

# Understandable smooth

Ras Kass

For the live ones, not the shook ones  
For the riders, not the hook ones

Immaculate conception, like a black Madonna in mangers  
My crew consist of millionaires, failures, and gangbangers  
Say my name like Candyman  
Then I'm creepin out the cut with a gallon in hand  
I span forty-nine states, bounce rock skate  
Similar to movin weight out of state  
Lyrics lacerate spinal columns, 'I bury all cockroaches'  
Stare in his face, Stomp-in on bustas like Kirk Franklin  
Intrigued by the speed of a 911 Porsche? 'But of course'  
Still screaming Behold a Pale Horse  
Watch my flame turn green like a Promethean torch  
Pay no child support when me and my divorce  
Some of y'all cats in the game look confused  
Where's your butterfly collar and your crocadile shoes?  
Gotta pay dues, street crews -- you know it's off the hook when  
oh-three-one is gangbangin in Brooklyn

'Understandable smooth shit that murderers move with' --> Nas  
To all my live ones, not my shook ones  
'Understandable smooth shit that murderers move with' --> Nas  
To all the riders, not the hook ones  
'Understandable smooth shit that murderers move with' --> Nas  
Music to live by, music to die by  
'Understandable smooth shit that murderers move with' --> Nas  
Uhh, Music to Driveby

I puff the Black & Mild, crusin on a Harley -- flickin ashes  
Givin crazy baldheads the finger like Bob Marley  
Suaver than synthetic players, that's my word  
See ever since the days of Turkish gold chains and cross cords  
Uncle Sam wanna play me on some  
'All you people do is get on welfare and have crack babies'  
Yeah maybe, but a lot of po-po is racists  
they keep a brother fightin federal cases, 'ju know'  
I'm sick of gettin the short end of the stick -- so I sharpen it...  
and stuck Ron Goldman  
If ain't nothing wrong, something just ain't right  
Sometimes I'd rather have two dykes than five mics  
See I'm fat, my shit is mo' John Blaze than that  
I got John Blaze shit, and then I was un-recognized, and then fuck that  
Who is you to be askin me questions?  
Bustin caps in nine-eight, exposin niggaz intestines

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Now if I ever fall off, then take a picture trick  
But I'ma play Dennis Rodman and kick you in the... damn!

Hip-hop smoothed out on the R&B tip, with a pop feel appeal to it  
I'm so for real to it  
I cream it, wet dream it  
Support it like a Wonder Bra, when I bust like cleavage  
Eff a spot lock up, I rock three-quarter top Nikes  
on the handlebars of the homey beach crusin bikes  
Fifty-thousand dollar warrants, just-us/justice, no peace  
No bail, no release, from Inglewood court  
South to La Brea then East to the Pen, handcuffed  
I shoulda jumped off the roof like Mack 10  
Create the funny styles with the chokers round the neck  
Flossin at the chest hairs in a sequined vest  
Ras Kass the Nova Don Juan, the phenomenon  
You know I'm the bomb, I raise hell like Spawn

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