

Brain Softener

Dice Raw

Since I been peein' straight, striaght crime's been my mindstate

Proud to be a petty thief ever since four feet

But I make dis records so rappers would have to advance

And stop wearin' the same corny watches and leather pants

Psych, I don't give a fuck, rock your ice

Just don't step out of line or you'll get rocked by Dice

I toured around the world like Tina and Ike

Brought the house down in Sicily and Milan

Fucked all types of women like your sister and mom

Ask around your breakfast table, you'll say "Raw's the bomb"

Slow down son, you can't go one round with Dice, dude

I make clowns like you bow down like Ice Cube

Women, I make 'em feel like they gave birth to God

Grip 'em by their pigtails, make 'em slurp the rod

Catch a Mack-11 slug with a pair of chopsticks

Cut a priest off at the funeral to rock shitNigga I'm the real Raw, all y'all others be fakin'

Tryin' to gain fame off the name I'm makin'

Talkin' all that shit like you can get some

You just a sucka, you can't get a fuckin' crumb

Man I'm the real Raw, all y'all others be fakin'

Tryin' to gain fame off the name I'm makin'

Talkin' all that shit like you can get some

You just a sucka, and can't get a fuckin' crumbI ain't lettin' niggas rap no more without my approval or stamp

I'm drunk on power, I don't feel the weed or the champ'

Voices like a million watts pumpin' out, goin' amped

Hit niggas bang pow to the moon like Ralph Kramp

Once I'm there, carve the moon into a pair of dice

Or put a star in a jelly jar and use it for a night light

Give it to my daughter, bomb your headquarters

It's Dice, here I am rare despite all denial

Just raw ass lyrics, no self-proclaimed titles

Whip out what I'm concealin', then aim for survival

Seein' is believin', my fist is an eyeful

Dice is raw, there ain't no mistakin'

Me against y'all is like Santa against Satan

When I say y'all, I mean y'all suckas that be rappin'

You're soft like satin from hard skull crackin', aiyyoNigga I'm the real Raw, all y'all others be fakin'

Tryin' to gain fame off the name I'm makin'

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You just a sucka, you can't get a fuckin' crumb
Man I'm the real Raw, all y'all others be fakin'
 Tryin' to gain fame off the name I'm makin'
 Talkin' all that shit like you can get some
You just a sucka, and can't get a fuckin' crumb
So MCs that wanna battle, step up reluctantly
 If Jesus could rap, He couldn't fuck with me
 Yo, yo what the fuck is that? Aiyyo, what happened to the beat?
 What's goin' on in there, man?
 Hey Dice, man what the fuck are you in there doin', man?
The fuckin' board's smokin' there's all this type of fire and shit, man
 I know your budget's not gonna cover this shit, man
This session is shut down
Dice! You dare blasphemy against thy Lord?
 I can do anything, even rhyme
 The builder and destroyer of all worlds
 Creator of man, woman, girl
 Some call Me Allah, Yahweh, Jehovah
 I can start a beginnin', or endin', it's over
 On Earth's first day alive there was darkness
Shape was worthless, I gave this small planet purpose
 Breathed life into the surface
 And created every beast in the sea
 Feast eyes on the Son of God for thou souls to free
 Since the Garden of Eden, I told men believe in
Thou Lord, and never worship falseships and act accord
 But always, serpents slither across floors
 Everything that is, always has been, always will be
 A chill in your bones is how you feel me
At the end, when the moon turns blood and the sun blackens
 Great men of the world running wonder what's happenin'
 The sky'll part
And where I once said "Let there be light," I'll say "Let there be dark"
 After the lamb's spoken, last seal's broken
 Trumpets sound, last men on Earth found chokin'
 For these events not to take place, you're hopin'
 Balls of energy fly from my hands explodin'

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