

# Ras Kass, Conceited Bastard

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 receiver  
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 commercial

Chorus

What, 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