

Uniform Motion

"So Many Days"

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[Intro:]

Dead. Ain't shit diffin all the thugs.
Blew the video. Ras Kass
Organized rhymes, nigga
Listen

[Verse 1: Ras Kass]

I got the currier for thug passion, picture that, the
atomic core
Black and wrist, with the crack get the gat.
If I plob more pressure my wrist gets snappy
Groupies get the bozack
Snake niggaz I'm gonna get your ass back, like your
ass crack
Shit lowjack and you know that
I ain't never bout wit down nigga
Act crowback, round up, flip flap back wit more drama
Life is six figures, double niggaz wit babies mommas
You know this cat, and if not get the million wit
butterflies
MC's live like catterpilla (pilla)
Beyond some dreams, smoke fuckin get paid
Every thing I shave your blades, wit the same drawers
For three days, and run relays, all up in your PJ's
Like I'm from there, where my chronic smokin crew
Hit trees like Sonny and Cher, I came to kick ass
And drink Heineken, so unfortunately I'm almost out of
beer
Some say my attitude is fucked up and real crummy
Since I come from the state where it's always sunny
Ha ha ha ha ha, I had to find that funny, so I said:
No child, I work hoes for the money

[Chorus: Ras Kass and K. Born:]

So many days, so many nights.
So many mics blown.
So many ways to die, so many strive.
So many days, so many nights.

So many mics blown.
So many ways to die, so many try.

[Verse 2: K. Born]

How you do that there?
Tellin practically movin MC's, like keys and no C's,
please
Fuck the trees, my senses provide the photosynthesis
I got my front and my back, like prevythesis
So tell me who this niggaz think they intimidated
I ain't havin none of that shit that bein constipated
My pants still gon sag on flat ends. Still gonna have cat
ends
And I'm still on critically,
The queen of central corner vaugh matches lyrically
So what I'm tryin to say, is y'all ain't fuckin wit me (true)
I am goin to heaven for the weather, and inhale for the
company
Once before the icore. Switch my soft war
Release the rugged more, wit the mark of the beast
Fuck a bitch in the mouth, but then pussy gets infected
wit gees
Gotti John the Baptist (Who wanna get wet)
You know your mark. Get ready, get set, and lets start
a revolution
Yo. Niggaz wiggin out like Whitney Houston
You feel me? I do shit
Pussy

[Chorus x1]

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