

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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