Real Raw (Album Version)

Craig Mack

How many know what funk is? Raise your hands
You ready for this world?I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore
I'm Craig Mack comin' in at your backdoor
My rhymes hit hard, no games like ping pong
I'm strong, like who Craig? Kong!I'm flexin' what's next in my funk track erection
My licks get the kicks like the Chinese connection
Like Damien the Omen son, I won't run
I never ran, fryin' MC's like the SudanCraig Mack is like a loaded four-five
Mothers get welfare, fathers won't survive
Yo, who can get fierce as fierce can get? Get set
I'm ready, to eat MC's like spaghettiThe C R A I G Mack is back
I've blown the world well known, the man's got it sewn
Zoom zoom zoom, zoom za-zoom za-zoom
Three years of waiting, now here comes kaboomBack off the steel kid, let me get my dough
You're real slow, get the dick like a homo
Got the name, no games, the outlaw
I'm real raw, plus my style is hardcoreI can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcoreService with the wild style, freak a smile
I'm crazier than ever, please pull my lever
Ooh, I can't wait, I'm paid, I see him
Brothers on my jock, a G for per diemMC's that are down, please stay down
Craig Mack for President! Fuck around
My nature's to hate ya, my style of MC'in
To dust and crush I bust every human bein'Dig it, I'm cool but one rule, don't act fool
My four-fifth's a tool, I have aim
Hey, hush it down, quiet, I'm speakin'
Unique technique and style that I am freakin'Peakin', speakin' like a deacon or a pastor
The master, baby, death, okay G?
Let's get back to the issue with judicial
Weepin' willow, grab a pillow 'fore I have to diss youI'm concrete, hard as the streets like pavement
Leavin' heads bleedin', strictly in amazement
Surrender with more ups than Alcindor
I'll bend ya, you're tender, next agendaI can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore
(Yeah, check this out)I belong in a hospital, insane

Life fast lane on the brain like Bruce Wayne
I telltale won't fail or get stale
'Cause I'm stuck like Braille as I walk on a 3rd railManson's my grandson, not so handsome
I'm grotesque, fuck it, girls still rub my chest
I'm G with James Brown, "Give it Up or Turn Me Loose"
I'm terror on the red lines, prank phonin' ZeusCraig Mack's the brother that attacks at random
MC's I slammed 'em 'cause I'm fat as Ralph Kramden
Ras, bumba claat, boy I kill ya
MC's I'm a thriller from here to ManillaLay down, nothin' but facts, jacks
The blackjack ace to the beatdown max
Relax, this is just wax on my single
More chips on my shoulder than the chips made by PringleSo how do you figure? I'm stronger than your liquor
Wild Irish Rose, huh, strike a pose
I'm death to an MC, below like Jack Dempsey
A shark feedin' frenzy on those that tempt meOne more score for the war, see ya
I'm real raw, plus my style is hardcoreI can get raw, plus my style is hardcore
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore
I'm real raw, plus my style is hardcore
I'm real raw, plus my style is hardcore

Songwriters
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