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

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