

# Ras Kass, Miami Life

Chorus:

Miami Life, at any price, keep my pockets nice  
Eff the po-lice, Miami Life ain't nuttin nice  
Miami Life, at any price, keep my pockets nice  
Eff the po-lice, Miami Life ain't nuttin nice

Verse One:

I'm launchin rockets and SCUDs at Crockett and Tubbs  
[and Tye] full of more Rum than a [Mai-Tai] again despite high  
schoolin, I be high refusin to listen to what the PTA say  
Eff a four point oh GPA I got a five point oh GTA  
hittin the chop shop, with an ETA of 3 o'clock, so shake the spot  
like Luke and them girl with the Daisy Dukes  
Cuz life's a beach and I forever be wearin my bathing suit  
Met this Colombian mommy set a daddy, trap the cabbie  
with government permission, no DEA intervention  
Filthy rich and hit lines for recreation snortin coke up  
but Pinoche's rollin, cuz I don't know the next hoe be the loc'est  
You still can't teach me or reach me with history  
when the story is his, and who gets to be  
the future Pablo Escobar don't need a diploma  
Minimum wage the rest I'm livin whale like Jonah

Chorus

Verse Two:

Walk these streets with more Heat than Alonzo Mourning  
Now how many toasters can these smokers keep pawning?  
My school days was like Porky's  
in class doin the butt, on the hallway ditchin  
Teacher's pet snitchin, but ain't no Miami Bass like the triple beam  
So fool please, I move MC's like old Z's  
I want more cheese than Kraft Ravioli  
Got love like Chachi and Joni micraphone Michael Corleone  
Only the homies really know me, but everybody  
want to dip in my Mixelplic [what part of the game is this?]  
Keepin ColnTelPro stickin into brothers like Velcro  
Fightin felony convictions, a closer shave than Norelco  
well though, stay and lose it, I'm still official  
[Why?] cuz I'm on a roll like toilet tissue  
[Rider] anything less would be uncivilized  
At any price... Miami Life...

Chorus 2X

Verse Three:

Accept no Substitute  
And I'ma make it known The Specialist like Stallone  
and Sharon Stone watchin your spot get blown  
you don't even understand, I ain't scared of you motherfuckers  
[Senator Bob Dole] and C. Delores Tucker  
What the world needs is less free cheese  
More white collar J-O-B's, these ghetto MP's  
stretchin fools on the block for crack rock  
But part of power brokers is gettin over like unprotected sex with Oprah  
Float, like a Tournament of Roses parade  
Sting, like a bee, but of course  
I put my foot so deep in yo ass  
the water in my knee will quench your thirst, I got juice freshly squeezed  
Words 100 percent bom-Bay, made from more concentration than Minute Maid

Renegade rhyme ride ruckus non-fiction me and my kin  
slippin mickies and puttin hickies on your chest  
I never been seen like the Loch Ness...  
...monster, heh, and now a word from our sponsor  
Yeah, and now a word from our sponsor

Chorus 2X