

## Uniklubi

### "So Many Days"

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[Intro:]

Dead. Ain't shit diffin all the thugs.  
Blew the video. Ras Kass  
Organized rhymes, nigga  
Listen

[Verse 1: Ras Kass]

I got the currier for thug passion, picture that, the  
atomic core  
Black and wrist, with the crack get the gat.  
If I plob more pressure my wrist gets snappy  
Groupies get the bozack  
Snake niggaz I'm gonna get your ass back, like your  
ass crack  
Shit lowjack and you know that  
I ain't never bout wit down nigga  
Act crowback, round up, flip flap back wit more drama  
Life is six figures, double niggaz wit babies mommas  
You know this cat, and if not get the million wit  
butterflies  
MC's live like catterpilla (pilla)  
Beyond some dreams, smoke fuckin get paid  
Every thing I shave your blades, wit the same drawers  
For three days, and run relays, all up in your PJ's  
Like I'm from there, where my chronic smokin crew  
Hit trees like Sonny and Cher, I came to kick ass  
And drink Heineken, so unfortunately I'm almost out of  
beer  
Some say my attitude is fucked up and real crummy  
Since I come from the state where it's always sunny  
Ha ha ha ha ha, I had to find that funny, so I said:  
No child, I work hoes for the money

[Chorus: Ras Kass and K. Born:]

So many days, so many nights.  
So many mics blown.  
So many ways to die, so many strive.  
So many days, so many nights.

So many mics blown.  
So many ways to die, so many try.

[Verse 2: K. Born]

How you do that there?  
Tellin practically movin MC's, like keys and no C's,  
please  
Fuck the trees, my senses provide the photosynthesis  
I got my front and my back, like prevythesis  
So tell me who this niggaz think they intimidated  
I ain't havin none of that shit that bein constipated  
My pants still gon sag on flat ends. Still gonna have cat  
ends  
And I'm still on critically,  
The queen of central corner vaugh matches lyrically  
So what I'm tryin to say, is y'all ain't fuckin wit me (true)  
I am goin to heaven for the weather, and inhale for the  
company  
Once before the icore. Switch my soft war  
Release the rugged more, wit the mark of the beast  
Fuck a bitch in the mouth, but then pussy gets infected  
wit gees  
Gotti John the Baptist (Who wanna get wet)  
You know your mark. Get ready, get set, and lets start  
a revolution  
Yo. Niggaz wiggin out like Whitney Houston  
You feel me? I do shit  
Pussy

[Chorus x1]

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