

# 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 shiekiest  
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)