

Ras Kass, Oral Sex ('99)

[scratching]

"Death on the phono, my skills are dolo
You say 'oh no', you bitch ass homo"
---> ATCQ (Scenario remix)

Verse One: Ras Kass

I'ma kick it to y'all frankly
so all y'all weak niggaz can hate me
jealous 'cause they know I'm the shit, like Mr. Hankey
reintroducing Ras Kass, the waterproof
I'm too deep, you Too \$hort
Standin' on two feet, drownin' in two feet, kapeesh?
I defy the feat by defecating on beat, f**k how you feel
I've got an oral fixation with spitting liquid razors
so ill that they cut through steel
So if my album ever sell 3 mil
I'm slashing every rapper with a deal
Every nigga with a video look like Seal
'Kiss From a Rose' - Not, more like a peck from Jada'
even with a spectator
ranked this nigga 45 in Blaze 50 greatest MCs
good lookin but I beg to differ, though
body of evidence
my molecular structure based on the table of elements
I'm Cmx4, NI3, Iv3, plus Tg2, Rd4, Ms4, Gr1, At5 (?????!!!)
I'm complex with curriculums combined
a next level innovator with invigorating rhymes
plus slightly thuged out, but revolutionary with minds
spit my message with grime
five years ahead of my time
two thousand and five,
I'ma be that nigga beatin' down traffic cops at stop signs
put that in you're glass dick and smoke it
who the dopest? if Ras spoke it, loc'est
The most focused wrote the opus, Nature of the Threat
Fost focus richest the bok'est could get it like
I'm sexually transmitted, bidditch
Yeah, yeah, Evil D make it ill for me, spit it

[scratching]

"Death on the phono, my skills are dolo
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Verse Two: Ras Kass

It's that underground b-boy shit
just a beat and a rhyme
as simplified as a heat and a crime
true lyricists always get felt
'cause I rarely masturbate dog, but I always be feelin' myself
I rep' Golden State Warriors, I rep' The Horsemen
get pissy drunk and forced to break the porcelin
God, I'm worse than Cupid, stupid
Love is Lust, so my glands release hollow point endorphins
Bitch nigga, I'm mighty morphin' into a larson
forcin' grown men into a forced a-dult abortion
make it scorchin'
hot to death then drop it artic
so MCs shatter like glass next time a nigga sparks shit
make sense/cents, even if I don't make dollars
Asiatic ghetto scholar
Y'all grafted like seedless grapes and rottweilers
My hoochie bitches pop that pussy while my pimp niggaz pop they collars

and pop stars- these the last days of disco
it's all about me-me-me-me-me
cause I'm out here with a big dick, though
You faggot like Sisqo
You thumbs down six feet like Ebert & Gene Siskel
I'm blessed with my Father's complexion and my Mother's features
I'm unique, different from all other creatures
I be rocking a black doo rag tellin pigeons youse a motherf**kin fool
and they be like 'you look like Ja Rule, but that's cool'
I guess all short, chocolate, chinky eyed niggaz look alike, boo
let the pen stroke, so the track have a heart attack
you blind, baby, give your cataracts cataracts
matter of fact, face it, I'm just not the norm
more graphic than porn
I'm like eye witnessin' a matador get his rib cage crushed
lung pulled by a raging bull's horn
I put it on like a uniform
what?