

Ja Rule F/ Ashanti, Charli Baltimore, Vita "Hip Hop Essentials"

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Yeah

Father Rasco, you better act like you know

Straight of the pitch, the third mic gave a small pinch
And ever since they've been waitin' on this twelve inch
It's Peanut Butter Wolf, Rasco anticipated
Steppin' to mics will only get cracks obliterated
Turn up these levels, let me bless those that's feelin'
this

Run on this path and I'ma rip fools continuous
This nonstop entourage rockin' camouflage
Is quick to handle any nigga thinkin' sabotage
Really, who in the hell is this big Willy?
We'll run him down, rip his out and smack him silly
My microphone filled with flames, takin' all names
The first to tell 'em that this hip hop ain't all games
I rock the planet, transatlantic, meanin' overseas
Down with various, but this box don't come in threes
Got EBF to the friz chillin' close range
Pockets is flat, time to stack me some pocket change
But ain't it strange how this hard work has paid off?
Remember days when I was flat broke and laid off
But gettin' fired only inspired the dope shit
Now magazines on the scene tryin' to quote shit
Given the wackest hip hop overblown props
Styles is stolen better call up the damn cops
Tell 'em to bring they paddy wagon, got a lot of folks
Stand-up comedians is all set to crack jokes
Gavel to gavel, brothers gettin' drug through the
gravel

A little buzz, yo, but my rhymes just didn't travel
A gotta take it to the next, start cashin' checks
I see you brothers perpertratin' in that rented Lex
Tryin' to flex like you some type of big wheel
I'm on the mic, niggaz just get they wigs peeled
Still, I know these wack fools be lovin' it
Place your bets and I bet Ras can double it

Scratched Chorus(x2):

"Rhymes decapitate 'em when I activate 'em."

"Get behind the real rhymer."

Some of you fools on the mic just bug me
Sippin' on ???? niggaz talkin' 'bout his bubbly
Yo' broke ass ain't never sipped on no Cristal
Pulled no holes or even shot off a pistol
The perpetratin' pulled the stick out for penetratin'
Have you at home layin' flat, rehabilitatin'
Exhilaration' all the time, gotta dish rhymes
Runnin' the joint, runnin' point, gotta dish dimes
But not sacks, rather drop tracks to black wax
That type shit that be more hype than mad blacks
Rush in yo' spot set to take things I never got
Two or three albums to yo' credit but they wasn't hot
Don't jock fools 'cuz you think that they be livin' cool
In videos wit' these broke hoes and swimmin' pools
Dancin' around on my set tryin' to catch wreck
Smokin' on blunts, takin' forty hoes to the neck
Blurry position, better turn off my television
No time for niggaz bringin' all types of negatism
The industry is just filled with these fake cats
Runnin' around with cigars and fedora hats
Fags in drag, brothers best check they manhood
Rip out they lungs, so it just won't expand good
'Cuz I done had it with these phony rappin' freestyles
Brothers be yappin' that they comin' out the penial
The senile, you ain't never been in jail, black
It be the Ras, give you more run than tailbacks
Women be comin' out talkin' 'bout they cockbox
Some of these brothers rock rhymes, others cockblock

Chorus(x2)

Yeah

Father Rasco, solo tip

Shout outs

To my man EBF

To my man Frizbee

To my man Encore

To the one Fanatik

To my man Persevere

To my man 50 Gs

G-Love the Architect

To my man PB Wolf

To my man A-1

To the man Ranger Rick

To my man Big Hav

Stones Throw nine-six

Prepare

Bring it on

