

## Die Gerd Show

### "One on One"

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Yeah once again presenting, Kid Capri  
Ras Kass the waterproof MC, Punchline

(Ras Kass)

These faggot MCs be on skis with the microphone  
though  
But it's all downhill hitting trees like Sonny Bono  
Name a nigga I couldn't burn and he probably created  
the Earth in six days  
I shot at Jesus with a tech fives times  
Hanging the pope with six strings, the name is Ras  
Kass  
Might eat a little pussy but I don't kiss ass homeboy  
I'm righteous and wicked and this acquisition of riches  
is like  
Selling bean pods and still fucking white bitches

(Punchline)

I rap crazy, you better get fifty niggas to blaze me  
Or ace me, been rhyming since 220 AD  
You feel gazy?, I'm top ten with the raps  
Off the list you scratch, like serial numbers on gats  
I lace tracks with ill lines 20 bar rhymes  
My verses got long sentences like jail times  
Press rewind, listen to jams when I cool out  
I only fuck a bitch in the park if she juiced out  
Going new routes to maintain my composure  
Anticipated while you still screaming to get exposure  
Rap soldier in the cipher I'm first to set it  
My lyrics get the U.S. Open without playing tennis

(Ras Kass)

Vindictive my voice pitch is beyond John Blaze  
I'm John Cremation, you conversation with aspirations  
Of me leaving blood stains from Earth to Venus  
Them so-called rap stars will still be living  
with they moma like an unborn fetus  
As soon as you step on stage I'ma destroy you with the  
truth  
Like the Ricki Lake show, don't come out the  
soundproof booth

Or poof, plucked in your bubblegoose  
A lost angel, I strangle at an angle that's obtuse

(Punchline)

Yo, my styles viscous, put niggas before bitches  
Collect riches, bone chickens without trickin  
And stay spitting mad rhymes in your direction  
Always repping get you open like seasections  
I rhyme greata set it off without Jada  
My flava leave a nigga shook like vibrators  
Rap composer of the hit your styles over  
I make an MC cry just like Robin on Ophra  
Give you the cold shoulder guess who rhymes slicker  
I gross figures, shed light on shady niggas  
And write rhymes, roast niggas that take mine  
Gave birth to so many styles I should have my tubes  
tied  
One time, when rappers need concentration  
Embarrass I nigga, like getting caught masterbating  
I'm fascinating, I make you wallow in your sorrow  
Clutch the bottle you get your childish style fondled  
My rap tactics make you want to go home and practice  
Match this, drop jewels like Biago Rackis  
I come rough for all niggas that front  
I'm all that five mics and quotable for the month

(Ras Kass)

I be on some bullshit like the unamits and vigorous  
rhyming  
And until Buchwhick Bill starts dunking on Kobe Bryant  
I'm applying pressure, check out my melody  
The eighteenth letter, the first letter  
the nineteenth letter for cheddar  
And get a barrette explosive tip shredders to make the  
rum-redder  
To make the deader then Coretta  
Scott King's husband who had a dream  
I get in you with no Vaseline  
And burn rubber so I tap that ass like Savion Glover

(Punchline)

That the sedative cause your shits repetitive  
And played out, tried to run game but it got rained out  
Wasn't thinking about this style until we came out  
Took a detour when some of ya'll went the same route  
Thoughts about doing Punchline make me tickle  
When my flow changes like pennies, dimes and nickels  
Organized rhymes we make the girls realize  
We humiliate niggas like a small dick size  
Now you wanna click nines, front and sip wines  
Take mine, can't mess with Ras and Punchline

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