

Grammy Speech

Ras Kass

Had next after Pac died, right before Eminem
The West Coast spitter, the East Coast consider 'em
Synonym, I'm nice, A-Alike, "Anything Goes"
With the Al B. Sure "Day or Night", "Miami Life", slay a mic
Like Buster Douglas round ten, the money and fame
Saw my piece of the pie but never ate a slice
'Cause I wrote "Nature of The Threat" and prolly paid the price
Plus when the homies low-key jealous, they hate your life
Deceitful cocksuckers, ungrateful motherf*ckers
I'm KRS, y'all just some part-time suckas, good night
They told me fight the good fight
But y'all suck whoever cock in the limelight
And most of 'em don't even rhyme tight
Call Ghostbusters, he don't even write his own rhymes
20/20 is hindsight, foreskin is uncircumcised
That's a turtle-neck, not Kosher
Open your eyes while I try to get your mind right
Spat on my hands like Jesus Christ gave the blind sight
How may mics did I terrorize?
100,000 on Twitter, still not verified?
My nigga, this a sham, its rigged
Rappers is hip-hop cops for the man, ya dig?
What happened to hip hop? More insulting
Now the underground don't respect skills if you don't go pop
Ain't that some backwards shit, though?
Like it jumping out the toilet bowl and squeezing back up in your asshole
Lot of basic bars, beats just 808
Some of y'all so behind they prostate
When I state, it's all state, you in good hands
VIP on GP, I don't need a wristband
Diamond D, don't call us OG, I'm not old school
I will shoot up the whole school
Get drunk off O'Doul's, piss in your Pro Tools
UFC 229 with no rules
I want to thank the fans, my friends and family
For the one I'll never win, this my Grammy speech
Huh? Wait, hold on
I'm not finished
Huh?
Man, f*ck that
Yeah, this thing on? (Always tryna cut a nigga off)
Ayy, let that nigga keep goin'
Ayy, Ras, talk, nigga, talk
And this for leaving 'Pac out the 10 Greatest Rappers List
Whoever wrote that must of bumped they head and ate a dick
Whole industry monopolized on some hater shit
Shit is a sham, its glitz and glam
Smoke and mirrors, say real shit, get banned
Since master feed the artist, can't bite the hand
You know you f*cked up when you mic'd my stand
So they unplugged me, un-loved me
If I was a baby seal they would club me
Suddenly convince you I'm ugly, unlucky, just f*ck me
But I'm lovely, ain't a rapper breathing above me
Best lyricist, but so-called hip hop awards snubbed me
Label mad cause I won't act like Buckwheat
Tried to find another path to succeed, they obstruct me

Industry execs on a smear campaign
Assassinated my character and bashed my name
"Ras a racist, he don't like white people"
I don't like stupid-ass black or white people quite equal
"He alcoholic"
Yeah ask every producer, artist and engineer I ever worked with
I'm always prepared, most professional, first in the booth
With the best verse as the proof
f*ckboys, I'm hurting your cooch
So while you nominate who dominate charts
But they don't write, can't sing, how you artists without art?
These niggas is mascots
Hiding behind brands, I be tearing they mask off
Y'all Ronald McDonald's lip sync music
Colonel Sanders, fake recipes frontin' like he produced it
They hit sharks, all up in the studio lurkin' like
"That song hot, let me buy that"
Fake like he made that track, repeat that rap, wack!
Then act like he a f*cking egomaniac
Yeah I'm talking to you ****, ****, ****
****, ****, ****, **** and ****
So I accept this award on behalf of the true emcee-ers
Whether the fans know it or not, they need us
Industry won't feed us want us all living in Kias
Or force black men to get rich dressing like Madea
Shit, I keep it gangsta like "gyeah" WC, "niyah"
My rhymes sick, chlamydia
Middle finger in the air
Music industry can shove it up your rear
But a lot of y'all secretly into that lifestyle, f*ck RIIA
This is called gravity