

Ras Kass "It Is What It Is"

Visit "[It Is What It Is](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

I been around the world once, had your fiance twice
I ain't nothin' nice but every lifestyle got a price
Kiss my momma on the cheek 'cause her love was
deep
Like Keith Sweat but the deeper the streets get

The deeper the beef get
Enough 'Fatal Attraction' to boil your pet
'Cause everybody wanna have it lavish and sh
Now, courvoisier is my dossier overnight, insight

I write like six hundred thousand kilobytes
Yes, I'm on one, European cars, Cuban cigars, rap stars
Glass ceilings to the inevitable cap peeling for sexual
healing
I lack feeling, voted for black women like Terry
Macmillan

Save a prayer for me, I was told no guts no glory
I shed a tear once in a while, too
But a soldier gots to do what he gots to do
I want stock in Fox with Rupert Murdoch
I thought you knew, it is what it is

Nowadays, that's the way it is
Why do we do what we do
When we do what we must
That's how it is and how it is is kinda fucked up

It's sad to say but things just ain't the same no more
Why do we do what we do
When we do what we lust, it is what it is
And how it is is kinda fucked up

If the pussy is free, then talk is cheap
Then again, it's probably cheaper to keep her
Back in the days, all a nigga needed
Was suede pumas and a beeper

Now they all expecting condos
Briquettes and pet cheetahs, see ya when I see ya
And by then I know the motives, she bogus

I noticed her jocking the rims on the Lotus
I learned early to trust God when moms was like
(You wear all that Nike shit)

You need to swoosh your ass and get a job
My occupation be operation, more horsepower than
Daytona
'Cause I'm a Rider, like Winona
Being nice is a vice, the gift is naturally mine
That's like Grand Verbalizer not knowing the time

See, my partners commit crimes serving federal bids
Confined to a six by nine regrettin' the wrong shit he
did
I swear, wishing we was still little kids
But we grown men now homey, it is what it is

Nowadays, that's the way it is
Why do we do what we do
When we do what we must
That's how it is and how it is is kinda fucked up

It's sad to say but things just ain't the same no more
Why do we do what we do
When we do what we lust, it is what it is
And how it is is kinda fucked up

Hip hop ain't even fun
In these strange days, rappers is getting done
Like Jericho won
Within two months, two major artists got slumped

I whispered God rest the dead and let the Blaupunkt
pump
Kept a part and a fade since about eleventh grade
Rock the Donna Karan shades
Cause I don't like to dream about getting paid

But I'm afraid I do
Trying to organize a team, willing to empty magazines
This supreme fiends for cream
We need Jesus like Mary Magdalene and Born Again
Christians

Ain't a politician cause I already got your vote
True, I want your money but I ain't a preacher no
I don't even love the dough
But if you don't work you don't eat

So I want all I can get before I go
I love what money can get, it's elementary evidently

the custom convertible Bentley tempt me
It is what it is

Nowadays, that's the way it is
Why do we do what we do
When we do what we must
That's how it is and how it is is kinda fucked up

It's sad to say but things just ain't the same no more
Why do we do what we do
When we do what we lust, it is what it is
And how it is is kinda fucked up

Nowadays, that's the way it is
Why do we do what we do
When we do what we must
That's how it is and how it is is kinda fucked up

It's sad to say but things just ain't the same no more
Why do we do what we do
When we do what we lust, it is what it is
And how it is is kinda fucked up

There are things that we can change
Some things remain the same
That's just the way it is
Way it goes, yeah

There are things that we can change
But most things gon' stay the same
It's the way it is
You better believe it, oh, yeah

Visit [Ras Kass](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.