One On One

Kid Capri

Yeah, once again presenting, Kid Capri
Ras Kass the waterproof MC, PunchlineThese fagot MCs be on skis with the microphone though
But it's all downhill hitting trees like Sonny Bono, name a nigga
I couldn't burn and he probably created the Earth in six days
I shot at Jesus with a tech fives timesHanging the pope with six strings, the name is Ras Kass
Might eat a little pussy but I don't kiss ass homeboy
I'm righteous and wicked and this acquisition of riches
Is like selling bean pods and still fucking white bitchesI rap crazy, you better get fifty niggas to blaze me
Or ace me, been rhyming since 220 AD
You feel gazy, I'm top ten with the raps
Off the list you scratch like serial numbers on gatsI lace tracks with ill lines, 20 bar rhymes
My verses got long sentences like jail times
Press rewind, listen to jams when I cool out
I only fuck a bitch in the park if she juiced outGoing new routes to maintain my composure
Anticipated while you still screaming to get exposure
Rap soldier in the cipher I'm first to set it
My lyrics get the U.S. Open without playing tennisVindictive my voice pitch is beyond John Blaze
I'm John Cremation, you conversation with aspirations
Of me leaving blood stains from Earth to Venus
Them so called rap stars will still be living
With they momma like an unborn fetusAs soon as you step on stage I'ma destroy you with the truth
Like the Ricki Lake show, don't come out the soundproof booth
Or poof, plucked in your bubble goose
A lost angel, I strangle at an angle that's obtuseYo, my styles viscous, put niggas before bitches
Collect riches, bone chickens without trickin'
And stay spitting mad rhymes in your direction
Always repping get you open like sea sectionsI rhyme greata set it off without Jada
My flava leave a nigga shook like vibrators
Rap composer of the hit your styles over
I make an MC cry just like Robin on OphraGive you the cold shoulder guess who rhymes slicker
I gross figures, shed light on shady niggas
And write rhymes, roast niggas that take mine
Gave birth to so many styles I should have my tubes tiedOne time, when rappers need concentration
Embarrassed, I nigga like getting caught masturbating
I'm fascinating, I make you wallow in your sorrow
Clutch the bottle you get your childish style fondledMy rap tactics make you want to go home and practice
Match this, drop jewels like Biago Rackis
I come rough for all niggas that front
I'm all that five mics and quotable for the monthI be on some bullshit like the unamits and vigorous rhyming

And until Buchwhick Bill starts dunking on Kobe Bryant
I'm applying pressure, check out my melody the eighteenth letter
The first letter the nineteenth letter for cheddarAnd get a barrette explosive tip shredders to make the rum-redder
To make the deader then Coretta, Scott King's husband
Who had a dream, I get in you with no Vaseline
And burn rubber so I tap that ass like Savion GloverThat the sedative cause your shits repetitive
And played out, tried to run game but it got rained out
Wasn't thinking about this style until we came out
Took a detour when some of y'all went the same route
Thoughts about doing Punchline make me tickleWhen my flow changes like pennies, dimes and nickels
Organized rhymes we make the girls realize
We humiliate niggas like a small dick size
Now you wanna click nines, front and sip wines
Take mine, can't mess with Ras and Punchline

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