

"The Capital R A" "S"

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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 octoroon

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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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THE CAPITAL R-A-S YES