

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 thievs, 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 thievs 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

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