

Rick Guard

"If/Then"

Visit "[If/Then](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

If bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks,
Then niggas ain't shit but hoes with dicks

(REPEAT 2X)

Murderous verses,
Motherfuckers won't even make it to the chorus
They'll find you and yo bitch buried in the Angeles
National Forest
Anything you can do, I heard it done before, better,
But I can do you in 36 positions
Enter you like the Wu-Tang debut
Now who remains true to the game?
Damn shame it wasn't you
Fools lay claim to fly rhymes but I terrorize airlines
My mind's a porcelain Glock 7 slippin' through the
metal detectors
Ready to wet'cha like baptism
It's rap pugilism when I be placin' 208 bones in one
zone;
With microphones, I'm like the Blade Runner hunting
clones
I "Beat It" like one glove and a bad nose job
With more breathin techniques than Lamaze
Ras still be drinkin' malt liquor brews
And continues the liquidation of crews
Wit' a drunken technique like Shun Di's kung fu on
Virtua Fighter 2
See me son, I'm the one sportin' Dolce and Gabbana
Peelin' this bastard's wig back like cradle cap
You ain't no cap peela for rilla
And for who you desire to kill you need more God than
Zilla
I breaks'em off like a acrylic nails
Test me but you appear to be Presley (Press Lee) like
Priscilla
And still malicious disses, but this is 10% dis, 90% skill
So curses, foiled again like Hershey's kisses
You're so-called vicious, although
How they gonna be a menace when it ain't no men in it?
Oh, they womenaces (with clitorises)

In a new year, a new fear, and I'm nuclear
Let's play a friendly game of who can ruin who's career
I'm a Killafornia B-boy, you like one of Heavy D's boys
Got niggas fallin' off the stage like they was Trouble T-
Roy

Chorus (REPEAT 4X)

(Hey, whip these niggas' ass)
Watch me gamble for paradise
And if I gotta pay the price
Easy come, easy go like Eric Wright
'Cause I used to get my fade wit a comb and a razor
blade
With a 9800 Module back in the day
They say it takes 5000 to educate, 30,000 to
incarcerate
Gimme 5,000,000 in the lottery wit high cholesterol
cloggin' my artery
I'm not the boss hogg or the pimp and fuck legalizin'
hemp
Keep the profit on the streets
Fuck police on the creep three deep in a silver Caprice
And the black chief of police
No justice, no peace
Verbally, I'm takin off from the baseline
With my nuts in your face like Scottie Pippen
As opposed to flippin' chickens
So kill game like Chris Webber in sudden death
'Cause you callin' for timeouts when you got no time
left
On some Highlander shit 'cause, son, there can only be
one
And heads is flyin' faster than Ronald serves
Two all-beef patties on a sesame seed bun
Real thorough - duh do do do, duh do duh do do
I wanna give it to you all night long just like the Mary
Jane Girls
(AAALLL NIIIGHT LONG!) (LAUGHTER) (Niggas ain't
shit!!!)
A bloodstained wall emanates from my nostril
I pull bitches like a hamstring and take out an MC like a
tonsil
Forty story buildin's horizontal
Within the confines of 33 lines and a margin mentally
squabbin'
See, every time my lips part it's a million man march
And my heart is a pit with a million skin heads moshin'
Daily I walk through Hell smellin like Chanel but far
from frail
I roll with my clique like par-a-palegics

Confrontation conversation, catch-22 exclamations
But the explanation was deeper than a Louis Leaky
excavation
Fools, you're makin' peace when the enemy is
blaspheme
Guess we got some nuts hangin' in between like a
motherfuckin' drag queen
But don't nobody wanna test though, ya niggas is petro
When I put the lead to your head like Destro

Chorus (REPEAT 4X)

Visit [Rick Guard](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.