

## Rasco

# "The Theory"

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[applause]

[Rasco:]

Thank you, thank you very much  
I appreciate that, thank you

Yeah uhh, once again, Soul father Rasco  
Dick Swan', The Theory, Cali Agent #1  
Yeah... new and improved  
San Fran', Oakland, yeah, look

Well it's the shotgun slinger, middle right finger  
Me against the world, up against your girl  
34 years, this rap game takin its toll  
I never quit still spittin it cold  
Now, I've reached inside to find my pride and  
Mushed your face to clear my space you  
Niggaz forgot who calls these shots  
Mr. G Dubya Bush with one button to push  
Secure your home man, goin for your dome man  
Nobody cares, gotta make it on your own man  
The things I've seen will make y'all scream at the  
top of your lungs to get y'all sprung {\*scream\*}  
I've survived to keep shit live  
From the, training wheels to four wheel drive  
Respect the game, respect my name  
It's the nigga that can break your whole chest frame  
Listen and learn, I spit these bars like  
Life depends to get those ends (yeah)  
Fuck your trends, I spits like no one  
Off the mound, you still can't throw one (hell naw)  
Splits and curves, you cats got nerve  
Call your clique, you might get served (hell yeah)  
Smoked and choked with hands on throat  
Now my mission is to get my hands on notes  
Check the stats we don't bust gats, we  
sling the crack in 16 tracks  
Half an ounce to make dudes bounce  
Niggaz, took they shots and still don't count (nah)  
Rock for years but dudes don't care be  
Ras again I must speak clearly

It's still the same, we still rock yearly  
Thoughts provoked, The Dick Swan Theory

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