

Ras Kass, Golden Chyld (DJ Premier Remix)

Haha... (golden child)
Yeah, ahh, ahh, yeah, is you wit me?
Whattup? Y'all done forgot about lil' ole me?
Y'all don't love me no mo'?
It's all good... all my real rowdy niggaz
all my real niggaz ride witcha boy one time
Ahh...

(Verse 1)

Lyrically, I smoke whoever it may concern
Even wearing a 21 milligram patch of Niccoderm
Been broke before; ain't nuttin new
But ain't nuttin never knew me not to say 'fuck you'
So had my nuts not grew - I'd still hang in the streets
with lil' niggaz who still bang just to eat
Bang with the heat - the waterproof spit blazes
to give y'all niggaz the business like the yellow pages
Enter the dark ages, enter and spark stage
For whatever wages, until I'm famous
for resurrecting our cave language
And for saying, 'Same shit, different toilet...'
The game ain't about who talented
It's about who soundscannin
now them same clowns maddened (peep game)
Go figure, lyricist of the year is a white boy
And the greatest golfer; a confused nigga

(Chorus) - 2X

And that's gangsta, without bangin a set
Big nuts on deck ain't even hangin 'em yet
See it's just some things they should never forget
Ain't no motherfuckin west without a R-ah-A-S

(Verse 2)

I was taught to rhyme undeniably, and force niggaz to think
So if you need to dance so fuckin much then buy Nsync
Startin a movement to move men
Motivational millimeter mouth or repeated and need a monster
Me; I be the agua - waterproof got a lotta truth
Spit-slaughter a lotta groups
Ridin without a crew, nod off without a loop
Blackout like a ligular, just a nigga that clown
With a suicidal groupie in a jacuzzi pullin my shorts down
Givin me underwater head 'til I nut and she drowns
Now how the fuck we sound? (man rap is outta control)
(I gotta smoke something) yo homie bust me down
Took a pull off a Newport and passed it back
Nuts hang like I had an elastic sack
Spastic blaps of our kind of plastic claps
Wanna know the reason why white people seem to laugh at blacks?
Cuz brothers in South Africa slaving to death in diamond mines
Meanwhile, we spendin every penny to overshine
Tell the next nigga he lesser
Cuz he can't afford to buy ice from his oppressor
So now he pullin out nines, tryin to homicide me for mine
Meanwhile, George W. Bush got a war on crime
Introduction to the Matrix -- I say the shit
you know is true but wanna ignore, metamorph metaphors

(Chorus) - 2X

(Verse 3)

I pop my collar, pop pistols, and pop ecstasy
Boricuas call me Poppi when they pop they pussy

Used to pop-lock and lock and watch
Pop locks and burglarize spots
Pop wheelies on the red and chrome Huffy
Graduated to Suzukis - hot soda pop or pop bottles at Sky Sushi
Now ask me what's poppin; most likely ya collar bone
Ever had that feelin where ya by yourself and your not alone
With Big Brother, and Big Brother see you
I'm hard-headed, my dick look like R2-D2
Like Mini-Me too - speed through in the V-1-2
C-Arson style, know how we do
All money is legal, dead pres and green eagles
You funny style like Bernie Mac, rappin like Beanie Sigel
Golden Child of the west, don't know how to act though
Kicked off the Up In Smoke tour for scrappin with Death Row

(Chorus) - 1X

(2nd Chorus) - 1X

And that's gangsta, without bangin a set
Big nuts on deck ain't even hangin 'em yet
See it's just some things they should never forget
"Ain't no west with Kurupt with a R-ah-A-S" <-- Kurupt
Don't forget, yeah big ass posted
"Ras Kass" ... "west coast" <-- Kurupt