

It is what it is

Ras Kass

I been around the world once, had your fiancé twice
I ain't nothin' nice, but every lifestyle got a price
Kiss my momma on the cheek cause her love was deep
Like Keith Sweat, but the deeper the streets get
The deeper the beef get
Enough fatal attraction to ??? your vet
Cause everybody wanna have it ??? and sh
Now, ??? is my ??? over night, insight
I write like six hundred thousand kilobytes
Yes I'm on one, European cars, Cuban cigars, rap stars,
Glass ceilings to the inevitable cap dealing for se**** healing
I lack feeling, voted for black women like Terry Macmillan
Save a prayer for me, I was told no guts no glory
I shed a tear once in a while, too
But a soldier gots to do what he gots to do
I once ??? in ??? for Rupert Murdoch, I thought you knew
It is what it is

Nowadays, that's the way it is
Why do we do what we do when we do what we must, that's
how it is, and how it is is kinda fucked up
It's sad to say, but things just ain't the same no more
Why do we do what we do when we do what we lust, it is
what it is, and how it is is kinda fucked up

If the pussy is free, then talk is cheap
Then again, it's probably cheaper to keep her
Back in the days, all a nigga needed was suede pumas and a beeper
Now they all expecting condos, briquettes and pet cheetahs
See ya when I see ya
And by then I know the motors she bogus I noticed they jockin the rims on
the ???
I learned early to trust God when moms was like You need to swoosh your ass
and get a job
My occupation be operation, more horsepower than Daytona
Cause I'm a rider, like Wynonna
Being nice is a vice, the gift is naturally mine
That's like grand verbalizing not knowin the time
See, my partners commit crimes servin federal ???
Confined to a six by nine regretin the wrong shit he did
I swig, wishing we was still little kids
But we grown men now homey, it is what it is

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Hip hop ain't even fun
In these strange days, rappers is getting done
Like Jericho won
Within two months, two major artists got slumped
I whispered 'God rest the dead' and let the ??? pump pump
Kept a ??? since about eleventh grade
Rock the Donna Carren shades

Cause I don't like to dream about getting paid
But I'm afraid I do
Trying to organize a team, willing to empty magazines
This supreme fiends for cream
We need g's, like Mary Magdelline and born again Christians
Ain't a politician cause I already got your vote
True, I want your money but I ain't a preacher no
I don't even love the dough
But if you don't work you don't eat, so I want all I can get before I go
I love what money can get
It's elementary evidently, the custom convertible Bentley tently
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(2x)

There are things that we can change
Some things remain the same
That's just the way it is
Way it goes, yeah
There are things that we can change
But most things gon' stay the same
It's the way it is
You better believe it, ooh yeah