

# The End

## Ras Kass

My puglistic linguistic rapping  
is a mixture of slug 'em in  
    Slug 'em in  
    Plug 'em in, plug 'em in  
    Come to spread it  
    The world exclusive  
    Check it  
From the underground producers  
Turn your face stone like Medusa  
    Slap dick on a wicked pitch  
    ..... sons  
Those who burn hurt turn nuns  
I be jumpin' through the flame  
    With the name B.O.B.B.Y.  
    Makin' a hobby  
Smoke the honey dip got my throat groggy  
You doo-doo brain dirtbag derelict dumbfuck  
What the fuck is wrong with you dickhead?  
    Numb-nuts  
Just because you made a song or two  
What's the balance due on your royalties?  
    Record companies spoil me  
    As the ... hot oil me  
    Fuck that savage back up  
    Wu-Tang step inside the club  
    Niggas might act up  
    One potato  
    Smack you like the crossfader  
    Rap data, ..... the elevators  
Escape the projects, livin' inside the skyscraper  
    Fuck that I'm takin' back the forty acres  
    ..... nature  
    (Bobby, Bobby, Bobby, Bobby)  
    [Ras Kass]  
    (Huh)  
Yo, my Eve called 1-Adam-12, I got arrested  
    At first she protested  
But only the seventh son of ... had the power  
    Before the Midori Sour with red cherries

Hereditary trait, seeking salvation like the Cranberries  
Wrote Murder with Angela Lansbury often  
Til my biological clock stops and my casket falls  
We sell tix like Boston basketball  
C-arson was askin' y'all  
Is Ras Kass the last to fall victim for wearin' no mask at all?  
No gimmicks, just me bein' me  
But you ain't bendin' or offendin' me  
'cause anyways Hennessy used to be a better friend to me  
But I had to stop drinkin' so many pints (Why?)  
"cause the tendency to forget  
It ain't baseball, America's favorite national pastime is white  
supremacy  
Never seen a nigga granted clemency  
My metaphors is meta-five  
My styles go up in your ... little boy, you get fucked, like pedophiles  
When it's all said and done I'ma retire to an island in the Caymans  
Enslavin' caucasians livin' off your mama's life savings  
I take it all in stride  
Dennis Rodmans laced to the side  
This nigga glide, like Clyde  
My hands was tied  
Silent cries screamed genocide  
When two-thirds of the planet died in the end  
The end justifies the means  
The end is power  
(Power) Power corrupts -- absolute power corrupts absolutely  
Young black man, let us begin (2X)

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