

# Guaranteed Raw

## Notorious B.i.g.

Chill Twan, damn, man  
That nigga Big got somethin' to say?  
Yo Big, what 'chu got to say Big?  
Yeah, yeah, special shout out to my man  
MC Homicide and DJ Fatal  
Twin one and two, my man Milk  
My man Fred Dawg, the OGB crew  
Y'all know how we flow and I'ma drop it like this y'all  
Oh, what a feeling drivin' in my four by four  
Girlies galore, BIG on the door  
Chrome trimming with the smoke tint  
Givin' chumps a hit as I count my mint  
Stacks of doves, half my mans is C-note  
All from sayin' rhymes that BIG wrote  
Blunt, I take a toke but only if it's weeds  
Skunk with no seeds, a sip of Hennessy  
Pass to D or maybe movin' solo  
Never with a skeezer by my side, that's a no, no  
Tell me I ain't the flyest nigga that you ever saw  
Live in action, guaranteed raw  
Who's coming through? Y'all know who  
Bed-Stuy Brooklyn where this rapper was originated  
Your rhymes ain't shit, they must be constipated  
Many awaited, the heavyset brother from Fulton Street  
To drop a rhyme to a funky beat  
Expellin' MC's as if I was at Sarah J  
Or boys and girls at any school around the way  
Opponents, pupils but I'm the principal  
Hard to beat, damn near invincible  
Niggaz wanna know how I live the mack life  
Makin' money, smokin' mics like crack pipes  
Flippin' bombs, stayin' calm, givin' my people my palm  
And sayin' rhymes to set off the alarm  
Yes, it's me, the BIG  
Competition ripper ever since thirteen  
Used to steal clothes, was considered a thief  
Until I started hustlin' on Fulton Street  
Makin' loot, knockin' boots on the regular  
Pass the microphone, I'm the perfect competitor

Jewels and all that, my clothes is all that  
Chumps steppin' to me, that's where they took a fall at  
BIG without burner, that's unheard of  
I stay close to mine like Tina on Turner  
Quick to smother, a punk motherfucker  
Undercover word to mother, I'm above ya  
And I love ya 'cause you're a sweet bitch  
A crazy crab, you might make my dick itch  
I flow looser than Luther, words ya get used to  
BIG is a born trooper like ice cream I scoop ya  
My music you wanna get loose to, stay pimp and I'm not a booster  
So what 'cha got to say? This mackin' word is bond  
There's no other assumption, I got it goin' on  
I'm not conceited, my friends tell me this  
Even my mother be noddin' her head to this  
Makes her proud to see her one son get loud  
Flip on a sucker and bow to the crowd  
Drink a little Hennessy, smoke a blunt or two or three or four  
Live in action, guaranteed raw  
Round two, the rhyme regulator here to roast ya  
As ya follow this, yeah I gave a toast to ya crew  
See, they popped on ya like a kernel  
You didn't realize that the beef was eternal  
Internal injury, that's what you're soon to see  
BIG keep company  
Sometimes in my waist if they come opponent  
Run upstairs, change my skimmer and my coat  
And I'm floatin' to your punk part of town  
Anybody frontin' they better duck down  
Don't get mad 'cause I grazed ya  
You jumped in that four-door Blazer  
Quick, I couldn't get a good hit, shit I was aimin' for the melon  
But the kick of my three-pound auto there's no tellin'  
Drink a little Hennessy, smoke a blunt or two or three or four  
Live in action, guaranteed raw  
And you don't stop and you don't stop  
You keep on to my man Milk and Thai  
Like I said before the whole OGB is in full effect  
Most definitely, sent a shout on to the freestyle Born Allah  
Yeah, that bum ass nigga from Avenue Q