# Raw

## OPP

Hey, yo I heard your coach scream we can't stop em, we gotta injure em
Nigga off top I goes in like I'm entering
Young Money
red devils all we do is win and then
Michael Phelps
on with these bitches yeah we swim in them
Showing off this man enjoy, scrubs can't stand this boy
If they don't leave they hood then I'm coast to coast like Brandon Roy
And that internet dissin I ain't got the energy
Cuz niggas is tough talkers with queer tendencies
Fuck the kid shit im grown and bout my dollars
So Ima play Sabathia and you go play Posada
Catch this fuckin heat I'm throwing at your fuckin collar
And tell Big L I got em once we reach the heavenly father
Nigga I rep that up-town, call me Mr. harlem
My flow monumental like Madison Square Garden
My bitch will air your squadrant, nigga I beg your pardon
Don't get the rest of your motherfuckin kids darkened, Millz!
I grab the mic and O.D. like I'm free basing
And we control shit, like free masons
Oh you a bold bitch, a lot of
E
I pita roll shit, a lot of teeth aching
Leave the scene vacant,
Young Money cavemen
Ice on the rims, so we leave skatin
Neck full of gold, wrist full of glitter and

When we leave all the hoes follow like twitter
Flow sour type bitter, I'm a different type nigga
Stomp niggas out yeah we typewrite a nigga, then
Put em to bed yeah we night night a nigga, I'm
Over your head like the zyguise nigga, I could
Get you brain for the right price nigga
Cuz these boys is pussy like pie spice nigga, I
Steam and cook em like hot rice nigga
Misery with the gullotine chop dice niggas, uhhh
Bitch I'm Mack Maine, uh
You are now tuned in to one of realist to do this shit

I spit proverbs, they spit foolishness
I spit the truth and shit, they spittin tall tales
If life's a test, I pass and yall all fail
I bring you all hell, my words should be written in red
A psychic came up to me one day and this what he said
He said "Jermaine, on the mic, I can tell you nice
You touch hearts, you might be the second coming of Christ."
I said "No Blasphemy" and proceeded to some other shit
Like put my rubber on and holla "Fuck the government!"
Respect my mind motherfucka, I'm a rider
As long as I'm alive ain't no law that I abide by
Fuck a drive, by we walk up and squeeze to get paid
This game ain't the same, Pac turning in his grave
If I dont make it to the top I know Gudda will
And I'mma help him call the shots,
welcome to guddaville

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