

# Ras Kass, The End

(feat. The RZA)

&lt;RZA&gt;

My acoustic futuristic linguistic rap fabric  
is a mixture of Arabic, plug 'em in  
Plug 'em in  
Plug 'em in, plug 'em in  
Come to spread it

The world exclusive  
Check it  
From the underground producers  
Turn your face stone like Medusa  
Slap dick on a wicked bitch  
Or righthetous ones weaken sons  
Those who burn hurt turn nuns  
I rekindle the flam  
With the name B.O.B.B.Y.  
Make it a hobby  
Smoke the honey dip got my throat groggy  
You doo-doo brain dirtbag derelict dumbfuck  
What the fuck is wrong with you dickhead?  
Numb-nuts  
Just because you made a song or two  
What's the balance due on your royalties?  
Record companies spoil me  
As the wiz hot oil me  
Fuck that savage back up  
Wu-Tang step inside the club  
Niggas might act up  
One potato  
Smack you like the crossfader  
Rap data, go back to pissy elevators  
Escape the projects, livin' inside the skyscraper  
Fuck that I'm takin' back the forty acres  
With the cream of nature  
(Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby)

[Ras Kass]

(Huh)

Yo, my Eve called 1-Adam-12, I got arrested  
At first she protested  
But on the seventh day I rested (son I always had the power!)  
Before the Midori Sour with red cherries  
Hereditary trait, seeking salvation like the Cranberries  
Wrote Murder with Angela Lansbury often  
Til my biological clock stops and my casket falls  
We sell tix &lt;Celtics&gt; like Boston basketball  
C-arson was askin' y'all  
Is Ras Kass the last to fall victim for wearin' no mask at all?  
No gimmicks, just me bein' me  
But you ain't bendin' or offendin' me  
Cuz anyways Hennessy used to be a better friend to me  
But I had to stop drinkin' so many pints (Why?)  
'Cuz the tendency to forget  
It ain't baseball, America's favorite national pastime is white  
supremacy  
Never seen a nigga granted clemency  
My metaphors is meta-five  
My styles go up in your raw dog little boy,  
you get fucked, like pedophiles  
When it's all said and done I'ma retire to an island in the Caymans  
Enslavin' caucasians livin' off your mama's life savings  
I take it all in stride

Dennis Rodmans laced to the side  
This nigga glide, like Clyde  
My hands was tied  
Silent cries screamed genocide  
When two-thirds of the planet died in the end

The end justifies the means  
The end is power  
(Power) Power corrupts -- absolute power corrupts absolutely  
Young black man, let us begin (2X)