

Kid Capri, One On One

Yeah once again presenting, kid capri
Ras kass the waterproof mc, punchline

(ras kass)

These faggot mcs be on skis with the microphone though
But it's all downhill hitting trees like sonny bono
Name a nigga I couldn't burn and he probably created the earth in six days
I shot at Jesus with a tech fives times
Hanging the pope with six strings, the name is ras kass
Might eat a little pussy but I don't kiss ass homeboy
I'm righteous and wicked and this acquisition of riches is like
Selling bean pods and still f**king white bitches

(punchline)

I rap crazy, you better get fifty niggas to blaze me
Or ace me, been rhyming since 220 ad
You feel gazy? , I'm top ten with the raps
Off the list you scratch, like serial numbers on gats
I lace tracks with ill lines 20 bar rhymes
My verses got long sentences like jail times
Press rewind, listen to jams when I cool out
I only f**k a bitch in the park if she juiced out
Going new routes to maintain my composure
Anticipated while you still screaming to get exposure
Rap soldier in the cipher I'm first to set it
My lyrics get the u.s. open without playing tennis

(ras kass)

Vindictive my voice pitch is beyond John Blaze
I'm John Cremation, you conversation with aspirations
Of me leaving blood stains from earth to Venus
Them so-called rap stars will still be living
With they moma like an unborn fetus
As soon as you step on stage i'ma destroy you with the truth
Like the Ricki Lake show, don't come out the soundproof booth
Or poof, plucked in your bubblegum
A lost angel, I strangle at an angle that's obtuse

(punchline)

Yo, my styles viscous, put niggas before bitches
Collect riches, bone chickens without trickin
And stay spitting mad rhymes in your direction

Always repping get you open like sea sections
I rhyme great set it off without Jada
My flava leave a nigga shook like vibrators
Rap composer of the hit your styles over
I make an mc cry just like Robin on Ophra
Give you the cold shoulder guess who rhymes slicker
I gross figures, shed light on shady niggas
And write rhymes, roast niggas that take mine
Gave birth to so many styles I should have my tubes tied
One time, when rappers need concentration
Embarrass I nigga, like getting caught masterbating
I'm fascinating, I make you wallow in your sorrow
Clutch the bottle you get your childish style fondled
My rap tactics make you want to go home and practice
Match this, drop jewels like Biagio Rackis
I come rough for all niggas that front
I'm all that five mics and quotable for the month

(ras kass)

I be on some bullshit like the unamits and vigorous rhyming

And until buchwhick bill starts dunking on kobe bryant
I'm applying pressure, check out my melody
The eighteenth letter, the first letter
The nineteenth letter for cheddar
And get a barrette explosive tip shredders to make the rum-redder
To make the deader then coretta
Scott king's husband who had a dream
I get in you with no vaseline
And burn rubber so I tap that ass like savion glover

(punchline)

That the sedative cause your shits repetitive
And played out, tried to run game but it got rained out
Wasn't thinking about this style until we came out
Took a detour when some of y'all went the same route
Thoughts about doing punchline make me tickle
When my flow changes like pennies, dimes and nickels
Organized rhymes we make the girls realize
We humiliate niggas like a small dick size
Now you wanna click nines, front and sip wines
Take mine, can't mess with ras and punchline