

# Ups And Downs

Ras Kass

I was once a little boy that used to beat on girls, but a little girl just told me  
That if you beat on girls, you'll look at your dick and it'll shrink to a little weenie  
And I don't try to be hanging out with my people and we're all just trying to get faded  
I can't understand why my man looking like he's overage  
Stress, stress, stress, stress  
This is stress, stress, yes, yes  
[?] Bring Joey  
Fuck it  
Big Proof Rest In Peace  
D12! Yeah! I.F. (I.F.)  
All the way to the D! Hah  
Shoutout to Riffs on the beat!  
Heard me? Heard me?  
Ayo, P, get at 'em, go!

One of the illest to spit, brilliant with writs  
Drilling a big drill through the grill of a villainous snitch  
Filling the ditch, then building a bridge over their carcass  
'Cause I'm mad, Bush was voted in office  
I'm a soldier that's heartless  
I blow your shoulders apart with cannons that's load with arsenic (Motherfucker!)  
I'm devoted to bossing  
I have you holding your losses, and left cold in the darkness (Motherfucker!)  
)  
Please realise Kass is nuttier than Mars bars  
We Star Wars Jedis, bet I spar hard  
But arrive with a PCK of G's  
I'll blow your brain into pieces, leave your remains in peace (Preach!)  
My piece full of lead for that ass!  
D Twizzy, we the head of the class!  
So don't speak until spoken to, and know the truth  
If the polka dot [?] bitch nigga, it's over for you

Now what goes up must come down  
L.A. to the D! Yeah it's on nigga now!  
Now what goes up must come down  
Smile now, cry later, turn your laugh to a frown  
They say what goes up must come down  
Take your hoe to my, pick her up at the lost-and-found!  
And what goes up must come down  
And if you touch one of ours, one of yours in the ground!

When I'm alone in my cell, sometimes I stare at the bars  
And in the back of the mind I hear my conscience call  
Telling me I need an alibi, sweet as a dove  
O.J. I see I need gloves! (Re-Up!)  
Young gay porn actor slash thug  
Slapped that bump out your nose, you're doing too many drugs nigga!  
We last of a dying breed  
Rap stars rolling Bugle's and GT's  
Party hard, you're left by our tour bus  
Then hit a ride to the next date, with two groupie broads  
What? I love groupie love, when it's goes down

Tito Ortiz, we ground and pound  
UFC shit, Ras spittin' on some true emcee shit  
But still that nigga that walks the streets  
Love from the hood  
Hollywood niggas act up in their spot, catch slugs from the hood  
Y'all see me at the bar not speaking  
Same pool player, everybody down all star weekend  
And niggas ain't playing  
I stab you in the eye with a can of alphabet soup so you can see what I'm saying

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Gone but not forgotten, known he got it popping  
Catch me doing Mach 10 in the Bentley cockpit  
Life is bodies dropping, watch [?] coffin  
Heaven for a G? That shit [?] popping?  
I'ma pack this Glock then, find some mugs and toss 'em  
Represent [?] cross 'em out and floss 'em  
Fuck what nigga's talking, faggots playing possum  
And when they reminisce over you, they getting tossed up

When it all goes down, yeah niggas drank  
Then niggas snake! Then niggas faint! When the sun goes down  
Then niggas hate! Then niggas shake!  
Them niggas can't! Word around town  
Then niggas spit! Them niggas sick!  
They moving bricks! But when it all goes down  
Them niggas bitch! Them niggas switched!  
Dawg they ain't shit! When it all goes down

Yo, yo  
Big Proof, hah, Ras Kass