

Capital

Ras Kass

"The Capital R A" "S"
Fuck Glocks, I got 60 shots thoughts
Selling niggas chalk they outlines on the sidewalk
With when I talk so, come at me real
Before I take it to your fucking face like Clearasil
See you can take a nigga out the ghetto
But you can't take the ghetto out a nigga
Cause even uppermiddle class niggas tend to act an ass
Smoking blunts at the office station off the open ashe and ignite gas
C-ARSON the bushwazee, hot as hell in summer
Fuck a puppy truck, but us niggas get Dumb and Dumber
But it's no wonder my cats pack thunder
And I got more raps/wraps then Mummy
Some motherfuckers better duck like Fluffy
These niggas hang on bungy and still wouldn't jump me
(Ay you hear the shit that nigga) yeah, shit is quiet
So the next nigga to get a parking ticket starts to riot

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I'm eating every rapper on the plate to be
Phat and gain weight like Riki Lake
So wack MCs can catch one buck like mexicans on the corner selling rolls
And peanuts, nigga what
I perplex with styles iller then an episode from X Files
But fuck Fox they racist, cause COPS why they always show black peoples face
s
And blurr all the white peoples faces
Plus they drop rocks, so I'm catching the Metro Rail
With the motherfucking Molotov and cordless microphone so I can blow up the
spot
I guess it's time C-arson started flossing
And got recognition for the assistent city of Compton
Though not quite a G it's an MC thing
You got my patiences wearing thin as a G-string
Cause niggas ain't shit but hoes with dicks
I know how they made, half man, half bitch
So get to stepping like the Delta Sigma Phi Betta
Cause I get player haters peeled like western potatoes
Turn red like tomatoes, intestines got them all looking like spaghetti
At house parties, niggas throw bullets like caffetti
Think about it, it's all in the mind, it's all in the nine
Cause they both commit the crime
Youngster done fucked in my house and doing shrooms
Niggas be in the mix like octofoon

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I like bitched with dimples and nipples the size of silver dollars
Chokin out LAPD Rottweilers like chihuahuas
Never had a 64 impala but now you want Deez
Like the individual dickrider
Dark skin, my pants sag, color me nigga
Some of my homies flag blue rags, some on the B-Side
Like Lord Digga, without a truce I got peace/piece
But at the house I keep heat so the first burgular
Makes me a murderer, I tear flesh with kanines
With nine lives like a feline but there's still no pussy in it
So my mom makes 6 Gs a month and I still don't give a fuck
Take me out if ya warna (Huh?)
These california niggas bout to put something on ya
So about as soon I start to search for survivors after the boom
I'm planting bombs in the Carson Hall restroom, nigga

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