

Ras Kass "All or Nuthin"

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All or nuthin', stall the bluffin', won't let the po-po arrest me

Try to hit the deck to bless me

But I'm still broke so I ride like Frank and Jessie

But they can't catch me, breakin' niggas off like a sawed off

Comin' for the fedder, man, my millimeter bringin' better things

When I pull like a better bang, so if I have to, I'ma let it rang

Gotta handle my functions, but an outcome, I have a somethin'

Instead of nuthin', haters hold me down

And servin' through a stick up or somethin'

Now, I gotta pick up the pump and let it ride

All or nuthin', step aside, or you can hit the paper big time

You gon' murder like strick nine, with a grip nine, sever bitch time

'Cause I gotta mine, and it's on

Why you cummin' up short

Like a million midgets masturbatin'?

Mascaradin' as the most murderous madman militia

My nigga Twista told me

Monopolize, strategize, maximize, make money to win

With career sinners intake us, sinners

Turn ya hopeless into magenta, quick essential inventor

Please, we seizin' bees, VL's and GD's

Got OG's, OZ's, keys for these millionaire momi's

Release your shells, my nigga

Knew the job was dangerous, when I took it, why's a player

Dark tides, or say on how to walk crooked, look it

Got a sophisticated home

I'm assassin' bitches that give my shotgun barrel blow

jobs

So when the four stickin' out like a sore toe thong
It's no prob, vocally for sure, squad thorough, man

Gotta up that cash, gotta up that dough
Stacks that you can't flow, kick in the door, we on the
floor

Come up off a G and 2 hundred mo'
Gotta up that cash, gotta up that dough
Shit, all or nuthin', no bluffin', if I have to, I'm bustin'

Nigga worthless to bones, like nickels to quarters
Fallers to shot callers, all of gotta get the paper some
how
For the school of the gun style, see me 'til the cops call
us
Hell brought us to a situation where we gotta drive-by
Let the bullets from my nine fly to murder who you was
deprived by

But I admit sometimes if it wasn't for crime, I
Try to be, bokin', rollers, while the start keep it low,
goin? homeless
So I'm hookin' up with Ras Kass on some shit, we can
stack cash
But if I have to pull back a rag fast on that ass nigga

He set the streets full wit jackals
Racists, crackers and cannibals
So it's understandable why I'm half man, half animal
Ridin? through in the hood on my elephant like
Hannibal

See I used to have dreams of fuckin' an r&b bitch
And I used to dreams of bein' 21 and rich
Not a twice that bad though, now I'm tryin? to be rich by
age 25
See Shallah survive that new world, they pay yo
But you don't hear me

Gotta up that cash, gotta up that dough
Stacks that you can't flow, kick in the door, we on the
floor
Come up off a G and 2 hundred mo'
Gotta up that cash, gotta up that dough
Shit, all or nuthin', no bluffin', if I have to, I'm bustin'

Home boy, my games tight
I could talk the Virgin Mary outta panties the same
night
From a cocoon on the dark side of the moon

The illest niggas existin', I know who you are
U-Bar, fuck the beyond or recognition

In the middle of the ghetto, I'm buildin' a casino
Like Bugsy Siegel with me, gon' put niggas and Latinos
Shootout with the ATF in Beemer, for free, see bone,
see dough
Nigga, I'm like Steve and Digo, except I pack sevente
cinco
Rowdy, Los Angelino, you got knocked the fuck out like
Deebo

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Stacks that you can't flow, kick in the door, we on the
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Come up off a G and 2 hundred mo'
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