

Ras Kass, Anything Goes

Yeah, it goes down
Yeah, it goes down
Uh-huh, it goes down
It goes down
I thought you knew it went down
Believe that

Verse One:

I rock Versacci, sippin VSOP and Hennessy in foam cups
Motorola flips with illegal chips
Dip-pin' like Teela where everybody momma collectin money from fiend
Five series Beemer, one-hundred and eighty-nine horsepower
I like bitched with dimples and nipples the size of silver dollars
Rollin three deep in Eddie Bauers chokin out LAPD Rottweilers
like chihuahuas, all day eryday
In Southern California where the dogs and the ribs stay
And nowadays fools don't know how to act
Cause we all wanna be Tony Montana
Matter of fact, gimme five we got dap, gimme twenty-five
We got a bird and profit is made
So while the homey cut cavvy with a razor blade
I rock beats without baking soda
And money gets watched it's only illegal if you get caught
Thought you knew cause the DEA do it too
Keep seperate books for the internal revenue
Capitalism is pimps and hoes
In ninety-six I 'spose anything goes

Chorus:

Big bank take little bank anything goes
Legal or illegal however you make your cash flow
Big bank take little bank ahh anything goes
Legal or illegal however you make your cash flow

Verse Two:

All you PH Ballers, Dirty Mack's need to KG
I'd rather be a dope MC than a broke OG
I get, manicures to keep my cuticle suitable
Player, don't hate me because I'm beautiful
I got a pocket full of C-notes and food stamps
Just big bills and free meals baby so lamp
Cause jealousy gets you burned like bad perms
if you live you learn, I spit game like Chick Hearn
to women with, measurements of 38-24-36 with DSL's
but money talks ESL
In the game of Monopoly, if you don't pass go then go di-rectly to jail
Cause I've seen fools that struggle and turn they ownself into the po-po
It keeps the humble of they cool low
Selling ten dollar J's right up under the man's nose
Hahh, nigga anything goes

Chorus

Interlude:

One for the money (money), two for the show (show)
Three for the ladies but all they wanted was one
It's one for the money (money), two for the show (show)
Three for the ladies but all they wanted was one

Verse Three:

Niggaz got stripes like, Tony the Tiger
But niggaz got strikes like Oral Hershiser
So look alive, inflation rise like yeast
S&L scandal stole millions
But we need more police to take back our streets, it's drama
We all know that one-time be extortin them big-ballers
Gettin extradited with warrants in three states
Overcrowded prisons hopin the DA drop the case
So uhh, I ain't forgot about the homey Kevin
He pled no contest and got stretched til ninety-seven
Dizmost and Little Dags hold tight
I know I seldom shoot kites but I be tryin to get my pockets right
My ideal real is Big Willie pourin out Dom P
for the dead homies with bitches splittin Phillies (call it ends)
Call it loot scrilla cream green flow or dough
But to get mo' nigga, anything goes

Chorus 2X

"It's no disguise, it makes no sense
It doesn't fit, if it doesn't fit, you must acquit"

Interlude (fades)