

Ras Kass

"Slap Season"

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[Verse 1]

They say men don't cry, but why this shit leakin' out my eye?

Every day's a good day to die

If I live each second, stand up straight

Man of a man, shit just don't add up

So what's really good? I can't tell

Got niggaz screaming "Church" going straight to Hell

In a red Testerosa, wild West coaster

Carry techs in holster, respect the Nostra

Fam like mafia, white polo t-shirted

Haters say the same shit like I ain't never hizzheard it

Yall niggaz is funny like Nick Cannon

Got a nickel-plated magnum, nick-named Nick Cannon

Hitman and tryin' not to spit random

Bust at even a phantom, ricocheted and hit Adam

Put Satan on my belt and my Force One swooshes

Never bit apple, blend the can with the juices

Fail the plan, you plan to fail

And the plan is to send my little man to Yale

And niggaz know they ain't fuckin' with that

Like what did the five fingers say to the face? Slap!

[Chorus]

Just give me the reason, and I'll promise I'll make it
your day (slap season)

My hands are so achey from slappin' these niggaz all
day (slap season!)

Boy, I tried to tell you that I don't really play those
games (slap season)

Ohhhhhh ohhhhhh ohhhhhhhh.... (slap season!)

[Verse 2]

And you can think you know a nigga 'til he get a little
fame

Believe me, [censored out] sold his soul in D.C.

Fucked me up though, gotta move on now

Step my game up, making product cologne now

Dumbin' out, minkin'

Bout to a custom made skunk, fur, hoody, and it ain't
stinkin'

Yall know the biz, that's what it is
Got Wendy outta Capitol like I clapped on the bitch
Kept my masters, and let paper trail explain
Beat white corporate America at they own game
I'm a couple million dollars richer
Rap has got heads startin' to buy frames, yall get the
picture
And before I go broke
I send the bitch on a flight with her baby in her tote
That ain't formula, bottles filled with liquified coke
Make the sign of the cross and die with the Pope
Float through Cali with die moves and blues
Non-affiliates and seranios too
Bulldogs, northerners, and Kumi
Prolly some other shit you never heard of somewhere
in the boonies
Shiites and Sunnis, oosoes and goonies
Like Santa, I slide down your chimney, sprayin' a uzi
And niggaz know they ain't fuckin' with that
Like what did the five fingers say to the face? Slap!

[Chorus]

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