

## **Ras Kass "Drama"**

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No disrespect to the opposite sex  
But I ain't flexed punani yet that's worth my royalty  
checks  
Men be trying to get laid, women be trying to get paid  
So, somebody gotta get played, right

Now you claim I'm runnin' game and still let us run the  
train  
Pulling Coolio's braids, it wasn't me, it was the fame  
Let a dame complain about disrespecting my African  
queen  
Ass hangin' out them Daisy Dukes jeans, jockin'

Damn I love civilization, wants to know my occupation  
Home location and means of transportation  
The correct combination unlocked your placenta  
I got a cellular phone with a rubber antenna

On a three story house, drive a four door Ac  
Favorite song of all time Mobb Deep's, "Hit It From the  
Back"  
Then jet, I turn a bitch into my favorite  
She know my name 'cause I got more game than Sega  
CD

You know it's drama, but it sound real good  
You know it's drama, but it sound real good  
You know it's drama, but it sound real good  
You knew the game and you still ended up on your  
back

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I try U.N.I.T.Y. but why?  
'Cause when I was lackin', bitches made me want to roll  
over and die  
So now I lie, cause bitches are like flies, why?  
They attract to the best shit

You gotta play Max Julian's role unless you plan on  
being celibate  
'Cause bitches want the money clip and whatever dick  
that comes with it  
The bitch saw me in the Lex and didn't know it came  
from Avis  
Now she's on the tip like my name was John Davis

And I'm knowin' what she thinks  
I'ma sweep her off her feet because I bought the hoe a  
drink  
Bitch, haha yeah, I'm living nice, got a two o'clock flight  
to Atlanta  
Tomorrow, so maybe we can kick it, tonight

Right there I knew my dick was getting wetted  
'Cause I played into this bitch's Cinderella complex  
Whatever you want to hear, I can say  
Forget the bitch the next day, instant replay

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Yo Ras, let me talk about these bitches for a minute but  
Let's get it straight, when I say the word bitch, I don't  
mean all women  
'Cause hookers come a dime a dozen if you thought  
they wasn't  
You can hit this hoe today, and tomorrow you can hit  
her cousin

Or her mama, you gots to have drama  
Nigga flash some currency and go up in her auntie  
I'm talkin' 'bout the skanless type loc  
You know the type that seem to like the taste of swipe,  
check it

When it comes to Saving Hoes, Coolio ain't in it  
Don't call me Captain, General, Sergeant, or Lieutenant  
This ain't funny so don't you dare laugh  
I gave the bitch my autograph, and she gave me some

ass

But as soon as the hoe tried to get in my pocket  
I shot her ass away from me, like a skyrocket  
Take it from a G, period, no comma, to keep these  
hookers  
On they toes, you know the rest

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