

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 syphillis

Since E.S.T. was Ackniculous, 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 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