Ras Kass, Come Widdit

We went all around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it I'm the first batter up Ahmad -- well then come widdit All around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it I'm the first batter up Ahmad -- well then come widdit

Verse One: Ahmad

Well it's the niggerole that caught Foot Lock cause the vibe keeps voxed in funk, makes you rock to the side Gave it all I had, just to have what I got Niggaz tryin to be bad, and they mad cuz they not Gonna defeat the rapper who got three ways to sack a Quarterback I slaughter wack MC's with ease These nuts what you get and a busted lip What you have when you come at me with buster shit All that graf given driven so I musta hit Bought a Jag, chillin on the Shore just to dip Get it right, cause I get it, night in and night out I'm butter, covering up wack MC's like White Out Don't doubt it that they dissed me OK rap is overrated Who hate it that a nigga from the West blew up and made it And I'd braid it if I had it but for now I keep it balded Niggaz tryin to touch to me better stop before they get scalded I'm hot, like a skillet and grits, crush you to bits When I look over the room, and then lower the boom, and Think that they can defeat the man that can't be beat I do the breaststroke clown while you drown in three feet Beep beep like robots on Buck Rodgers plus I bust 25th century rhymes so you decline To battle anytime had skills since I was nine Dope lines the only weapon that I cock, I never drop I stop clones cuz biting's never condoned From the Westside 4th Avenue crew Jones

We went all around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it I'm the second batter Ras Kass -- well then come widdit All around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it I'm the second... nah forget it

Verse Two: Ras Kass

My foramen magnum got 357 calibers to bust a suckaz melon like Gallagher (pow) Body chemistry consists of Hennessey, toxic melanin with an adamantium skeleton like Wolverine child, my heart pumps kerosene Son I spit butane, burn any bastard you name till I die And even when I'm maggots, I'ma still be fly Perpetrator, you're not the one Your name's not Anfernee Hardaway I'm like a wolf with blood dripping down the fangs My techniques foul enough to shoot the flagrant technical I be comin off the head rougher then ribbed tip recepticles Expect the exceptional syllables to be the next man's umbilical cord Catch distortion, ras cancels kids like abortions Sendin niggaz to hip hop hell, ock Eternal damnation through writers block I rock over the results of Reeboks and sands stand ill, forget a live band just my mouth and hand And even man wasn't prehensile I'd still find ways to grip mikes, hold my tip when I piss and pick off pubic lice Cause see, I always been nice but first brothers slept Now I've come back twice like Christ to resurrect the West

Check

We went all around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it I'm the third batter up, Saafir -- well then come widdit All around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it I'm the third batter Saafir -- well then come widdit

Verse Three: Saafir the Saucee Nomad

Some spit it, but my saliva is liver spit stenches drenches been intricated, flow braggarts Act cynic thyroid thermia hypodermic How I earn it squeezing juices, one-hundred percent concentrated on easing nooses around the necks of tricks, probably won't get this Thick hottie body carberuator I'm the un-priggish well cat led bredded-well ill verse my will is ho gung for the fortune Can spell hearse with the same Addams Family apple grapple hook Crooked, flier I fly crooked For the crew, Hobo Junction, in a few I'll plan father soldier and when they're older I'll teach them off Killings of confidence and to be omnipotent with content Accomplishment for gladiation I'm done With training of explaining as the crates in plan B Attack instructs me to hit the yak I'm here, on purpose The Nomadic, addict, merchant

We went all around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it Well then come widdit All around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it Well then come widdit