

# Sushi

Ras Kass

It's time!

Come here, listen, get a bar nigga  
I'll chop the head off you dicks like a Bar Miztvah  
Protect your neck, clown get brass, turtle neck sweaters  
Even Marie Antoinette had a circus right before they behead her  
Duh! What I'm saying is this  
It's twenty five drops to Zero, off the A list  
Viva Las Vegas, hot go go dancers in cages  
Live on stages, Saturday night, Jason Sudeikis  
Take your bitch, now he crying for his pussycat  
Throw live kittens through your window, you could have your pussy back  
Bend words into prison shanks  
Where the term "mightier than the sword" originates  
It ain't where you from, it's wherever you use your OnStar  
Beef just dry-snitching on Vlad TV and Worldstar  
To tell the truth, they don't tell the truth  
Chocolate nigga, strawberry Benz with the vanilla roof  
Call it Neapolitan  
I poli (tic) against the oligarchy on a mission, composition, start anarchy  
I son y'all niggas like the man Barkley  
Screaming your money or your life this is grand larceny  
Cough up the parsley, carve to the dark meat  
With the Benz carkey it's year round shark week

Ayo, come here, listen get a bar nigga  
In the streets locked up, get a bar nigga  
Rich or poor, give a fuck who you are, nigga?  
Sushi, the definition of raw spitter  
Yeah, come on, listen, get a bar nigga  
In the dorms, on the block, drinking malt liquor  
Black or white, give a fuck who you are, nigga?  
Sushi, the definition of raw spitter

I pop out the house like Oscar the Grouch  
Where I'm from, they C Walk, stay chalking you out  
Where I'm from they B Walk, never walking it out  
Shit don't change, that's the stuff that get lost in the couch  
I hide dragons, convince tigers to crouch  
Paisa's bring the birds in, then we migrate it South  
White foam 'round the corners your dehydrated mouth  
Like Al Jolsen, I'm Al Pacino, al-Qaeda  
Al B Sure but darker, call it an all-nighter  
Y'all pinatas, knock the stuffing out of all y'all foul biters  
I'm Spiderman, stick to bitches' walls for real though  
You Transvestite Man, bit by a radioactive dildo  
That's what they call an ill rap these days  
I'm cancer, herpes, Satan, and the clap these days  
Live by the California code  
Crips in the whip, somebody call it a California roll

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Pigpen with a pen, original sin  
When I hop in the booth wearing a cannibal skin  
MySpace and Fruity Loops let the amateurs in  
Still, my son's call me Father like them Vatican men  
Smelling like cigarettes, vodka, and Dolce & Gabbana  
Aphrodisiac to drunk sluts smoking marijuana  
Sarah Connor with a metal cerebellum  
My bitches hard headed, won't do what I tell 'em!  
Cause now I wanna sell 'em, worked for Heidi Fleiss  
Might is Right, after death comes eternal nighthy-night  
But on the other hand I let my grandma down  
Dressing like a clown with my pants on the ground  
Hands on the pound, thinking 'bout robbing the nearest bank  
In a mask like The Town  
Spit out a brown smokers loogie, rookie  
I'm nasty like Jabba having a baby by Snooki

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