

I See

Ras Kass

Ah Pharoahe Monch yeah
I said; yes yes y'all to the beat y'all
We tryin' to teach the young and get the loot
And steer it like havin' a ball
Hey hey hey
We try to walk a little bit like this I say
I hate rap promoters I start to motor
Talk from Southside to North Minnesota
Dre gramm of yea with a small cup of soda
Never get the women with the underarm odour
Sky town Motorola holder who rocks bolder than all
To fall when they try to call me the cold shoulder
Try to tell these younger kids to come a little older
The more is about to happen and we need our little soldiers

I riggedy rock, I riggedy wreck shot
Nah hahaha I'm fuckin' with y'all
I fall through parallel universes with a gun
And murder myself the games strength like Jet Li in The One
Get bean you slum-slumming
Sippin' a little some-something
Pop and Big Pun it's nothing to front, get the dappin'
Something up in here y'all gon' make me lose my mind
Use my nine, and do my time
I do my grime, and spit rhymes freaky, hear it out
For new hoes and constant rappers the shiekiet
Be beneath me, no rapper could defeat me
Like puttin' your face in faeces, I talk shit
Who I be? Real nigga with the fake I.D

O.G., B.G., L.A., N.Y.C

The matrix is radio and T.V

I see; designer glasses, titties and masses
For luxurious beats, that bumps, that move the masses
Desastrous beats that strife V.I.P.-passes
It's on (It's on?) It's on
(I see; sex money and why murder and crime
Good time, soldiers that cry for lust and the shine
Bitlies bitches that break ballers
All us wanna be shakola's callin' call us)

Basic I was too advanced to advance
Now who's the chansellor?
You couldn't scrap if you was one of Big Daddy Kane's dancers
The answer but not for the '76's
I put your lips on, stick ya dick in your mouth
And put your lips, where your dick was, sideways pushin'
Punks try to prevoke chess styles and push me
Queens shit (Come on!) Queens shit (Come on!)
Fuck around and get your motherfucking screen split (Come on!)

Thorough, on turntables for technicians to play it
Hi-Tek lady for Pharoahe Monch to slay it
I triple all waited Ras whiplash
(Why I grow voices) wrapping this wraf with big wax

Really, hah, I refuse to rock consumers
Cause sworn groupies get mad and spread rumours like

"Do you hear what I hear"

I heard gay rappers that thugged, a lot of nerve

Can you believe that shit Monch?

Word, word, I heard a lot of murderers ain't really murderers
And it's absurd was they frontin' like they never heard of us

Niggas playin' king-pin but only perps service oil
Playin' they want beef but really only heard of wars
If you want to party trunk and wanna get crunked
Throw ya hands up! Bitches, throw ya hands up!

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(2x)