

Rick Guard**"Oral Sex"**

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[scratching]

"Death on the phono, my skills are dolo

You say 'oh no', you bitch ass homo"

---> ATCQ (Scenario remix)

Verse One: Ras Kass

I'ma kick it to y'all frankly

so all y'all weak niggaz can hate me

jealous 'cause they know I'm the shit, like Mr. Hankey

reintroducing Ras Kass, the waterproof

I'm too deep, you Too \$hort

Standin' on two feet, drownin' in two feet, kapeesh?

I defy the feat by defecating on beat, fuck how you feel

I've got an oral fixation with spitting liquid razors

so ill that they cut through steel

So if my album ever sell 3 mil

I'm slashing every rapper with a deal

Every nigga with a video look like Seal

'Kiss From a Rose' - Not, more like a peck from Jada'

even with a spectator

ranked this nigga 45 in Blaze 50 greatest MCs

good lookin but I beg to differ, though

body of evidence

my molecular structure based on the table of elements

I'm Cm₄, NI₃, Iv₃, plus Tg₂, Rd₄, Ms₄, Gr₁, At₅

(????!!!!)

I'm complex with curriculums combined

a next level innovator with invigorating rhymes

plus slightly thuged out, but revolutionary with minds

spit my message with grime

five years ahead of my time

two thousand and five,

I'ma be that nigga beatin' down traffic cops at stop

signs

put that in you're glass dick and smoke it

who the dopest? if Ras spoke it, loc'est

The most focused wrote the opus, Nature of the Threat

Fost focus richest the bok'est could get it like

I'm sexually transmitted, bidditch

Yeah, yeah, Evil D make it ill for me, spit it

[scratching]

"Death on the phono, my skills are dolo
You say 'oh no', you bitch ass homo"

Verse Two: Ras Kass

It's that underground b-boy shit
just a beat and a rhyme
as simplified as a heat and a crime
true lyricists always get felt
'cause I rarely masturbate dog, but I always be feelin'
myself
I rep' Golden State Warriors, I rep' The Horsemen
get pissy drunk and forced to break the porcelin
God, I'm worse than Cupid, stupid
Love is Lust, so my glands release hollow point
endorphins
Bitch nigga, I'm mighty morphin' into a larson
forcin' grown men into a forced a-dult abortion
make it scorchin'
hot to death then drop it artic
so MCs shatter like glass next time a nigga sparks shit
make sense/cents, even if I don't make dollars
Asiatic ghetto scholar
Y'all grafted like seedless grapes and rottweilers
My hoochie bitches pop that pussy while my pimp
niggaz pop they collars
and pop stars- these the last days of disco
it's all about me-me-me-me-me
cause I'm out here with a big dick, though
You faggot like Sisqo
You thumbs down six feet like Ebert & Gene Siskel
I'm blessed with my Father's complexion and my
Mother's features
I'm unique, different from all other creatures
I be rocking a black doo rag tellin pigeons youse a
motherfuckin fool
and they be like 'you look like Ja Rule, but that's cool'
I guess all short, chocolate, chinky eyed niggaz look
alike, boo
let the pen stroke, so the track have a heart attack
you blind, baby, give your cataracts cataracts
matter of fact, face it, I'm just not the norm
more graphic than porn
I'm like eye witnessin' a matador get his rib cage
crushed
lung pulled by a raging bull's horn
I put it on like a uniform
what?

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