

X**"3 Card Molly"**

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[Ras Kass]

What, yeah, yeah

Black John McClane, Harold the Menace, and the
Waterproof

with my nigga Bud'da, on the track

Golden State Warriors..

Eatin every rapper on the plate

Huh, feel me

I got three-oh-fo's in three-one-oh

on section eight, with multiple one-eighty-sevens

Sport a Marilyn Manson t-shirt when I die and go to
heaven

Smoke a beady, scrape my lungs, smoke the resin

Remember the name Ras Kass-ciano

Get to clownin y'all punk bitches, cause I'm a Mac, like
Ronald

I make Mac make money, and mack murder wack
rappers

My Makaveli verse Bomb First, the Mac-11'll gat cha

When I get at cha, the situation tenses

Fatality before you ever reach your senses

Got so-called writers, crashing into brick fences

like my name was Al Fayed so you die, like that white
princess

If you lookin for sympathy, you better look

between R and T, in the fucking dictionary

See the object of the game is to win, stack some ends,
sippin Henn'

Whip a Benz and leave it to your next of kin

Chorus: repeat 2X

[RK] Pick a card any card, I bet you can't pull it

[GS] Golden State, number one with a bullet

[XZ] It's three card molly

[RK] Will they ever stop?

[XZ] Probably not

[SN] Pull your spine through your mouth and watch
your body drop

[Saafir the Saucee Nomad]

The un-edited medic, on the cut, with a degree in metaphysics

A doctor, with a lot of patients/patience

And perseverance -- flows like an ocean liner

that sails/sales like a clearance, I'm bilingual

Fly like a flamingo, I'm a pitcha, everything I freak

I eat like Al Pacino, you don't like me baby

You ain't happy, you need some Ecstasy

Now you in my properties, but you have to pay my equity

For the lowest point in my character

I'll reach the highest place in the house when I rock

like the Qu'ran, fuse hot, fluid with flavor like buillion cube

Been this way since I was fourteen

And like this I been runnin shit without the use of Sportscreme

Rippin up tracks like immigrant Chinese, peep the game I lay

I'm grim, I brim over my brow when I rip

Never write rhymes with slim fingertips

Each syllable you choose to use is light as a flower

Keep tryin to go gold

but all you're gettin is a golden shower

Chorus

[Xzibit]

Look, now if it wasn't for the West

These rap niggaz wouldn't need a vest around they chest

Keep bustin about where you rest, and what you own, and what you drive

So the day some niggaz come for you I'm really not surprised

Mr. Black Bruce Willis, please don't kill us

I show mercy like Kevorkian, like a scorpion

We sting you from behind and put it in you, so meet me at the venue

Put you on the spot to put you on the menu

Fricaseed emcee, we be the ones that keep the pussy hot

Xzibit livin life, like a bull inside a china shop

Strippin everything, see you ain't even got a dime to drop

Go ahead and call the cops, you ain't said nathin

Jerry Spring-you out the studio, then Suge Knight you to the parkin lot, niggaz ain't ready for all this heat we got

Picture yourself crushin Xzibit with your tough talk

That's like Christopher Reeves doing the crip walk

Chorus

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