

Union

"So Many Days"

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featuring K. Born, Ras Kass

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 wigin out like Whitney Houston

You feel me ? I do shit

Pussy

Chorus repeated once

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