

# Eat Or Die

Ras Kass

Uh  
It's crucial now niggas  
I'm so sick

If there is a cure for this  
I don't want it - I don't want it  
And if there is a cure for this  
I don't need it - I don't need it

Yeah, I heard you don't grind, you don't eat  
Don't eat, get a fragile physique, I'm agile and sleek  
I run through rappers like my boss had cleats  
Beef ain't shit but cows is resting in peace  
Speak, nothing but sauce coming out  
If I was broke soy red, rum, I'm running in your house  
While MTV taping like the dumbest nigga out  
But money ain't an issue; I got sum up in this couch  
Let me run this nigga out, 'fore my waves stay spinning  
I fuck rich chicks; I'm such the Slick Rick  
Be scared what might happen if I had a hit  
So niggas' happier then a faggot with a bag of dicks  
Ask for it if you want it  
Get it illegal then don't flaunt it  
'Cause loud mouth hustlers get wire tapped and snitched on  
Then rights get read, moral of the story: Closed mouth don't get fed  
Get it, and they wonder why brothers be killing brothers  
I get green; they turn yellow like Brazilian colors  
They gotta be willing to go all out with no feeling  
So I'm sick with no healing, 'cause...

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Got no hustle then you're hurting man  
Get up; get out nigga or it's curtains man  
Ain't a rapper my equal I'm murking man  
When you look up in the sky the Vulture's circling  
He a dead man walking, just don't know it yet  
I hop in the coldest bed blast off like Robotech  
Behind every fortune or even greater crime  
Behind every great player there's a hater on the side  
Behind every 8-ball there's an even greater nine  
I pull wax on your back and make a crayon out your spine nigga  
On some credited shit  
I plant a flag on the Moon with your head on the tip  
Moon roof of the whip and the metal lift  
Boogie niggas still can't help being ghetto and shit  
Amazing fam, guess mama raised a man  
I'll flow through in 2-S Coupes like Raising Brand  
Raise my hand, diamonds on my wrist gigantic  
Chain so rocky nigga I can sink the Titanic

Fuck y'all been sick since '94  
Stick your dick in your eardrum and fuck what you heard more

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Eat or Die, yeah, whatup Twins, this shit is crazy nigga  
Re-Up, Whoo Kid, it's a wrap for these niggas man  
You could fool some of the people some of the time  
But you can't fool a nigga with most of the rhymes nigga  
Man up nigga, if you're starving, if you're hungry nigga you're a bitch  
You better get your shit right, man up  
Yeah, Arieal what it do nigga?  
Yeah, I ain't know you like that saga shit nigga?  
I play saga with bitches, I kick my balls all up in their neck in their room  
You know the business, YEAH! Stay Gambit up in this mothafucka  
HAHAHA! Yeah, West up nigga, Re-Up