

Ras Kass

"Eat or Die"

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Uh
It's crucial now niggas
I'm so sick

(Chorus)
If there is a cure for this
I don't want it - I don't want it
And if there is a cure for this
I don't need it - I don't need it

[Ras Kass]
Yeah, I heard you don't grind, you don't eat
Don't eat, get a fragile physique, I'm agile and sleek
I run through rappers like my boss had cleats
Beef ain't shit but cows is resting in peace
Speak, nothing but sauce coming out
If I was broke soy red, rum, I'm running in your house
While MTV taping like the dumbest nigga out
But money ain't an issue; I got sum up in this couch
Let me run this nigga out, 'fore my waves stay spinning
I fuck rich chicks; I'm such the Slick Rick
Be scared what might happen if I had a hit
So niggas' happier then a faggot with a bag of dicks
Ask for it if you want it
Get it illegal then don't flaunt it
'Cause loud mouth hustlers get wire tapped and
snitched on
Then rights get read, moral of the story: Closed mouth
don't get fed
Get it, and they wonder why brothers be killing brothers
I get green; they turn yellow like Brazilian colors
They gotta be willing to go all out with no feeling
So I'm sick with no healing, 'cause...

(Chorus)
If there is a cure for this
I don't want it - I don't want it
And if there is a cure for this
I don't need it - 'cause I'm eating
If there is a cure for this
I don't want it - I don't want it

And if there is a cure for this
I don't need it - I don't need it

[Ras Kass]

Got no hustle then you're hurting man
Get up; get out nigga or its curtains man
Ain't a rapper my equal I'm murking man
When you look up in the sky the Vulture's circling
He a dead man walking, just don't know it yet
I hop in the coldest bed blast off like Robotech
Behind every fortune or even greater crime
Behind every great player there's a hater on the side
Behind every 8-ball there's an even greater nine
I pull wax on your back and make a crayon out your
spine nigga
On some credited shit
I plant a flag on the Moon with your head on the tip
Moon roof of the whip and the metal lift
Boogie niggas still can't help being ghetto and shit
Amazing fam, guess mama raised a man
I'll flow through in 2-S Coupes like Raising Brand
Raise my hand, diamonds on my wrist gigantic
Chain so rocky nigga I can sink the Titanic
Fuck y'all been sick since '94
Stick your dick in your eardrum and fuck what you
heard more

(Chorus)

If there is a cure for this
I don't want it - I don't want it
And if there is a cure for this
I don't need it - 'cause I'm eating
If there is a cure for this
I don't want it - I don't want it
And if there is a cure for this
I don't need it - I don't need it

(Outro)

Eat or Die, yeah, whatup Twins, this shit is crazy nigga
Re-Up, Whoo Kid, it's a wrap for these niggas man
You could fool some of the people some of the time
But you can't fool a nigga with most of the rhymes
nigga
Man up nigga, if you're starving, if you're hungry nigga
you'se a bitch
You better get your shit right, man up
Yeah, Arieal what it do nigga?
Yeah, I ain't know you like that saga shit nigga?
I play saga with bitches, I kick my balls all up in their
neck in their room
You know the business, YEAH! Stay Gambit up in this

mothafucka

HAHAHA! Yeah, West up nigga, Re-Up

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