

## Come Widdit

Ras Kass

We went all around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it  
I'm the first batter up Ahmad -- well then come widdit  
All around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it  
I'm the first batter up Ahmad -- well then come widdit

Well it's the niggerole that caught Foot Lock  
cause the vibe keeps voxed in funk, makes you rock to the side  
Gave it all I had, just to have what I got  
Niggaz tryin to be bad, and they mad 'cause they not  
Gonna defeat the rapper who got three ways to sack a  
Quarterback I slaughter wack MC's with ease  
These nuts what you get and a busted lip  
What you have when you come at me with buster shit  
All that graf given driven so I musta hit  
Bought a Jag, chillin on the Shore just to dip  
Get it right, cause I get it, night in and night out  
I'm butter, covering up wack MC's like White Out  
Don't doubt it that they dissed me OK rap is overrated  
Who hate it that a nigga from the West blew up and made it  
And I'd braid it if I had it but for now I keep it balded  
Niggaz tryin to touch to me better stop before they get scalded  
I'm hot, like a skillet and grits, crush you to bits  
When I look over the room, and then lower the boom, and  
Think that they can defeat the man that can't be beat  
I do the breaststroke clown while you drown in three feet  
Beep beep like robots on Buck Rodgers plus I bust  
25th century rhymes so you decline  
To battle anytime had skills since I was nine  
Dope lines the only weapon that I cock, I never drop  
I stop clones 'cause biting's never condoned  
From the Westside 4th Avenue crew Jones

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I'm the second batter Ras Kass -- well then come widdit  
All around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it  
I'm the second... nah forget it

My foramen magnum got 357 calibers  
to bust a suckaz melon like Gallagher (pow)  
Body chemistry consists of Hennessey, toxic melanin  
with an adamantium skeleton like Wolverine  
child, my heart pumps kerosene  
Son I spit butane, burn any bastard you name till I die  
And even when I'm maggots, I'ma still be fly  
Perpetrator, you're not the one  
Your name's not Anfernee Hardaway  
I'm like a wolf with blood dripping down the fangs  
My techniques foul enough to shoot the flagrant technical  
I be comin off the head rougher then ribbed tip recepticles  
Expect the exceptional syllables to be the next man's umbilical cord  
Catch distortion, ras cancels kids like abortions  
Sendin niggaz to hip hop hell, ock  
Eternal damnation through writers block  
I rock over the results of Reeboks and sands  
stand ill, forget a live band just my mouth and hand  
And even man wasn't prehensile  
I'd still find ways to grip mikes, hold my tip when I piss

and pick off pubic lice  
Cause see, I always been nice but first brothers slept  
Now I've come back twice like Christ to resurrect the West  
Check

We went all around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it  
I'm the third batter up, Saafir -- well then come widdit  
All around the planet, pitchin, and no one hit it  
I'm the third batter Saafir -- well then come widdit

Verse Three: Saafir the Saucee Nomad

Some spit it, but my saliva is liver  
spit stench drenches been intricately, flow braggarts  
Act cynic thyroid thermia hypodermic  
How I earn it squeezing juices, one-hundred  
percent concentrated on easing nooses around the necks  
of tricks, probably won't get this  
Thick hottie body carberuator  
I'm the un-priggish well cat led bredde-well ill verse my  
will is ho gung for the fortune  
Can spell hearse with the same Addams Family apple grapple hook  
Crooked, flier I fly crooked  
For the crew, Hobo Junction, in a few I'll plan  
father soldier and when they're older I'll teach them off  
Killings of confidence and to be omnipotent with content  
Accomplishment for gladiation I'm done  
With training of explaining as the crates in plan B  
Attack instructs me to hit the yak  
I'm here, on purpose  
The Nomadic, addict, merchant

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