

## Ras Kass

### "Riiiot"

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Verse One: Chino XL Ras Kass

You prayed for me and I came! How far you niggaz  
wanna push me?

I'm leaving the crowds happy like OJ Simpson when he  
got his first

white pussy

But I'm still annoyed blowin through your selenoid

Bringing more Blues to Brothers than Jon Belushi and  
Dan Akroyd

Governmently engineered like E Bola for this rap  
garage sale

by this industry I'm trying not to get fucked like 2Pac in  
jail

You can hate me, but await me like I'm Magic Johnson's  
death in a box with Jordan's pops that ass'll never take  
another

breath

'cause, I write the songs like Barry Manilow

I like my Sugar Brown like Hugh Grant fucked D'Angelo

Now I got niggaz claimin they saw God unfortunately

He wasn't in the person of Master Farad Muhammad

Some often ask how can this nigga molest the English  
alphabet

in one hundred words or less it ain't the chronic

It's all in the mind like Johnny Mmemonic

Before my word is born, surgeons administer

antibiotics

to drain the phonics, amniotic fluids

Delivery, to get Nia deep in your Peeples like Howard  
Hewett

Half-Hitler, half-Jewish, I'm gassed off myself

Icono-clismic, twisted without the use of fiber optics

Noxious I blows out the sockets I got your Adam's

Apples in my pockets

Bullshit like Timmy McVey, like kiddie porn I'm getting  
popular

Popular, no ocular, MC's perp particular

but not quite yet perpendicular

Compound fractures fibulas when niggaz step, contest  
the upper torso

I got Chino's back like a dorsal, fin

Comprehend, we bend men from within  
Chorus: Chino, Ras  
Your strength in numbers couldn't hit  
The yellow nigga from the Gravity click  
You don't give a fuck as long as bud gets lit  
You're fuckin with the HemiSidal lunatics  
Like licorice, niggaz begin to twist  
Lay back and watch your idols get ripped  
Yo signify if your crew roll thick  
(Yeah) East Coast (West Coast) beeeotch!!!

Verse Two: Ras Kass, Chino XL

I circumnavigate the globe with a one-liner like, latitude  
Put my rhymes in mixed fortune cookies to leave  
Confucious confused  
The day a nigga serve Ras is when faggots start  
straight bashing  
Without Jermaine Dupri I'm SoSoDef that I need closed  
captions  
Won't see me stressed from no East/West conflict  
the interest Chino X/Ras Kass like Layne Tito removed  
you from your  
bench

My retina expands, my brain is trapped like a rat on a  
running wheel  
Praise the yellow God or I'ma leave you scarred like  
that nigga Seal  
Vernacular understandable, you in a hearse,  
megahertz, the truth hurts  
Slang botanical, you're moving on time-lapse camera  
Indistractable, dig me like an excavation multiracial  
valuable  
Take you out like Saafir took out Casual  
So check the milk that Jersey made  
I turn artistic children bilingual  
On parallel bars I create new dismounts like  
Chechincko  
So keep it short and sweet like Sherman Hemsley  
bonafide queer  
While I shoot shit up you're shooting gerbils up your  
asshole like  
Richard Gere

Verse Three: Ras Kass, Chino XL

Bitch ass niggaz what see?  
I gives a fuck who's certified platinum or gold  
Cause I got rhymes for every unit you sold  
Your plaques corrode when I collage colloquials  
At first the buzz was local but now the nose grows like  
Pinochio  
No lie, no T-H-C, T-H-E, T-H-O-U-G-H-T  
Makes me high in intelligence quotient

I drop facts like attache  
Exfoliate rap and come cleaner than Jeru's enema  
What's the secret within my esophagus  
is discovered like Tutenkahmen's sarcophogous  
I got niggaz lookin for Webster's like George  
Papadopolous  
Yo Ras pardon me my unfamiliar soliloquies, similies  
similar to Reginald Denny's, facial injuries  
You couldn't locate my transient thoughts with lo-jack  
Molest your mind like Oprah Winfrey's behind when she  
was a small  
child  
Punchlines with more elasticity than Biggie's stretch  
marks  
Chino X sparks, mad urban  
I ain't scared to put the things that going around me  
on tape like Mark Fuhrman  
Sexing picture perfect hoes like Pocahontas often  
And I'd rather hear Willie Nelson than fucking Montell  
Jordan!  
Chorus  
Outro: Chino  
Uhh, yeah  
Uhh, signify, uhh  
Uhh, check it out, uhh  
West coast, uhh, East coast, what?  
West coast, East coast  
West, uhh, East, ahh  
Uhh, that nigga Ras, that nigga Chino  
The nigga bird, yo that shit is large

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