

Ras Kass F/ Curtis Daniels**"OohWee"**

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[Ras Kass]

Everything I say don't be llello
Haters in batter rams, I slam
Like syringes in heroine, four hundred and fifty grams
Overdose, every coast, one hundred spokes chrome
knock offs
And malt liquor bottle malatovs
Don't gotta floss, huh, ain't that the truth
Flyin in boobies, silver six hundred Coupe
Like whoop whoop, holla at me big baby
Sop me up wit a biscuit, cuz you know it's all gravy
Linguistical flow, I ain't Mystikal, but y'all ain't ready
If a nigga don't rhyme about crack, clothes, pussy and
'fedi
Eat a dick, that's music to my balls
like Gloria Estefan fuckin Hakeem Olajuwon
How this black lil nigga get more head than a beauty
salon
Guam, blowin ya shit out like Chaka Khan
For sheezy, my favorite women is sleazy
Bisexual triplet freaks, forty five at they sexual peaks
I'm fuckin three Tony's, like Rafael Saadiq
And got a trick up my life, manufacturin cheese
My matrix will triculate wit melodies
Rehabilitated hood rats, shake the spizzie
I'm tryin to die filthy rich and +Ruthless+ like Eazy
C-Arson niggaz is know for flossin
But I still buy my T-shirts and socks from the Slausson

[Chorus: Ras Kass & Curtis Daniels]

It's so must that I smash when I mash for me
Ass, cash, and gas, nobody ride for free
OohWee, they say Ras you a rider?
I reply wit "Hell yeah, I'm a rider"
I give it up for C-Arson
That's the city north of Long Beach, Southwest of
Compton
They say Ras you a rider?
I reply wit "Hell yeah, I'm a rider"

[Ras Kass]

Watch me catch, Del Amo and the patch bitches
Fuck set trippin homey, don't even trip
I never seen a hood wit a retirement plan to medical
benefits
I'm bout seein black folk wit chips, and hundred
thousand dollars whips
Instead of monkey C, monkey piru villian you wit,
banana clips
I plan to flip my manuscript, like dyslexics
To sed it, to bet it all, genetic telekinetic brawl
See I'm the difference between booty calls and blue
balls
Telethon wit Lou Rawls, and bevelin two percent off the
top
S-s-sorry, Clinton got to break mines off
Decapitated, so where's he headed?
I decapitate niggas, damage is bodily
Put your tire on flat, and kill by a gat like Ennis Cosby
Ain't no probably hoe, recognize me

[Chorus]

[Ras Kass]

My tennis shoe pimpin is more like twenty shoe
Cause no woman love me like the Remy do
I write raps while pullin the lint off my nut sack
You 50% butt crack, I mean half assed
MC's we discover the mathematic format
Beneath your north plan, I'm guaranteed to come well
Like a reverse doormat, 64 bit Sega, 80 proof Congac
and toll free pagers
I'm still comin out like inborn babies wit hangers
My crew consist of millionaires, failures and
gangbangers
The dangers of loaded language, like cocked heat
Got it made, me known for laid, paid, then shot out like
suede
Raid the police, cuz they sellin more crack then latinos
and blacks
See we knows the facts, how Europeans jack
I'm sellin Native Americans gats so they can take they
land back

[Chorus 2X]

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