

# It Is What It Is

## Ras Kass

I been around the world once, had your fiance twice  
I ain't nothin' nice but every lifestyle got a price  
Kiss my momma on the cheek 'cause her love was deep  
Like Keith Sweat but the deeper the streets get  
The deeper the beef get  
Enough 'Fatal Attraction' to boil your pet  
'Cause everybody wanna have it lavish and sh  
Now, courvoisier is my dossier overnight, insight  
I write like six hundred thousand kilobytes  
Yes, I'm on one, European cars, Cuban cigars, rap stars  
Glass ceilings to the inevitable cap peeling for sexual healing  
I lack feeling, voted for black women like Terry Macmillan  
Save a prayer for me, I was told no guts no glory  
I shed a tear once in a while, too  
But a soldier gots to do what he gots to do  
I want stock in Fox with Rupert Murdoch  
I thought you knew, it is what it is  
Nowadays, that's the way it is  
Why do we do what we do  
When we do what we must  
That's how it is and how it is is kinda fucked up  
It's sad to say but things just ain't the same no more  
Why do we do what we do  
When we do what we lust, it is what it is  
And how it is is kinda fucked up  
If the pussy is free, then talk is cheap  
Then again, it's probably cheaper to keep her  
Back in the days, all a nigga needed  
Was suede pumas and a beeper  
Now they all expecting condos  
Briquettes and pet cheetahs, see ya when I see ya  
And by then I know the motives, she bogus  
I noticed her jocking the rims on the Lotus  
I learned early to trust God when moms was like  
(You wear all that Nike shit)  
You need to swoosh your ass and get a job  
My occupation be operation, more horsepower than Daytona  
'Cause I'm a Rider, like Winona  
Being nice is a vice, the gift is naturally mine  
That's like Grand Verbalizer not knowing the time  
See, my partners commit crimes serving federal bids  
Confined to a six by nine regrettin' the wrong shit he did  
I swear, wishing we was still little kids  
But we grown men now homey, it is what it is  
Nowadays, that's the way it is  
Why do we do what we do  
When we do what we must  
That's how it is and how it is is kinda fucked up  
It's sad to say but things just ain't the same no more  
Why do we do what we do

When we do what we lust, it is what it is  
And how it is is kinda fucked upHip hop ain't even fun  
In these strange days, rappers is getting done  
Like Jericho won  
Within two months, two major artists got slumpedI whispered God rest the dead and let the Blaupunkt pump  
Kept a part and a fade since about eleventh grade  
Rock the Donna Karan shades  
Cause I don't like to dream about getting paidBut I'm afraid I do  
Trying to organize a team, willing to empty magazines  
This supreme fiends for cream  
We need Jesus like Mary Magdalene and Born Again ChristiansAin't a politician cause I already got your vote  
True, I want your money but I ain't a preacher no  
I don't even love the dough  
But if you don't work you don't eatSo I want all I can get before I go  
I love what money can get, it's elementary evidently  
the custom convertible Bentley tempt me  
It is what it isNowadays, that's the way it is  
Why do we do what we do  
When we do what we must  
That's how it is and how it is is kinda fucked upIt's sad to say but things just ain't the same no more  
Why do we do what we do  
When we do what we lust, it is what it is  
And how it is is kinda fucked upNowadays, that's the way it is  
Why do we do what we do  
When we do what we must  
That's how it is and how it is is kinda fucked upIt's sad to say but things just ain't the same no more  
Why do we do what we do  
When we do what we lust, it is what it is  
And how it is is kinda fucked upThere are things that we can change  
Some things remain the same  
That's just the way it is  
Way it goes, yeahThere are things that we can change  
But most things gon' stay the same  
It's the way it is  
You better believe it, oh, yeah

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>