

Rasco

"Dues and Don'ts"

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Uh huh
That's right be yourself yo
That's right
Ya got to be yourself yo
That's right
And do your own thing
Yo do your own thing

Yo I slings from the waist with mines but I don't waste
time
Once again here to set the new trend
Whatever the plan we shakes in all style
Better check the file don't change the dial
You locked in nigga we raisin' the stock ten
Better tell your friends where it all begins
Point blank, niggas ain't nothin' but low rank
The cap-tain lookin at rippin' the ass clean
The vaccine ain't nothin' but pure medi-cine
The sure shot niggas should keep they door locked
Ain't no block hotter than your's? Make sure
While brothers is waterin' down rhymes stay pure
One-hundred percent organic, goddammit
Be doin' my thing until I'm yanked off the planet
Hard like granite, your stones are zercon(ia)
Costume, fillin' your lungs with gas fumes

Chorus(x2)

Yo, don't change yo' shit because you heard my shit
Get back in the lab and try to reword shit
I show you the hands, you get yo' vision blurred wit'
It's Rasco here to enhance the cash flow
(Second time through minus 'Yo')

(Get it off your chest then)

I got things on my mind, react and rhyme at the same
time
Never comin' close to mine, my stratosphere speaks
loud and clear
The same shit as last year
Why do niggas change they style and then flip?
Get a couple fans, some grands, and then slip

Don't you understand you should stand for yourself,
to make sure your records don't stand on the shelf?
Never make songs to please these emcees
And next time, nigga, I'm charging you five g's
Four hundred degrees, ice cold deep freeze
And emcees be thinkin' they the fuckin' Bee Gees
Sometimes you have to lead a feign to the fame
To make sure you still stick around in the game
Sit home and train, circulatin' through the veins
You outta your brain, you know the goddam name
The same cat that brought you back to the times
When niggas was true and did it all for the rhymes
Now it's all changed, these cats think short range
Forgettin' the art, they do it all for the chart
But is he really smart for doin' the same shit,
that one thousand other motherfuckers came wit'?
I don't think so, I got coins to invest
While you clowns are still tryin' to win a contest

Chorus(x2)

(Last, but not least)
Don't use the underground
For tryin' to shield you and that wackass sound
I'll still be around, watchin' niggas freestyle
I came back, I know I've been gone for a while
I may not be the best, what I be tryin' to stress
Is how I can make a lot more doin' less
Peace to the West, I just earned a piece
I told y'all you shouldn't let the dog of the leash
Don't bite, especially when you know it ain't right
And don't drop your songs when you know it ain't tight
I shines the light, do the best that you can
You always should have a whole different sideplan
My thoughts adjust to a different mind frame
Be exact, no time for the little mind games
I keeps my feet firmly planted in the street
To get y'all wit' nothin' but the bonifide heat

Chorus(x2)

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