

Ooh wee

Ras Kass

Everything I say don't be yae yo
Haters in batter rams, I slam
Like syringes in heroine, four hundred and fifty grams
Overdose, every coast, one hundred spokes chrome
Knock off some malt liquor by the malzatof
Don't gotta floss, huh, ain't that the truth
Flyin in boobies, silver six hundred Coup
Like whoop whoop, holla at me big baby
Sop me up wit a biscuit, cuz you know it's all gravy
Linguistical flow, I ain't Mystikal, but y'all ain't ready
If a nigga don't rhyme about crack, clothes, pussy and fatty
Eat a dick, that's music to my balls,
like Gloria Estefan fuckin Hakeem Olajuwon
How this black lil nigga get more head than a beauty salon
Guam, blowin ya shit out like Chaka Khan
For sheezy, my favorite women is sleazy
Bisexual triplet freaks, forty five at they sexual peaks
I'm fuckin three Tony's, like Rafael Saadiq
And got a trick up my life, manufacturin cheese
My matrix will triculate wit melodies
Rehabilitated hood rats, shake the specie
I'm tryin to die filthy, rich and ruthless, I'm easy
See Austin niggas is know for flossin
But I still buy my T-shirts and socks from the slossin

It's so must that I smash when I mash for me
Ask Cash -N- Gash, nobody ride for free
OohWee, they say Ras you a rider?
I reply wit "Hell yeah, I'm a rider"
I give it up for C. Austin
That's the city north of Long Beach, South Western Compton
They say Ras you a rider?
I reply wit "Hell yeah, I'm a rider"

Watch me catch bitches, the llama and the patch bitches
Fuck sex whippin homey, don't even trip
I never seen a hood wit a retirement plan to medical benefits
I'm bout seein black folk wit chips, and hundred thousand dollars whips
Instead of monkey see, monkey power rule feelin you wit banana clips
I plan to flip my manuscript, like dyslexics
To sed it, to bet it all, genetic telekinetic brawl
See I'm the difference between booty calls and blue balls
Telethon wit Lou Rawls, and bevelin two percent off the top
S-s-sorry, couldn't got to break mines off
Decapitated, so where's he headed?
I decapitate niggas, damage is bodily
Put your tire on flat, and kill by a gat like Enis Cosby
Ain't no problem hoe, recognize

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My tenant shoot pimpin is more like twenty shoot
Cuz no woman love me like the wimmy do
I write raps while pullin the lent off my nut sack
You 50% butt crack, I mean half assed
MC's we discover the mathematic format
Beneath your north plan, I'm guaranteed to come will
Like a reverse doormat, 64% Sega, 80 proof Congac,
and toll free pagers
I'm still comin out like I'm born babies wit hangers
My crew consist of millionaires, failures and gang bangers
The dangers of loaded language, my glock lick click
Got it made, me no fillet, pay then sat out like sway
Raid the police, cuz they sellin more crack then latinos and blacks
See we knows the facts, how Europeans jack
I'm sellin Native Americans gats so they can take they land back

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(2x)