Ras Kass, Won't Catch Me Runnin

Verse One:

Stay in school was the motto, but I'd rather hit lotto
Swallow a shot of tequila but leave the worm in the bottle
In the spot with a BAC of .13
And when my voice hits the mic I electrocute Spit like Beat Street
I lounge with a clique, thick as the '93 Freaknik
Smokin a beadie, flippin the script like a hermaphrodite
So choose your weapon if ya got beef, chief
Cause we can take it to the looseleaf sheets or concrete streets
Cause Ras not strapped is like LL without a hat
Syntax attacks, head cracks, they know David Horowitz would strike back
The night I got dice accidentally stepped on money's Nikes
He tried to break fool and threw a glass full of ice to incite the fight
But didn't know who flew heads
I got ??? like Ricky Randall takin the legs off Chavez
Instead ya lose, he got punked for his shoes
Cause just like BB King I'm givin niggaz the blues

Chorus:

Times is hard, brothers is frontin' but they ain't about nothin'
So ya won't catch me runnin' (x4)

Verse Two:

I step through crews as if they was holograms
Been inside of more vaginas than a diaphragm, so I don't give a damn
Kid, I am the man that you think you are
5'5" and throwing hooks like Abdul-Jabbar
Servin' these kids like pediatrics, practice the tactics
And suckers cover your head, just like a prophylactic does
Thought he wasn't when he was gettin' retarted
Rented a U-haul truck when the LA riot started
Slid my homeless brother a buck, and ducks duck
The verbal buck-buck, boo-ya, who ya
Figure will be stylin' when Cali is an island (FAT!!!)
It's my fault, my shake from Brooklyn to Vegas
The earthquakes on lyrics ya plates like San Andreas
Would be rumblin', you're not ready for my fly type of genre
I'll rock your world like ugly Wanda

Chorus

Verse Three (LP Version):

Now money talks and bullshit walks in the street on the daily
And niggas pull my strings like a ukelele, but
I lust ruckus like I used to lust Halle Berry
But now I bat wack motherfuckers like Dave Justice
Must bust nuts
Because he's married
1 time this brother tried to step and thought the little guy was scar-ied
Tryin' to freak all up on the girl I was dancin' with like he's invincible
Not that the ho was important but it's the principle
Involved, I said, "Yo black this my lady pal"
The stupid nigga laughed and said, "Well she my bitch too now"
So what can you do when boys is men
Our self-image depends on the next man's scrimmage so I sin
Cause thou shalt not kill, but I tried my best
Left my fingerprints in his neck
I never understand why brothers try to act up on one another
But if the static is comin'

Fool, you won't catch me runnin'

Verse Three (EP Version):

Stop your flow like its menopause the men all pause
Cramp your style like P.M.S
Suckers checking for lumps in they chest
Like breast cancer
My stanza gets censorship from Reverend Calvin Butts
but he could suck my diction, dictation is ridiculous
indicative of dictatorship
Today's four letter words were standard english until 1066
and ignorance is bliss
So as I sag my Ralph Lauren chaps
Walking into lyrical scraps
I'm knocking niggas off the map
See more stars than astronomy
Not near one can follow me
Thougts premeditated like two Melendez brothers
That's word to the father and the mother