

Ras Kass, Miami Life

Chorus:

Miami Life, at any price, keep my pockets nice
Eff the po-lice, Miami Life ain't nuttin nice
Miami Life, at any price, keep my pockets nice
Eff the po-lice, Miami Life ain't nuttin nice

Verse One:

I'm launchin rockets and SCUDs at Crockett and Tubbs
[and Tye] full of more Rum than a [Mai-Tai] again despite high
schoolin, I be high refusin to listen to what the PTA say
Eff a four point oh GPA I got a five point oh GTA
hittin the chop shop, with an ETA of 3 o'clock, so shake the spot
like Luke and them girl with the Daisy Dukes
Cuz life's a beach and I forever be wearin my bathing suit
Met this Colombian mommy set a daddy, trap the cabbie
with government permission, no DEA intervention
Filthy rich and hit lines for recreation snortin coke up
but Pinoche's rollin, cuz I don't know the next hoe be the loc'est
You still can't teach me or reach me with history
when the story is his, and who gets to be
the future Pablo Escobar don't need a diploma
Minimum wage the rest I'm livin whale like Jonah

Chorus

Verse Two:

Walk these streets with more Heat than Alonzo Mourning
Now how many toasters can these smokers keep pawning?
My school days was like Porky's
in class doin the butt, on the hallway ditchin
Teacher's pet snitchin, but ain't no Miami Bass like the triple beam
So fool please, I move MC's like old Z's
I want more cheese than Kraft Ravioli
Got love like Chachi and Joni micraphone Michael Corleone
Only the homies really know me, but everybody
want to dip in my Mixelplic [what part of the game is this?]
Keepin CoInTelPro stickin into brothers like Velcro
Fightin felony convictions, a closer shave than Norelco
well though, stay and lose it, I'm still official
[Why?] cuz I'm on a roll like toilet tissue
[Rider] anything less would be uncivilized
At any price... Miami Life...

Chorus 2X

Verse Three:

Accept no Substitute
And I'ma make it known The Specialist like Stallone
and Sharon Stone watchin your spot get blown
you don't even understand, I ain't scared of you motherfuckers
[Senator Bob Dole] and C. Delores Tucker
What the world needs is less free cheese
More white collar J-O-B's, these ghetto MP's
stretchin fools on the block for crack rock
But part of power brokers is gettin over like unprotected sex with Oprah
Float, like a Tournament of Roses parade
Sting, like a bee, but of course
I put my foot so deep in yo ass
the water in my knee will quench your thirst, I got juice freshly squeezed
Words 100 percent bom-Bay, made from more concentration than Minute Maid

Renegade rhyme ride ruckus non-fiction me and my kin
slippin mickies and puttin hickies on your chest
I never been seen like the Loch Ness...
...monster, heh, and now a word from our sponsor
Yeah, and now a word from our sponsor

Chorus 2X