

# Kiss the Ring

Raekwon

Suga, come here, aiyo man, tell ya man  
He better bring that fucking money here tomorrow, man  
You, walk up in the joint with me, man  
It's all real, yo, what up son?  
Yo, hold the bottle, it's your night, nigga!  
It's your night! \*bottles popping\*  
Yeah, mad bottles! Playboy! We out of here, man  
(Step inside, kiss the ring - so salute, and toast to the best who done it)  
{Give it up for the Wu-Tang Clan! }

When I step inside, kiss the ring, Wu Familia  
La Cosa Nostra, it's our thing  
So salute, and toast to the best who done it  
Murder rap shit, I spit, for the vets who love it

By the time you read this letter  
Your head gon' fly off your shoulder for lying  
And I'm a be in bed like holders  
Blood from a horse on your spread, you tried to play me now  
I'm coughing up, dough on your head, you just a baby  
See me in the flick as a Rick, I had to maybe with me  
All these niggas stay in the 90's, getting rich  
Rick Ruler robe on with rings, walking to the throne  
Fronting like I know I'm the king, I live alone though  
Buying up, China's Beemers, taking it to Simon's in Medina  
Only just to blind you and leave ya  
These young boys is crafted with aim, I bought 'em all  
Fly ranches, cause they all stand beside me with flames  
Regardless, yo, to making the classic, you gon' witness some of the tactics  
Some died, live in the action  
A live general when he walk, if he died, then we slide  
Ninety thou' in the coffin, and take the child

Black Jesus, check my walk, check my talk  
Legend in the flesh and I rep New York  
Crowned king, been down to bang, I'm House Gang  
Knockout specialist, in and out the ring  
Got dinner tables long as boats with old kitchens  
And Wu-Tang logos splashed on all the dishes  
You know how I speaks the truth, how I teach the youth  
I'm an animal, I beast the booth  
Been grinding, banging out for food to eat  
Your boy still eating good, check my new physique  
Since the world is mine, I'm a write my name on the clouds  
So that ol' yee faithful, can praise it and bow

Now he's an old Mafia don, from back when  
He managed to survive the game, ducking fame  
It's how he maintained, the State of Grace, kept his lab laced  
Ladies of a fine taste, kept his place guarded  
While the young charted, found acquitted, all charges  
And his heart loss and, marksmen take the contract  
From the contact, waiting for the right event, it all made sense  
He left no prints on the weapon, and he was blasting  
Came home from prison stashing, still stacking  
His whip still matching his kit, steel flashing  
Hands quick, nice with his shit, three holy foods

Drops jewels, from a street corner level, young brother, I'm a rebel  
Here to instruct private soldiers to buck arms  
Ya'll rap cats had your last win, toast the kings  
It's Wu-Tang, it's our thing, kiss the ring

[Chorus x2]