

# Ras Kass, If/Then

If bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks,  
Then niggas ain't shit but hoes with dicks

(REPEAT 2X)

Murderous verses,  
Motherf\*\*kers won't even make it to the chorus  
They'll find you and yo bitch buried in the Angeles National Forest  
Anything you can do, I heard it done before, better,  
But I can do you in 36 positions  
Enter you like the Wu-Tang debut  
Now who remains true to the game?  
Damn shame it wasn't you  
Fools lay claim to fly rhymes but I terrorize airlines  
My mind's a porcelain Glock 7 slippin' through the metal detectors  
Ready to wet'cha like baptism  
It's rap pugilism when I be placin' 208 bones in one zone;  
With microphones, I'm like the Blade Runner hunting clones  
I "Beat It" like one glove and a bad nose job  
With more breathin techniques than Lamaze  
Ras still be drinkin' malt liquor brews  
And continues the liquidation of crews  
Wit' a drunken technique like Shun Di's kung fu on Virtua Fighter 2  
See me son, I'm the one sportin' Dolce and Gabbana  
Peelin' this bastard's wig back like cradle cap  
You ain't no cap peela for rilla  
And for who you desire to kill you need more God than Zilla  
I breaks'em off like a acrylic nails  
Test me but you appear to be Presley (Press Lee) like Priscilla  
And still malicious disses, but this is 10% dis, 90% skill  
So curses, foiled again like Hershey's kisses  
You're so-called vicious, although  
How they gonna be a menace when it ain't no men in it?  
Oh, they womenaces (with clitorises)  
In a new year, a new fear, and I'm nuclear  
Let's play a friendly game of who can ruin who's career  
I'm a Killafornia B-boy, you like one of Heavy D's boys  
Got niggas fallin' off the stage like they was Trouble T-Roy

Chorus (REPEAT 4X)

(Hey, whip these niggas' ass)  
Watch me gamble for paradise  
And if I gotta pay the price  
Easy come, easy go like Eric Wright  
'Cause I used to get my fade wit a comb and a razor blade  
With a 9800 Module back in the day  
They say it takes 5000 to educate, 30,000 to incarcerate  
Gimme 5,000,000 in the lottery wit high cholesterol cloggin' my artery  
I'm not the boss hogg or the pimp and f\*\*k legalizin' hemp  
Keep the profit on the streets  
F\*\*k police on the creep three deep in a silver Caprice  
And the black chief of police  
No justice, no peace  
Verbally, I'm takin off from the baseline  
With my nuts in your face like Scottie Pippen  
As opposed to flippin' chickens  
So kill game like Chris Webber in sudden death  
'Cause you callin' for timeouts when you got no time left  
On some Highlander shit 'cause, son, there can only be one  
And heads is flyin' faster than Ronald serves  
Two all-beef patties on a sesame seed bun  
Real thorough - duh do do do, duh do duh do do  
I wanna give it to you all night long just like the Mary Jane Girls

(AAALLL NIIIGHT LONG!) (LAUGHTER) (Niggas ain't shit!!!)  
A bloodstained wall emanates from my nostril  
I pull bitches like a hamstring and take out an MC like a tonsil  
Forty story buildin's horizontal  
Within the confines of 33 lines and a margin mentally squabbin'  
See, every time my lips part it's a million man march  
And my heart is a pit with a million skin heads moshin'  
Daily I walk through Hell smellin like Chanel but far from frail  
I roll with my clique like par-a-palegics  
Confrontation conversation, catch-22 exclamations  
But the explanation was deeper than a Louis Leaky excavation  
Fools, you're makin' peace when the enemy is blaspheme  
Guess we got some nuts hangin' in between like a motherf\*\*kin' drag queen  
But don't nobody wanna test though, ya niggas is petro  
When I put the lead to your head like Destro

Chorus (REPEAT 4X)