

Rasco

"The Unassisted"

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Ha ha ha ha ha

Back again ha ha ha ha ha

Rasco solo Fanatik check it

Yo it's flipside and Rasco here to let 'em know

If niggaz don't cooperate gotta let 'em go

Get in the race and stop runnin' at a snails' pace

And sour milk has left my mouth wit' a bitter taste

They shot callin' black ballin' 'til the last sec

No other choice but to cut these niggaz last check

Give me respect 'cuz I've been comin' up these last
years

The only car on the road flossin' nine gears

'Cuz I arrive and overdrive, set to rip it live

And I'll be rippin' this shit when I'm fifty-five

Dead stinkin', Abe Lincoln, nigga what you thinking'?

You better smoke another blunt and continue drinkin'

A cloudy brain, train tracks, but there's no train

And now you watch me skyrocket in my own plane

Never the same and nobody else can do it better

Three to the third is the word, got the triple-header

So you better, get yo ass a sweater

Breakin' these fools down to the last letter

Whatever...that you clowns wanna do

Make sure that you got the Superdome crew

Chorus:

The unassisted, it's the unassisted

Rasco's on the mic, it's the unassisted

You blacklisted, yo, it's the unassisted

Rasco's on the mic, it's the unassisted

So what's next? Not these emcees that's totin' text

Glitz and gram better scram down his ????

That style's played and more washed up than Cascade

And it's been years since I broke out my last fade

The bald-headed, non-dreded, get that ass wetted

These brothers flashed on the Ras but I didn't sweat it

Remain calm, rippin' mics every single night

I'm on the scene, makin' green 'cuz the single's tight

Fuck you fools that's believing' in your own hype

'Cuz I'm the type that be servin' up the long pipe

I smell a scent, gettin' bent, pockets full of lint

You think you large 'cuz these people gave you fine
print?

But magazines ain't the thing, nigga, get it straight

Bringin' them styles that got 'em hooked on like fish
bait

You show me how, now it's wild, where my niggaz at?

But when you step up to the plate better bring it fat

Chorus

Mass produced, I got juice microphone skill
Me and my man Big Rob 'bout to seal deals
Run of the mill, dime a dozen 'cuz you wack, cousin
Whose reviews? Better cut me some slack, cousin
Playin' me close, heads is flown at the flagpost
At half-staff you done stepped on the wrong path
You hear the whistle of the missile comin' full speed
It's hip hop, to the core I'm the full breed
What's the reason all these fools wanna flash out?
Sick of the drama, now it's time to get my ass out
Layin' it down nice and clean on these white sheets
And quick to break a nigga down over fat beats
Better retreat 'cuz I'm comin' wit' the cavalry
Only intent is just to increase the salary
These dollar signs in my mind, gotta drop a rhyme
Ready to shine, baby, this year's prime time
So what I'm sayin', won't be no delayin'
Better head the word, nigga, I don't be playin'
So start prayin' like you lookin' for a miracle
Me with no lyrics, baby, that there's hysterical

Chorus(x2)

2nd Ending: Rasco's on the mic, don't get it twisted

Scratched: "I would say he's nice. Every cut he makes is so precise." -MC

Shan

