

## Rasco

# "Gunz Still Hot"

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ah,yo 2000

Grand Imperial

New and improved

Show and prove

[Verse 1]

Yo,the underground rap veteran here to bring you

Cats the medicine to stop all the shit you've been peddlin

Ain't nothin' better when your pockets is phat

Niggas get up in the game and start changing they stacks

Without gats I can run in your spot

And take everything you got

Without bustin' a shot

Nothin' but the hotness

Nigga we got this

Your same old style is now soundin' monotonous

Close caption hold cats that's ready for action

I wouldn't give y'all the satisfaction

(Yo better get your crack or so

Cause I can light to your ass when the track is old nigga)

I switch tones like I switch colognes

And keep it bangin hard to your stereo headphones

It's Dick Swanson for the niggas that still ridin' the  
Johnson

hate cats harder than Zack Bronson

I'm from the coast where they cary the toast

And puttin clothes to your hair spittin' lyrics instead

Never in arrears ?? the cash

you being pushed out the block still coming in last

I let it blast so you niggas can feel

Fuck shady cats actin' like they cuttin' some deals

I tell you cats this I be swingin the fish

You know the beats still bang and the lyrics is crisp

Ey yo

[Chorus] 2X

We spit it

You cats better get with it

Nothin' but cash man we stay fresh minted

If niggas is laid out then Rasco did it

Find me at the spot with the gunz still hot

I came to expose these mediocre flows

Niggas who talk trash on weak ass shows

Niggas that ride dicks of weak ass clicks

Niggas that get smashed for being in the mix

I stand alone you clone your shit

You ponder recash that don't even know shit

Puttin' you out there to make 'em cash  
Blame yourself when your career don't last  
Outta your class vast amidst four tips with blue prints  
Of books with some raw ass hooks  
Never ran with crooks, I use my brain  
Dissin' the rowl instead of dissin' cocaine  
Tryin' to explain, your click ain't sick  
I'm ready to smack y'all with forty five licks  
Right to the teeth i spit heat to the street for real  
Still lookin' for the cash and a deal  
Who's fault is that?It sounds like yours  
Nothin' but rhymes that come straight from the pause  
Settle the score but don't spit in our clothes  
I'm fittin' somewhere between the highs and the lows  
Blowing back to those that shattered that glass  
You know it's for real cause your sister sold by the  
glass  
I tell you cats this I be swingin the fish  
You know the beats still bang and the lyrics is crisp  
Ey yo  
[Chorus] 2X  
Ey check this  
I ain't even begin I still blow a niggas plan turn water to  
sand  
Every blade is plain I rain on a niggas parade  
throwin' grenades at his fresh cut dane  
Every joint is made on rhymes from the spot

You fuckin' with us you better bring all you got  
Ras came to rock for real mc's  
And fuck keepin' it real, I need those G's  
One hundred degrees I burn outta turn so learn  
Don't but here when you got no concern  
Niggas get smacked for doin' shit like that  
I verbally blast and pull his whole wig back  
Straight from the CA we ain't no kids  
You better rethink that and raise that bid  
You know what it is rush the bus like us  
Living this plush plush the trust is a must  
Ready to crush these young cats to the map  
And how do I get mines to sound so phat  
We take time I scrutinise every line  
You spendin' my cash you better find every dime  
One more time I spit lyrics like these  
The soul by the glass rock shows overseas  
I tell you cats this I be swingin the fish  
You know the beats still bang and the lyrics is crisp  
Ey yo  
[Chorus] 2X

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