

Shark Week

Ras Kass

Y'all niggas ain't like me, nigga
I'ma do some shit ain't never been done in the history of music, nigga
We switchin' 4/4 time to 3/4 time signature
Rhyming

Coming up from beneath
Breaking out like great white sharks out of Cape Town Beach
Polaris breach
I don't preach, just don't got no filter
You wouldn't understand the family tree that I'm built from
I am Groot, I am Kunta in Roots, I'm Footloose
Dancing in one Gucci boot, I'm the truth, no dispute
Ain't interested in doing songs with you washed up sidekicks
Fuck 'em, forget 'em, treat them like a side bitch and switch
Get off of my dick, E. coli is what I spit
Commits murder when he go live
One, two like three and four, five
That's a math bar, backwards niggas should call me Ssak Sar
Yo padre, pinche tu madre
No comprende, tu sabe, that's all day in broad day
Came a long way like money shot
On one wheel, make the slingshot bunny hop
Kinko's 3D printer making a funny Glock
Ghost gun, it's a wrap, nigga, mummy knots

It's year round shark week
This wasn't no ordinary nigga
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And even when I'm maggots I'ma still be fly
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Baby bro gotta eat
So tell them goats I grind up meat and make shawarmas
The black Jeff Dahmer
My first album was cult classic
Doing shit never been done before, it's hard core, they so flaccid
3/4 time alignment, no acid, futuristic
Niggas Jurassic, fastest, ain't giving no passes
Bastard killing up whole classes (Bad kids)
Victim slow as molasses, that shit
That part telepathic, move shit like Drano
All bad motherfucker, no bueno
Double rainbow, Oprah show giving the audience cars
So you get a bar, and you get a bar
Everybody get a bar written by Ebony Maw
Nigga, this is gettin' bitten by Jaws
Had a lesbian couple book my Airbnb
When the ménage popped off, that's a share me and she
Stayed at my spot for free, but I fucked 'em for a fee
That's the true definition of a P-I-M-P
Career MC, I ain't never had job
You mumble rap, you 23 with a dad bod
Damn, God, do anything to get the face seen
Even floating face-down in the mainstream

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You ain't gotta like me but you better respect me
And you ain't got to love me but you'll never forget me
You ain't gotta like me but you better respect me
And you ain't got to love me but you'll never forget

You talk about West Coast lyricists, I be like, man
You got Kurupt, you got Ras Kass, you got Xzibit, you got Cube
I'm talkin' 'bout lyricists
One, two, three
One, two, three
One, two, three
One, two, three