

# Get At Me

Ras Kass

Damn nigga, what's wrong wit you

(I reign) I reign more cop than Johnny  
Sippin' tanquery with o.j.  
Sportin' bruno mali  
Not guilty but filthy  
Smellin' like Chritstian Dior  
Infiniti QX4, gimme yours  
Of course, sinnin  
Swimmin' in the abdomen of pretty women  
Love to love ya, like Timbaland  
When in the endin  
Like three strikes in the ninth inning  
I rock satin boxers, cotton socks and denim  
The game he kick, special teams couldn't return  
Got you wild like a texturizer  
Burn like the ultra-perm, toss it up like a geyser  
Sosa, kosher, nostra, like keyser  
And got a thing for rehabilitating hood-rats  
Who keep their hair and nails done  
And they legs waxed  
I peep that, you got a man, but you want a homie  
Love a friend, my sentiments exactly  
Get at me

I like your style, can we kick it, oh wow  
Baby, so you can get at me

I got no game, It's just the women Understand my story

I got a man, but we can still be friends  
So you can get at me, baby, baby-bay, baby

Some things make you happy just to be alive  
Like seeing Toni Braxton naked on the cover of the vibe  
Drive, like hitting two-twenty-five  
In the pin with no spot  
I survive drama and then know when to lick shots  
Keep a top notch just a phone call away from my crotch  
Never brought sand to the beach  
Cause these streets is baywatch (true)  
You know how we do  
Satin lingerie I see through  
Now she barely even kiss you  
Leaving 1-7-7-1-5-4-0-0 on my pager (I miss you boo)  
Your chicken-head wife was poultry  
Undersexed and sultry  
That's the rhyme and reason why we committed adultery  
I swear, womens love from bel-air to welfare  
Chalkin' up these frequent flyer miles on Con-Air  
Her momma shoul da named her Casino  
She got the liquor in the front  
Poke her in the rear

You know my steez though  
Dark skin and creole, I'm 'bout it  
Just without the Master P dough

But see though, my tax bracket decent and increasin  
Make no mistake  
You cant get a slice if you don't bake the cake  
To reverse trick  
My silly ex-bitch transport brick  
For twenty percent - commission  
She dressed up with no where to go  
While I'm blowin up your dress like Marilyn Monroe  
For show, at my girl party, flowin  
But I think she caught me like a nazi  
Now I'm servin', she got me under surveillance  
Like John Gotti, now I'm signin' on the low  
Actin' straight Illuminati  
Don't get mad, I'm only being honest  
It's Clarence Thomas (fuck you Ras)  
You promise  
Then freak me, slightly below the hips  
And blow me a kiss with your pussy lips  
Get at me

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