

## Ja Rule F/ Ashanti, Charli Baltimore, Vita "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

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