

# Bars Up

Ras Kass

My sorrow is gothic  
Phantom of the Opera, inspiration is haunted  
Pain is the poetry that made my muse nauseous  
That's how I make mu-SICK  
Rappers claiming a gangsta excuse for not doing no new shit  
Down south they screw hits  
I'd rather screw a silencer into a gat in slow-mo and 'do hits'  
SK whisper like a sex symbol  
Little cousin affiliated, neck tatted with a set symbol  
It's like, ain't no hope in the world  
Mike Jack want the little boys, R. Kelly want the little girls  
And I don't know which is worse  
I'm tryna snatch Alicia Keyes purse so I can learn a woman's worth  
Parker doin' dirt, got hip hop cops  
Tryna RICO Law a nigga if I don't go pop  
But still can't solve the murders of 'Pac and Chris Wallace  
Racial profiling, rapper profilers

Niggas get ya bars up, spit a 100 bars what  
Stop dick riding, fuck bitch you star struck  
Get ya bars up, Henny Patron  
Get ya bars up, double R up, get ya cars up  
Get ya bars up, spit a 100 bars what  
Stop dick riding, fuck bitch you star struck  
Get ya bars up, money, hoes and chucks  
Get ya stars up, niggas get ya bars up

Fuck Hip Hop nigga, that's skull junk  
I write classics to make ya think about somethin  
Fuck if ya dance to it, here's a leg-breaker  
Hold a hand grenade, now shake it like a salt shaker  
Homie, drop a bomb to that  
Decapitate a hostage after we bomb Iraq  
And penitentiaries is packed with old black niggas  
Mad cause they crack smoked they life away  
Hate a youngster cause he see in him his lost youth  
Some motherfuckers be testing, number one jail house lesson  
Heard misery loves company  
Is that why failure and sabotage keep bumping and grinding on me?  
Humble nigga, but I learned in life  
People don't respect nothing but pre-emptive strikes  
And 9 times out of 10 you can avoid bullshit  
For the 10th, the reason I carry nines with full clips  
Felon, lost the right to bear arms, so I wear long sleeves  
Please believe I will still pull it  
But the state of California done passed that new law  
The Governor giving out a year for each bullet

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They say the first shall be last, last shall be first  
My last name start with the letter A  
Am I cursed? My moms gave birth inside a coffin  
6 feet under the dirt, quenching a sick thirst  
So I'm hungry enough to eat a bitch lung like Big Lurch  
My battle between Angels and Demons, it gets worse  
Won't put you on the cover cause you mastered grammar  
But put you on the cover if you dance like Hammer  
Fuckin hypocrites, I'm just telling the truth  
Never stopped being spiritual but I still lust material  
Diamond mines, slavery back again  
And I'm smart enough to know what's happenin  
But that don't stop me from having a pinky ring  
Or a icy gold chain when you see me in traffic man  
And I'm probably just ignorant enough to stunt  
And gold-dip a real life African

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