

Conceited Bastard

Ras Kass

Verse 1: I created verb-noun ??? (The most beautifullest shit)

I make up like foundation, now who you facing?

The waterproof emcee,

Ras blessed the mic faster than Ramadan in mach 3

Get off my dick, nigga

And tell your bitch to come here

And stick your dick in your eardrum and fuck what you heard (Yeah)

Fa sheezy, articulate drama

Multiple lacerations between consecutive commas

I like my ill nana wet, my martini dry

Whippin' a BMW 540-I (drunk driving Miss Daisy)

Devil in a blue dress packing heat

While I'm doing doughnuts in the middle of the street

My middle east metaphors motivate religious wars

Jah-hah (plus some other middle east dialect)

Get it popping like Felicia and Amhad Rashad

Keep my game face on like a goalie

So stick yourself, Pretty Tony

Chorus: You, you are, you conceited bastard (8x) Verse 2: (We still got some non-believers) So I'ma drop the bomb

Like the one-armed wide reciever

See we be off the hook like (busy signal from phone)

Criminally insana, my brain do the Macarena

Attack the varicose vanity who spin cancer

Rhetorical question, a hypothetical answer

Wouldn't swallow my tongue at a seizure

Speak my mind at my leisure

Living singe with more hoes than Khadijah

And when I'm bent, it's the circus without a tent

Clowning all baby-face ass niggas who love hoes and pay rent

Give a chicken six cents for Gucci boots (Hell no!)

I rather mop the floor at a peep show

What part of "I'm the shit?" don't you understand? (Gooby bitch)

Your favorite rapper is a Ras Kass fan

So, how many dykes do I flip on the daily?

Many money, just give me plenty Henny Remmy

Chorus: 8x again Verse 3: (Well, that's true) Damn, skippy

I put that on everything I love

Like when Lucy was fucking Ricky

Got more stripes than Adidas

I'm cavy like fish fetus

See money snit and bullshit out-run cheetahs
Too much perputrating, not enough lyricism
Indo got you believing what your pen do
Faking pugilism, the evil you claim you and your man do
With a gloc, when you least likely to red dot a 7-up can
My man, understand, I got connections
So much doe in my pocket, I give my girl a yeast infection
I'm big-headed like babies with down syndrome
Is you a playa from the Himalyas with Jerome-rome
This one girl tried to Billy Jean me
But I was wearing two rubbers
So name that nigga, Whodini (laughing)
Controversal reversal, this is my planet
You just a Reebok commercialChorusWhat, nigga, check, check, yeah
Uh, huh, yeah, yeah
This goes out to all the critics
You can suck the didick
Check this out for all the bitches to the radio
Don't hate me though, you don't know me

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