

## **Rasco & The Cali Agents**

### **"Hip Hop Essentials"**

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Yeah

Father Rasco, you better act like you know

Straight off the pitch, the third mic gave a small pinch  
And ever since they've been waitin' on this twelve inch  
It's peanut butter, Wolf Rasco anticipated  
Steppin' to mics will only get cracks obliterated

Turn up these levels, let me bless those that's feelin'  
this  
Run on this path and I'ma rip fools continuous  
This nonstop entourage, rockin' camouflage  
Is quick to handle any nigga thinkin' sabotage

Really, who in the hell is this Big Willy?  
We'll run him down, rip his out and smack him silly  
My microphone filled with flames, takin' all names  
The first to tell 'em that this hip hop ain't all games

I rock the planet, transatlantic, meanin' overseas  
Down with various but this box don't come in threes  
Got EBF to the friz, chillin' close range  
Pockets is flat, time to stack me some pocket change

But ain't it strange how this hard work has paid off?  
Remember days when I was flat broke and laid off  
But gettin' fired only inspired the dope shit  
Now magazines on the scene tryin' to quote shit

Given the whackest hip hop, overblown props  
Styles is stolen, better call up the damn cops  
Tell 'em to bring they paddy wagon, got a lot of folks  
Stand up comedians is all set to crack jokes

Gavel to gavel, brothers gettin' drug through the  
gravel  
A little buzz, yo but my rhymes just didn't travel  
A gotta take it to the next, start cashin' checks  
I see you brothers perpertratin' in that rented Lex

Tryin' to flex like you some type of big wheel  
I'm on the mic, niggaz just get they wigs peeled

Still, I know these wack fools be lovin' it  
Place your bets and I bet Ras can double it

Rhymes decapitate 'em when I activate 'em  
Get behind the real rhymer  
Rhymes decapitate 'em when I activate 'em  
Get behind the real rhymer

Some of you fools on the mic just bug me  
Sippin' on [unverified] niggaz talkin' 'bout his bubbly  
Yo' broke ass ain't never sipped on no Cristal  
Pulled no holes or even shot off a pistol

The perpetratin' pulled the stick out for penetratin'  
Have you at home layin' flat, rehabilitatin'  
Exhilaration' all the time, gotta dish rhymes  
Runnin' the joint, runnin' point, gotta dish dimes

But not sacks, rather drop tracks to black wax  
That type shit that be more hype than mad blacks  
Rush in yo' spot set to take things I never got  
Two or three albums to yo' credit but they wasn't hot

Don't jock fools 'cause you think that they be livin' cool  
In videos wit' these broke hoes and swimmin' pools  
Dancin' around on my set tryin' to catch wreck  
Smokin' on blunts, takin' forty hoes to the neck

Blurry position, better turn off my television  
No time for niggaz bringin' all types of negativism  
The industry is just filled with these fake cats  
Runnin' around with cigars and fedora hats

Fags in drag, brothers best check they manhood  
Rip out they lungs, so it just won't expand good  
'Cause I done had it with these phony rappin' freestyles  
Brothers be yappin' that they comin' out the penial

The senile, you ain't never been in jail, black  
It be the Ras, give you more run than tailbacks  
Women be comin' out talkin' 'bout they cockbox  
Some of these brothers rock rhymes, others cockblock

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Yeah  
Father Rasco, solo tip  
Shout outs to my man EBF

To my man Frizbee, to my man Encore

To the one Fanatik, to my man Persevere  
To my man 50 G's, G-Love the Architect  
To my man PB Wolf, to my man A-1  
To the man Ranger Rick

To my man Big Hav  
Stones Throw, nine-six  
Prepare  
Bring it on

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