

Ras Kass, Get At Me

Damn nigga, what's wrong wit you

[Ras Kass]

(I reign) I reign more cop than Johnny
Sippin' tanquery with o.j.
Sportin' bruno mali
Not guilty but filthy
Smellin' like Christian Dior
Infiniti QX4, gimme yours
Of course, sinnin
Swimmin' in the abdomen of pretty women
Love to love ya, like Timbaland
When in the endin
Like three strikes in the ninth inning
I rock satin boxers, cotton socks and denim
The game he kick, special teams couldn't return
Got you wild like a texturizer
Burn like the ultra-perm, toss it up like a geyser
Sosa, kosher, nostra, like keyser
And got a thing for rehabilitating hood-rats
Who keep their hair and nails done
And they legs waxed
I peep that, you got a man, but you want a homie
Love a friend, my sentiments exactly
Get at me

chorus [Karida Johnson]

I like your style, can we kick it, oh wow
Baby, so you can get at me

[Ras Kass] I got no game, It's just the women Understand my story

I got a man, but we can still be friends
So you can get at me, baby, baby-bay, baby

Verse Two

Some things make you happy just to be alive
Like seeing Toni Braxton naked on the cover of the vibe
Drive, like hitting two-twenty-five
In the pin with no spot
I survive drama and then know when to lick shots
Keep a top notch just a phone call away from my crotch
Never brought sand to the beach
Cause these streets is baywatch (true)
You know how we do
Satin lingerie I see through
Now she barely even kiss you
Leaving 1-7-7-1-5-4-0-0 on my pager (I miss you boo)
Your chicken-head wife was poultry
Undersexed and sultry
That's the rhyme and reason why we committed adultery
I swear, womens love from bel-air to welfare
Chalkin' up these frequent flyer miles on Con-Air
Her momma shoulda named her Casino
She got the liquor in the front
Poke her in the rear

chorus

Verse Three

You know my steez though
Dark skin and creole, I'm 'bout it
Just without the Master P dough
But see though, my tax bracket decent and increasin
Make no mistake
You cant get a slice if you don't bake the cake
To reverse trick
My silly ex-bitch transport brick
For twenty percent - commission
She dressed up with no where to go
While I'm blowin up your dress like Marilyn Monroe
For show, at my girl party, flowin
But I think she caught me like a nazi
Now I'm servin', she got me under surveilence
Like John Gotti, now I'm signin' on the low
Actin' straight Illuminati
Don't get mad, I'm only being honest
It's Clarence Thomas (fuck you Ras)
You promise
Then freak me, slightly below the hips
And blow me a kiss with your pussy lips
Get at me

chorus

Get at me