

## Rare Earth

### "Oohwee"

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[Ras Kass]

Everything I say don't be llello  
Haters in batter rams, I slam  
Like syringes in heroine, four hundred and fifty grams  
Overdose, every coast, one hundred spokes chrome  
knock offs  
And malt liquor bottle malatovs  
Don't gotta floss, huh, ain't that the truth  
Flyin in boobies, silver six hundred Coupe  
Like whoop whoop, holla at me big baby  
Sop me up wit a biscuit, 'cause you know it's all gravy  
Linguistical flow, I ain't Mystikal, but y'all ain't ready  
If a nigga don't rhyme about crack, clothes, pussy and  
'fedi  
Eat a dick, that's music to my balls  
Like Gloria Estefan fuckin Hakeem Olajuwon  
How this black lil nigga get more head than a beauty  
salon  
Guam, blowin ya shit out like Chaka Khan  
For sheezy, my favorite women is sleazy  
Bisexual triplet freaks, forty five at they sexual peaks  
I'm fuckin three Tony's, like Rafael Saadiq  
And got a trick up my life, manufacturin cheese  
My matrix will triculate wit melodies  
Rehabilitated hood rats, shake the spizzie  
I'm tryin to die filthy rich and +Ruthless+ like Eazy  
C-Arson niggaz is know for flossin  
But I still buy my T-shirts and socks from the Slausson

[Chorus: Ras Kass & Curtis Daniels]

It's so must that I smash when I mash for me  
Ass, cash, and gas, nobody ride for free  
OohWee, they say Ras you a rider?  
I reply wit "Hell yeah, I'm a rider"  
I give it up for C-Arson  
That's the city north of Long Beach, Southwest of  
Compton  
They say Ras you a rider?  
I reply wit "Hell yeah, I'm a rider"

[Ras Kass]

Watch me catch, Del Amo and the patch bitches  
Fuck set trippin homey, don't even trip  
I never seen a hood wit a retirement plan to medical  
benefits  
I'm bout seein black folk wit chips, and hundred  
thousand dollars whips  
Instead of monkey C, monkey piru villian you wit,  
banana clips  
I plan to flip my manuscript, like dyslexics  
To sed it, to bet it all, genetic telekinetic brawl  
See I'm the difference between booty calls and blue  
balls  
Telethon wit Lou Rawls, and bevelin two percent off the  
top  
S-s-sorry, Clinton got to break mines off  
Decapitated, so where's he headed?  
I decapitate niggas, damage is bodily  
Put your tire on flat, and kill by a gat like Ennis Cosby  
Ain't no probably hoe, recognize me

[Chorus]

[Ras Kass]

My tennis shoe pimpin is more like twenty shoe  
Cause no woman love me like the Remy do  
I write raps while pullin the lint off my nut sack  
You 50% butt crack, I mean half assed  
MC's we discover the mathematic format  
Beneath your north plan, I'm guaranteed to come well  
Like a reverse doormat, 64 bit Sega, 80 proof Congac  
And toll free pagers  
I'm still comin out like inborn babies wit hangers  
My crew consist of millionaires, failures and  
gangbangers  
The dangers of loaded language, like cocked heat  
Got it made, me known for laid, paid, then shot out like  
suede  
Raid the police, 'cause they sellin more crack then  
latinos and blacks  
See we knows the facts, how Europeans jack  
I'm sellin Native Americans gats so they can take they  
land back

[Chorus 2X]

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