

Rare Earth

"Come Widdit"

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We went all around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it
I'm the first batter up Ahmad -- well then come widdit
All around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it
I'm the first batter up Ahmad -- well then come widdit

Verse One: Ahmad

Well it's the niggerole that caught Foot Lock
Cause the vibe keeps voxed in funk, makes you rock to
the side
Gave it all I had, just to have what I got
Niggaz tryin to be bad, and they mad 'cause they not
Gonna defeat the rapper who got three ways to sack a
Quarterback I slaughter wack MC's with ease
These nuts what you get and a busted lip
What you have when you come at me with buster shit
All that graf given driven so I musta hit
Bought a Jag, chillin on the Shore just to dip
Get it right, cause I get it, night in and night out
I'm butter, covering up wack MC's like White Out
Don't doubt it that they dissed me OK rap is overrated
Who hate it that a nigga from the West blew up and
made it
And I'd braid it if I had it but for now I keep it balded
Niggaz tryin to touch to me better stop before they get
scalded
I'm hot, like a skillet and grits, crush you to bits
When I look over the room, and then lower the boom,
and
Think that they can defeat the man that can't be beat
I do the breaststroke clown while you drown in three
feet
Beep beep like robots on Buck Rodgers plus I bust
25th century rhymes so you decline
To battle anytime had skills since I was nine
Dope lines the only weapon that I cock, I never drop
I stop clones 'cause biting's never condoned
From the Westside 4th Avenue crew Jones

We went all around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it
I'm the second batter Ras Kass -- well then come widdit

All around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it
I'm the second... nah forget it

Verse Two: Ras Kass

My foramen magnum got 357 calibers
To bust a suckaz melon like Gallagher (pow)
Body chemistry consists of Hennessy, toxic melanin
With an adamantium skeleton like Wolverine
Child, my heart pumps kerosene
Son I spit butane, burn any bastard you name till I die
And even when I'm maggots, I'ma still be fly
Perpetrator, you're not the one
Your name's not Anfernee Hardaway
I'm like a wolf with blood dripping down the fangs
My techniques foul enough to shoot the flagrant
technical
I be comin off the head rougher then ribbed tip
recepticles
Expect the exceptional syllables to be the next man's
umbilical cord
Catch distortion, ras cancels kids like abortions
Sendin niggaz to hip hop hell, ock
Eternal damnation through writers block
I rock over the results of Reeboks and sands
Stand ill, forget a live band just my mouth and hand
And even man wasn't prehensile
I'd still find ways to grip mikes, hold my tip when I piss
And pick off pubic lice
Cause see, I always been nice but first brothers slept
Now I've come back twice like Christ to resurrect the
West
Check

We went all around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it
I'm the third batter up, Saafir -- well then come widdit
All around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it
I'm the third batter Saafir -- well then come widdit

Verse Three: Saafir the Saucee Nomad

Some spit it, but my saliva is liver
Spit stenches drenches been intricated, flow braggarts
Act cynic thyroid thermia hypodermic
How I earn it squeezing juices, one-hundred
Percent concentrated on easing nooses around the
necks
Of tricks, probably won't get this
Thick hottie body carberuator
I'm the un-priggish well cat led bredde-well I'll verse
my

Will is ho gung for the fortune
Can spell hearse with the same Addams Family apple
grapple hook
Crooked, flier I fly crooked
For the crew, Hobo Junction, in a few I'll plan
Father soldier and when they're older I'll teach them off
Killings of confidence and to be omnipotent with
content
Accomplishment for gladiation I'm done
With training of explaining as the crates in plan B
Attack instructs me to hit the yak
I'm here, on purpose
The Nomadic, addict, merchant

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