

Etc.

Ras Kass

Pen predator
Pen predator, et cetera et cetera (7x)
Pen predator, et cetera, yeah right

Niggaz know it's about that time without a Schoolly D Gucci
I pop that pussy ass rapper and leave it up to Luke to Pop the Coochie
Truly a wretched steelo -- kept you Under Seige like Seagal
Cause I housed more niggaz than that faggot named RuPaul
Y'all all suffer the consequences
I dispense dope sentences without a prescription
prefixes asphyxiate bitches who flips linguistics
Representin the West, relevant to relentless sentences
If renegade rebels resent this wicked syntax (then jack)
Revert to revolution Ras reverse, reverberates
Revolvin with written retaliation, rate repetitious
Reflex flex, regret niggaz regress to less than recoup
When recording, I wreck, records
Reflect stupid, it's so much more than just another rap and sample
Cause I model more styles than Naomi Campbell
See we been burning idiots with lyrical syphilis
Since E.S.T. was Acknicious, the nickle slick meticulous
ventriloquist when I throws my voice over the Western HemisFear
While my peers step over a Trail of Tears
Go get a job as a chandelier wit a glass jaw like dat
I brings the impact to fracture mandibles, and manhandle the youth
Since my mental exceeds every MC I've perceive credible
Now becomes edible, kid!
And yo, I'm D for wreckin when reputations collide
But zhoom dum da dum, dadada dum dum
Suicide it's a suicide

("Pen predator, et cetera, et cetera") (10x)
("Yeah yeah yeah yeah yeah right")

I pull bitches like a lesbian and could come the fuck off
with a vasectomy, in depth I be deeper than Bosses' recipe
Incite recitation forever Ras Rock Steady like Buck when breakin on ducks
Who get props by association
Buy if ya lyrics suck, then fuck ya record label's juice
Ock, I rock hip-hop non-stop and got more juice than Snapple
Intricate to simplistic stylistics I solicit
It gets niggaz open like fallopian ovulation
Fuckin these kids like the Michael Jackson molestations
Sendin ya back as the U.S. Nation did AIDS infected refugee Haitians
Uhh, yeah niggaz so what's the haps
You could put up ya dukes but in the West they bust caps
So bulletproof fists is the only way I'm gone miss, but peep this
My mental's the bullet, my tongue's the finger that pull it
Check the method, soundtrack voodoo uh and bamboo like strapped
Come better you, oh sorry verbal dyslexic
You better come strapped like bamboo and a voodoo soundtrack
And make sure not even one bar sounds wack (bitch)
Cause we take the best shit and make it classic
Word to Guru, take two fuckin pulls, and pass it