

Raw Footage

Sporty Thievz

Chorus:

Yo, it's raw footage
Uncut like four hookers
We're stealin and killin and ball til the law book us
We [? ? ? ?] your [? ? ? ?] like
Uh-oh to y'all crookers
Like no-gooders
Keep knockin' if y'all wit' us[marlon brando]
Yo, runnin through life with pharaohs in babylon
Like serial killers, I'm on some shit they be on
Hidin' out in lebanon
House with the intercom
Niggas is wild john to see the sinister on
Money like maffia
[? ? ?] and [? ? ? ?]
til feds get wise on ya
Change your face move to bosnia
Czechoslovakia
With jamal's girl's shape on
And more make-up on
Talkin' to liz claiborne
Marlon brando at the table with the large cat
Holdin' a raw pack
Vietnamese straw hat
Smellin' sex in the lex'
Contracts with death threats
Tryin' to stop my breath
With holes in my left chest
Marlon, crazy harlem
Ballin' with nicaraguans
Plan's complex - enough to shake kuwait squadrons
Cuban sergeant - you get kissed on both cheeks
Welcome to the family - if not then where you wan' eat?
We in the al capone suite - la fam' and my bed lady
My sweaters shed crazy - 180 below the red avery
I'm tryin' to see dynasty
And ain't nothin' stoppin me
From private property
With the glass roof on top of me

Cut, cut!Chorus x2[big dubez]
Uh, uh, raw footage nigga, sporty thieves, big dubez, uh-huh, big dubez, check it... uh oh!Check it -
It's hard to shake these demons after me
When all I want is more cream than master p
Big d-u-b, man it's never easy
Being a c-z-a-r
Feel me, play-er?
A million ways to eat - do you know what they are?
You wit' the a-team or is you hatin' like they are?
Fuck em all - red my rings, dread my stings
Dead my flings - cop ? and spread my wings
See, life's a bitch and I hit er for one thing
Long-dick her til I hear her sing
ch-ching ch-ching!
Busta bus' made it clear to me
Rob a club, put your hands where my eyes can see
Leave em there
Nigga outsmart me? I ain't the one you can smart-out
And that box you layin' in, nigga? it's where you left a part out
Nigga, eat your heart out
Either forfeit or hold it
All you hearin' is them thief motherfuckers, yo they stole itChorus x2[king kirk]
Yeah - it's that steel bird nigga - king kirk ass nigga - sporty thieves motherfuckers - yeah - y'all niggas is crazy,
straight up - how we gon' do this? which one of y'all niggas think you can
Around? you?Niggas wake up, so we can get this cake up
Sums we can break up
And hold so much weight we take space up
Stay truck
Mad hoes stay fucked - say what?
I'm in y'all bitch niggas face like make-up
Straight up - we can spar til we see allah
Or take it to the fdr til one of us wrecks they car
A matter of fact, we can scrap on the traintracks
And the loser lays flat and get his frame smacked
what's your name, black?
Most niggas call me selfish

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>