

Ras Kass

"3 Card Molly"

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What, yeah, yeah
Black John McClane
Harold the Menace and the Waterproof
With my nigga Bud'da, on the track
Golden State Warriors
Eatin' every rapper on the plate
Huh, feel me

I got three-oh-fo's in three-one-oh
On section eight, with multiple one-eighty-sevens
Sport a Marilyn Manson t-shirt when I die and go to
Heaven
Smoke a beady, scrape my lungs, smoke the resin

Remember the name Ras Kass-ciano
Get to clownin' y'all punk bitches 'cause I'm a Mac, like
Ronald
I make Mac make money and mack murder wack
rappers
My Makaveli verse Bomb First, the Mac-11'll gat cha

When I get at cha, the situation tenses
Fatality before you ever reach your senses
Got so-called writers, crashing into brick fences
Like my name was Al Fayed so you die, like that white
princess

If you lookin' for sympathy, you better look between R
and T
In the fucking dictionary see the object of the game is
to win
Stack some ends, sippin' Henn'
Whip a Benz and leave it to your next of kin

Pick a card any card, I bet you can't pull it
Golden State, number one with a bullet
It's three card molly
Will they ever stop?
Probably not
Pull your spine through your mouth
And watch your body drop

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The un-edited medic, on the cut, with a degree in
metaphysics
A doctor, with a lot of patience and perseverance
Flows like an ocean liner that sails like a clearance
I'm bilingual fly like a flamingo, I'm a pitcha

Everything I freak I eat like Al Pacino
You don't like me baby
You ain't happy, you need some Ecstasy
Now you in my properties but you have to pay my
equity

For the lowest point in my character
I'll reach the highest place in the house when I rock
Like the Quaran, fuse hot, fluid with flavor like billion
cube
Been this way since I was fourteen

And like this I been runnin' shit without the use of
Sports creme
Rippin' up tracks like immigrant Chinese, peep the
game I lay
I'm grim, I brim over my brow when I rip
Never write rhymes with slim fingertips

Each syllable you choose to use
Is light as a flower
Keep tryin' to go gold
But all you're gettin' is a golden shower

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Look, now if it wasn't for the West
These rap niggaz wouldn't need a vest around they
chest
Keep bustin' about where you rest
And what you own and what you drive
So the day some niggaz come for you I'm really not
surprised

Mr. Black Bruce Willis, please don't kill us
I show mercy like Kevorkian, like a scorpion
We sting you from behind and put it in you, so meet me
at the venue
Put you on the spot to put you on the menu

Fricasseed emcee, we be the ones that keep the pussy
hot
Xzibit livin' life, like a bull inside a china shop
Strippin' everything, see you ain't even got a dime to
drop
Go ahead and call the cops, you ain't said nathin'

Jerry Spring-you out the studio, then Suge Knight you
To the parkin' lot, niggaz ain't ready for all this heat we
got
Picture yourself crushin' Xzibit with your tough talk
That's like Christopher Reeves doing the crip walk

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