Raw S--T

Jaylib

```
Uh
                     Feel it
                      Yeah
                  Check it now
                With these saints
                     Feel it
                    Come on
                    Reconize
                       Uh
                     Kweli
                     Jaylib
                    Collapse
                       Yo
                      Yeah
                   Turn it up
    YesNow everybody, just gather around
  Cause all we want to do is, just get on down
            You like my sound, bro
      I know you do too, on the down low
I'm fuckin' with youNow everybody say, I love
                     (I love)
                  That raw shit
                 (that raw shit)
                     I like it
                    (I like it)
                    I love it
                    (I love it)
                   Say, I love
                     (I love)
                  That raw shit
                 (that raw shit)
                     I like it
                    (I like it)
                    I loves it
                   (I loves it)
Here we goIt's j.a.y l.I.b Dilla dog hold tha track
 Hold tha backs like ya backs amongst the raps
                  Hold tha mac
       (so, what's your roll in this music)
```

I have the same questions
I'm just trying to create new composition
In debate, the reinnastate, a paperweight
To rennovate, techniplate, and immigrate
And playahate, lay your face, we keep it live
When we roll, cause we call, comming in, stereo
On the phone, get the ho, everywhere we go
And if not, nigga please on your mom

Trigger squeeze, under these
While I fuck up one of these

Like, no dose, coke up in ya nose

Some weed up in ya lungs

The heroin in your vains

You know, sober just by saying the name

It's all up in, all up in this game

So, what up ma comming with me It's the j.a.y l.I.bNow everybody let's gather around Cause all we want to do is, just get on down now

I like the sound, bro

I know you do too, cause on the down low I'm fuckin' with youFrom the front to tha back

People jump to tha track

Cause they pumpin' like crack

Cause it's funk in the back

Cause the trunk gettin' track

Jump off, run back

Come back, cause they like that raw shit They want that, jump back when I kiss myself

Like James Brown, got to lay down

It's not the same sound, it's not the playground

We hot, to spray around, shot the plane down

Got the place around, you held hostage

Two is get down shit, J.D, Madlib

Who I get down with, sounds figger then cheap

Rockin' the brown, nigga, put it down

When I get around, my advertary is crownNow everybody, let's gather around

Cause all we want to do is, just get on down

I like the sound, bro

I know you do too, cause on the down low

I'm fuckin' with youUh

Yeah

Dilla

Madlib

Kweli

Turn the music up

Songwriters

JAMES DEWITT YANCEY, OTIS LEE JR. JACKSON, TALIB KWELIPublished by
Lyrics © Universal Music Publishing Group Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other
patents pending.

Lyrics provided by https://damnlyrics.com/