pryor, pinky ringWatch ya conduct nigga, full  
pardons for my niggas that's livin'  
You guessed it, models, y'all keep 'em if they anorexic  
Love 'em but can't trust 'em, hate 'em but won't bust 'em  
Cake in the savings, spinning wisdom it's like a customTats of Hieroglyphics, lipstick on the  
collar  
I got more to lose than you do but I'm a rider  
When did the rules change? Y'all livin' trendy on pennies  
Meetin' deadlines with ease, no gain  
You fire, I'm butane, gave the Timbs ostrich belts  
These are the times that I surprise myself  
My niggas lookin' like Black Crowes at packed shows  
The don voice stay pristine like I'm still 17I'm rick, black, African, rockin' a golden Mack  
Trailing leather Gucci leggings on my back  
Willied by some hoodlum in the trench  
Rinse these niggaz, 86 gazelles, dicing their defenseMike Tyson disciple, trifle with my pen, it's  
a rifle  
16 ways to shoot you through your Chrysler duke  
Exhalin' with niggaz the jails argue  
Bring the best niggas to the table, I'll sick 4 of my whales on youCustom wooded speakers rock  
Elise's  
Run from polices, dump on creatures, holidays with preachers  
Stainless Steel watches ostrich turtlenecks, here's the deal  
If we can't come in, they can't have the field  
Bones ya Sisco, murder instrumentals  
Kanye porsche rap, how many horses live official?  
I run with generals that flash Uzis in interviews  
My shit is deep, we fly swimming dude2 gotta be all murder just like the first  
Timbs yellow like the hair on a Malibu surfer  
Yellow like my Harry Winston glistenin' arm B  
Yellow like New York City piss stained concreteThat's right yo, who voted toastin' in the wind?  
Las Vegas odors, what you know  
Leave it right here, we go to the Lotus  
Put a package on your head, be promoted  
Keys in effect, paying these dumb fuckin' D's off a donutsI hate to see you acting like a slave

To get an advance here, an advance there  
Because somebody else controls your destiny I'm rich, black, umbrella calico captain  
Wes Craven with a blade and a black  
From hood ornaments, junkies win awards in my tournaments  
My shit is listed like informants pics You know we order hits, planes fire, niggas is sure to get ya  
Whether in Costa Rica, Lisa she's sure to twist ya  
Eatin chow lo mein with chopsticks, glocks with aim  
Watermelon chips, pop some pain From all the riches niggas forcing out they feelings kid  
Whether in hallways or boats, now feel us kid  
Out in Alaska in the Astons, remember my passion  
Hungry wolf who never eat in his castle Bolivian connects wrestlers yeah  
Chef ambidextrous, quick to back you in like the Lexus shit  
Hunted by the FBI, we gracious  
More demonstrations shit is tough milk it, carnation It was the Shaolin  
The Shaolin? Never  
Never?  
The poison your master drunk is familiar to the Shaolin Monks We don't talk, you're gonna die  
My lord, enough  
Quiet down  
There's no point to it, he's just like his master  
He's not gonna tell you

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