

Get At Me

Ras Kass

Damn nigga, what's wrong wit you[Ras Kass](I reign) I reign more cop than Johnny

Sippin' tanquery with o.j.

Sportin' bruno mali

Not guilty but filthy

Smellin' like Christian Dior

Infiniti QX4, gimme yours

Of course, sinnin

Swimmin' in the abdomen of pretty women

Love to love ya, like Timbaland

When in the endin

Like three strikes in the ninth inning

I rock satin boxers, cotton socks and denim

The game he kick, special teams couldn't return

Got you wild like a texturizer

Burn like the ultra-perm, toss it up like a geyser

Sosa, kosher, nostra, like keyser

And got a thing for rehabilitating hood-rats

Who keep their hair and nails done

And they legs waxed

I peep that, you got a man, but you want a homie

Love a friend, my sentiments exactly

Get at mechorus [Karida Johnson]I like your style, can we kick it, oh wow

Baby, so you can get at me[Ras Kass] I got no game, It's just the women Understand my storyI got a man, but
we can still be friends

So you can get at me, baby, baby-bay, babyVerse TwoSome things make you happy just to be alive

Like seeing Toni Braxton naked on the cover of the vibe

Drive, like hitting two-twenty-five

In the pin with no spot

I survive drama and then know when to lick shots

Keep a top notch just a phone call away from my crotch

Never brought sand to the beach

Cause these streets is baywatch (true)

You know how we do

Satin lingerie I see through

Now she barely even kiss you

Leaving 1-7-7-1-5-4-0-0 on my pager (I miss you boo)

Your chicken-head wife was poultry

Undersexed and sultry

That's the rhyme and reason why we committed adultery

I swear, womens love from bel-air to welfare
Chalkin' up these frequent flyer miles on Con-Air
Her momma shoulda named her Casino
She got the liquor in the front
Poke her in the rearchorusVerse ThreeYou know my steez though
Dark skin and creole, I'm 'bout it
Just without the Master P dough
But see though, my tax bracket decent and increasin
Make no mistake
You cant get a slice if you don't bake the cake
To reverse trick
My silly ex-bitch transport brick
For twenty percent - commission
She dressed up with no where to go
While I'm blowin up your dress like Marilyn Monroe
For show, at my girl party, flowin
But I think she caught me like a nazi
Now I'm servin', she got me under surveilence
Like John Gotti, now I'm signin' on the low
Actin' straight Illuminati
Don't get mad, I'm only being honest
It's Clarence Thomas (fuck you Ras)
You promise
Then freak me, slightly below the hips
And blow me a kiss with your pussy lips
Get at mechorusGet at me

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