

# Ras Kass, All Or Nuthin

[Twista]

All or nuthin, stall the bluffin, won't let the po-po arrest me  
Try to hit the deck to bless me  
But I'm still broke so I ride like Frank & Jessie  
But they can't catch me, breakin niggas off like a sawed-off  
Comin for the fedder man, my millimeter bringin better things  
When I pull, like a better bang, so if I have to, I'ma let it rang  
Gotta handle my functions, but an outcome, I have a somethin  
Instead of nuthin, haters hold me down  
and servin thru a stick up or somethin  
Now I gotta pick up the pump and let it ride  
All or nuthin, step aside, or you can hit the paper big time  
You gon murder like strick nine, wit a grip nine, sever bitch time  
'cause I gotta mine, and it's on

[Ras Kass]

Why you cummin up short like a million midgets masturbatin  
Mascaradin as the most murderous madman militia my nigga Twista told me  
Monopolize, strategize, maximize, make money to win  
Wit career sinners intake us, sinners  
Turn ya hopeless into magenta, quick essential inventor  
Please, we seizin bees, VL's and GD's  
Got OG's, OZ's, keys for these millionaire momi's  
Release your shells, my nigga  
Knew the job was dangerous, when I took it, why's a player  
Dark tides, or say on how to walk crooked, look it  
Gotta sophisticated home  
I'm assassin bitches that give my shotgun barrel blow jobs  
So when the four stickin out like a sore toe thong  
It's no prob, vocally for sure squad, thorough man

[Chorus 2X]

Gotta up that cash, gotta up that dough  
Stacks that you can't flow  
Kick in the door, we on the floor, come up off a G and 2 hundred mo'  
Gotta up that cash, gotta up that dough  
Shit, all or nuthin, no bluffin, If I have to, I'm bustin

[Twista]

Nigga worthless to bones, like nickels to quarters  
Fallers to shot callers, all of gotta get the paper some how  
For the school of the gun style, see me til the cops call us  
Hell brought us, to a situation where we gotta driveby  
Let the bullets from my nine fly, to murder who you was deprived by  
But I admit sometimes if it wasn't for crime I  
Try to be, bokin, rollers, while the start keep it low goin, homeless  
So I'm hookin up wit Ras Kass, on some shit we can stack cash  
But if I have to pull back a rag fast, on that ass nigga

[Ras Kass]

He set the streets full wit jackals, racists, crackers and cannibals  
So it's understandable, why I'm half man, half animal  
Ridin thru in the hood on my elephant like Hannibal  
See I used to have dreams of f\*\*kin an R&B bitch  
And I used to dreams of bein 21 and rich  
Not a twice that bad though, now I'm tryin to be rich by age 25  
See Shallah survive that new world they pay yo  
But you don't hear me

[Chorus 2X]

[Ras Kass]

Home boy, my games tight  
I could talk the Virgin Mary outta panties the same night

From a cocoon on the dark side of the moon  
The illest niggas existin, I know who you are  
Fubar, f\*\*ked up beyond all recognition  
In the middle of the ghetto I'm buildin a casino  
Like Bugsy Siegel employ niggas and latinos,  
Shootout wit the ATF in Beemers, for free, see bone, see dough  
Nigga I'm like Steve and Digo, except I pack seventeen cinco  
Rowdy, Los Angelino, you got knocked the f\*\*k out like Deebo

[Chorus 2X]