

The Lesson Pt. 1

The Roots

Lyrical versatile
My rap definition is wild
I wrote graffiti as a juvenile
Restin' on deuce trey
And used to boost gray Kangols
With 555 souls from the streets
Of the Ill-a-delphiadaic insane For monetary gain
Niggaz is slain on the train
It's homicide for wealth
Stealth missions for crack
In the alleyways
Where niggaz get grazed in the back
From stray shots Clips with hollow tips for your spine
Or either remain calm
Catch a rhyme, to your mind
Niggaz, ya know my style
I run a motherfuckin' rap muk
With Malik in a U- Haul truck
I stand, five foot seven in command of the party
And scam like Uncle Sam I'm never caught up in the glass eye
Of your action cam
'Cause I'm down low
Artistic exquisite rap pro
That get the dough
It's the Philly borough
Dread thoroughbred for dolo
I bag solo like a nigga that boost Polo Steppin' through the corridor of metaphors
Lookin' over
My left shoulder the mic
Still feel colder than before
With this jazz shit
I hit your jaw Dice Raw
Get up on the mic
My young poor I be the nigga blowin' up the spot on tour
Surely real to the core, old school
Like eighty-four, I'll never die
Raps till my lungs collapse
Then relax, until my knack for tracks
Bring it back on time

When I rhyme my rep remain
Either go against the grain or your ass is found slain I overcome
Niggaz want styles
Then I throw you some
Show you some, get on the mic
And take it over, son
Dice Raw, the motherfuckin' Wild Noid
Get on the mic
And perpetratin' is void Ya leave niggaz missin' in action
Like their dads in the projects
My style like an old mac
Travel round and catch wreck
I'm ill versatile
With the skill no more
Wack MC's wanna flex
But their styles they bore Got to know the real meaning
Of the ill shit, kid
I do mad damage
But never will catch a bid
With my knapsack full of ill shit
That I just boosted
From the corner store
When I let loose more Flavor that's me
Rippin' heads off from the seams
Niggaz didn't play
Like Jeru and Come Clean
I beat down on they heads
Like drum machines
Or 808's, 'cause my style flows out great And superspectac
With all the raw rap
Pull a metal chair out my knapsack
Across your back ka crack
Now, "Do you feel the pain?"
"Of course
I guess you're believin'
That I'm insane" When I'm taggin' my name
Upon the train, I got so much pride
I got so much soul with lyrics high
To make niggaz
Stop drop and roll now
Check me out one time
For your ass fat styles equivalent of an
AIDS infected Glock Blast Niggaz know my style
Plus they know they want more
Props from Mount Vernon

To Mount Rushmore
Okay kid, you know my style
Is buck wild literature
That you can never get
When I'm thinkin' your particular Flavor that you want
I sit back and smoke
A fat blunt in class
Teachers can kiss my ass
I'm twice, Dice
Nigga de Raw
Never take a bad fall
Smack your head up against the wall Like playin' handball
My style's ill
I slam like Hulk Hogan
Dice Raw bettin' on my arm
Niggaz know my slogan
While I breathe your last breath
Niggaz better watch they step
Fat bull catch wreck Ill got's ta keep you in check
With the hellified beats and hard rhymes
Niggaz know my style, when I go the whole nine
I beat down punks cut 'em up into fruit chunks
Like fruit salad, my style's smooth like knowledge
Blunts, so whatcha want
If you got beef then come get it
If ya don't well then forget it My rap style's exquisite
I'm Raw Daddy
Like niggaz with no Trojans
On the stage when I rhyme
I got's ta keep my composure
Where I'm from it's like a whole different world
Hoppin' a train honey dippin
And I'ma snatch your squirrel Most corrupt motherfucker
In the tenth grade
Juvenile 'cause Jeff McKay
Could not fade
Don't ask me honey
I'm not the one for stressin'
If you wanna know
Better ask Brother [Incomprehensible] 'Cause he know the time
Like I know the time
When I grab the microphone
It's like summertime
Laid back to recline
In my La-Z-Boy chair

Dice Raw, the Wild Noid
I'm the fuck up outta here

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