

Ras Kass, I ain't fuckin with you

Intro:

What? Nigga, You got problems?

Nigga you don't want no problems with me, shit

Nigga you ain't got enough calcium to have a bone to pick (coward)

You little bitch ass nigga, niggas be hovering niggas be bothering you

I ain't fuckin' with y'all, I ain't fuckin with you

I guess I got a bad attitude

Verse 1:

I spit slick shit like K-Y Jelly

Out for the mail like Melly

I'm fucking you tonight before Kelly

My bitches dance with there belly

And fuck me with there eyes

See crime is where they organize

In the land of the blind the one eyed is genie

A male chauvinist keep them barefoot in a two piece bikini

Need a bulletproof beanie when niggas got five minutes of funk

make them disappear like Houdini or who-done-it a Whoridah

Got old folks scared just to go outside on there front porch

And all this bullshit is going on in church of course

(but but but but wait it gets worse!)

I could still instill a semi-automatic verse

And draw blood like a nurse

Correspond like ???? and on the mic I bomb like nuclear fission

Alphabetic mathematician your prerogative is my decision

My litigation gives me a reputation for giving niggas no get back like black reparations

You're doing too much 'cause I'm going to be rich nigga I put that on my two nuts

Chorus:

I ain't fuckin' with you You're not to be fucked with

(Big nigga I though you knew)

Cause we find this niggas mood is rude

But I know the Cause of your shitty attitude

Verse 2:

Now whenever I'm fed up we can go head up

My ex bitch called me a dog so I piss with one leg up

straight up and down three hundred and sixty-five rounds

one in the chamber for leap year keep clear

I get my hands dirty like a sanitation worker so what's beef?

Beef is that meat inside a hamburger and man-murder I stand further apart

And Beat more rappers than Dr. Dre, Mo-Bee, Dimond Dee, and Mark Sparx (All Producers)

The quintessential micaphonist smoke the 50 thousand dollar bonus

Swarming your green like locus

Your vegetation was supposed to be edumacation

Left a nigga feeling like he's stranded in Serbia and he's the only Croatians

No relation that's my justification for ripping niggas

Stripping niggas bigga figgas tippin strippers

In the First King in the cut like scissors

Shoot her to the point and long dick her

Bang her to the point of exhaustion truly

I ride her like that pony song and flip her (Flipper) like a dolphin movie

Listen no anal sex and no kissing

Doggystyles my favorite position

Insisting that you grab your ankles and lay face down bitch

Play like cuss words on the radio and turn that ass around (aww TIHS!)

I puts it down like Davie though it's all gravy though

Priority records got to pay me though but

Chorus:

Now when it's on then it's on no shame in my game

Cowards wouldn't bust a grape if there name were Champaign

I change lanes on dirtbikes and change direction at the speed of light

I use my feet to catch the dice niggas gamble everyday anyway

Paying the price of life kill a fifth of E and J everynight

Got to be right to be impolite I've been mad

So how the fuck I'm supposed to keep my act clean like Sinbad

See white people burn your church
The see you in the mall and clutch there purse
Treat a nigga like dirt when the black man was here first
That's why I be on one officially
fuck white people in general and fuck the police specifically
You got at me but you're missing me sideways
So I'm giving rappers a curfew like I gave birth to you
Don't be calling them shit shades when you know that its curtains for you
I'm certain I'm hurting a few ego's Toni's, Mark's, and Nino's
Stompin with the big Dog Pino, see though
I'll pull your card and get your chips like I'm Kino
From Yugoslavia to Reno, Yeah homie we know
Chorus 3X