

# Really Raw (ft Pharrell, Game & Snoop Dogg)

## Tyga

[Tyga]

Uh, in this world after one thing  
Get ya money man, like ya uncle told me  
Haven't slept since, cause my dreams real big  
I aint even rich yet, so get up off my d-ck bitch  
Oh shit haters through the mist, on some g-shit  
Low clip, pop gun, hot toast, noodle shit  
You a little noodle drip, watch a shark eat the fish  
Ever seen piranha, it's like the movie jaws again  
Leave a n-gga barbershop, chop his top, head gone  
Too fly, three strong, nick name, gold bones  
What the f-ck you boys want  
Roll on you like a joint  
Talk behind a n-gga back but muthaf-cka don't you point[Pharrell]  
KFC by the bucket, thats really raw  
AK's you can't tuck it, thats really raw  
Watching porno's on the iPad, thats really raw  
Lamourghini's with the wide baggage, really raw[Tyga]  
It's that raw from the cripers, pyru's and strippers  
Homie, you could tip her, but I already get her  
Harder than I did her, same sh-t, get no different  
Aint no fun if the homies can't hit it  
Bitches, ice cold heart make you shiver  
I got the flow, make summer turn winter  
Ch-ch-chilly raw cheese stick made up in Philly  
I come in peace like a hippy  
Piece on my chain, grandma say that silly  
The new sports car, retard, Timmy  
Watching porno's on the iPad, illy  
Tryna follow my style, don't get dizzy muthaf-cka what you know 'bout[Pharrell]  
Jerseys with the stealers, thats really raw  
20 n-ggas on four wheelers, thats really raw  
Going green, thats so cool, thats really raw  
My jacket smell like jet fuel, it's killing y'all[Snoop]  
Just bought a '77 baby blue cadillac  
Run it down, set it off, let it off, get back  
Diss this twist, this is one of my flavas  
Guerilla's, lions and tigers, they all of my neighbours  
Swinging from a vine, like step in my limelight

My kids and my wife and my life got my mind right  
Now, what do you do when they spray with the AK  
Retaliate n-gga cause ya life full of melee  
We got the heat for the street, let me that dough  
Ya boy talkin like we don't know  
Blast pass with the forks, no you rollin' with the locusts  
Been the pimpest and the hippest and I've always been the dopest  
Peep my style[Pharrell]  
Louie bags you can't order, thats really raw  
Miami cribs on blue water, thats really raw  
Blood making the game redder, thats really raw  
N-gga we hot like Mayweather, it's killin' y'all  
P stand for Pacquiao n-gga[Game]  
California nas  
I'm more raw than red snapper in the pacific ocean  
More raw than the brick as soon as you split it open  
Talkin', the kitchen smokin,  
Talkin' the pots bubbling  
I got the blueberry on deck but not muffins  
My glock stuffed in my Levi's  
My levis on the buttersoft leather, (2012)  
Panamera four door Porsche  
My chick named Porsche  
They two in the same, my stick game is torcher  
Monday night raw, got n-ggas in figure four locks  
Hit the block YO, you would think it was Fort locks  
I don't rap for Billboard spots  
I just wanna f-ck as many bitches as I can and cop some more drops, raw[Pharrell]  
Gargling with champagne, thats really raw  
Classic millionaire frames, thats really raw  
White tee's and Jordan 3's, thats really raw  
Windmilling with them shits on, killin' y'all  
n-gga, raw

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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