

Ras Kass "IfThen"

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Chorus:

IF bitches ain't shit but hoes and tricks

Then niggaz ain't shit but hoes wit dicks

(REPEAT 2X)

Murderous verse

Muthafuckas won't even make it to the chorus

They'll find you and yo bitch buried in the Angeles
National Forest

Anything you can do

I heard it done before better but I can do you in 36
positions

Enter Wu like the Wu Tang debut

Now who remains true to the game

Damn shame it wasn't you

Fools, they claim to fly rhymes but I terrorize airlines

My minds a porcelain glock 7 slippin through the metal
detector

Ready ta wet'cha like baptism

It's rap pugilism when I be placin 208 bones in one jone
wit microphones

I'm like the blade runner huntin clones

I beat it like one glove and a bat

No job, but more breathin techniques than Lamaz

Ras still be drinkin more liquor brews

And continues to liquidation the crews

Wit a drunken technique like Shun Di's kung fu on
Virtua Fighter 2

See me son, I'm the one sportin Dolce and Gabana

Pealin this bastard's wig back like cradle cap

You ain't no cap pilla for rilla

And for who you desire to kill you need more God than
Zilla

I breaks'em off like a acrylic nails

Test me but you appear to be Presley like Priscilla

And still malicious disses, but this is

10% dis, 90% skill, so curses

'Fore ya'll begin like Hershey's kisses

Ya so called vicious, although

How they gonna be a menace when it ain't no men in it?

Oh, they womenace (with clitorises)

In a new year, a new fear, and I'm nu-clear

Let's play a friendly game of who can ruin who's career

I'mma kill up on ya b-boys, you like one o' Heavy D's
boys

Got niggaz fallin off the stage like they was Trouble T-
Roy

Chorus

(REPEAT 4X)

(Hey, whip deez niggaz ass)

Watch me gamble for paradise

And if I gotta pay the price

Easy come easy go like Eric Weiss

'Cause I used to get my fade wit a comb and a razor
blade

In '98, I get my joint in back in the day

They say it takes 5000 to educate

30,000 to incarcerate

Gimme 5,000,000 in the lottery wit high cholesterol
cloggin my artery

I'm not the boss hoggin the pimp and fuck legalizin
hemp

Keep the prophet on the streets

Up north on the creep three deep in a silver Caprice
and the black chief of

police

No justice no peace

Verbally, I'm takin off from the bassline wit my nuts in
yo face like Scottie

Pippen

As opposed to flippin chickens

So kill game like Chris Weber in Sudden Death

'Cause you callin for time outs when you got no time
left

On some highlander shit

'Cause son there can only be one

And heads is flyin faster than Ronald served two all
beef patties on a sesame

seed bun

Real thorough

Duh do do do, duh do duh do do

I wanna give it to you all night long like the Mary Jane
Girls (AAALLL

NIIIGHT LONG!)

(LAUGHTER)

(Niggaz ain't shit!!!)

A blood stain wall and it aches from my nostril

I pull bitches like a hamstring to take out an mc like a
tonsil

Way they be story buildin's horizontal

Within the confines of 33 lines and a margin mentally
squabbin

See, every time my lips part it's a million man march
and my heart is a pit

Wit a billion skin heads marchin

Daily I walk through Hell smellin like Chanel but far
from frail

I roll wit my my clique like parapalegics

Confrontation conversation catch 22 exclamations but
the explanation was

deeper than a Louis Leaky excavation

Tools, ya makin peace when the enemy is blasphate

Yes, we got some nuts hangin it between like a
muthafuckin drag queen

But don't nobody wanna test though, ya niggaz is petro

When I put the lead to ya head like death's crow

Chorus

(REPEAT 4X

