

# Raw

## Diyala

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, uh

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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