

Show & A.G. "Raw as Ever"

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Hip-hop is raw as ever
And it's reflected in the streets that's raw as ever
And it's a western, my little man's 11, carry nines for
protection
Rock the heavy shit along with the butter, Pelle Pelle
shit

Said he get his ones from number runners and dice
runners
For a kid so much younger, that's some heavy shit
For sure, shorty's lifestyle is quite raw
He been doing his thing since the year before
He claim he don't seing no more, the game will kill him
But his game is still aiming for a million, I feel you
But check me, I'm trying to eat this meal, too
And those that shitted, peep they grill when I peel, too
And it'll remain on my brain just like pictures
Or photos of naked bitches, or all those that I gave the
business
His lifestyle's a sickness, told him how to witness alive
To testify against these streets
He flipped the script, said "God, what's up with the
rhymes and beats?
Last album was banging, but these crabs fell asleep"
And since we on the topic of hip-hop, these nondescript
niggas got
This rap shit hotter than hot
Is it a plot or not? I said, "Who knows?" Anyways
We blaze the chocs for poppa and pop, they say that

Hip-hop is raw as ever
And it's reflected in the streets that's raw as ever
Cause it's a western, the music is dirty cause the
streets is unclean
Little lady, 16, flip styles like mixed greens

She's out for the cream and the power, shit is real
She back up drills on the school hours
And after that, she transport the crack in her knapsack
And where's this ever going to lead? I meant to ask her
that

But she won't listen, they got her wilding and fipping
Plus they got her giving up the nappy kitten
Body banging like the frame on an Expedition
Plus she's dipped, so if your game ain't tight, she'll
catch you slipping
At first the young earth did it for her seed
But now she turned into the first part, now she does it
for greed
I told her, we need the sister to make the mister
I dropped a jewel to uplift her, and she claimed I
dissed her

Hip-hop is raw as ever
And it's reflected in the streets that's give the
feedback, believe that
I've seen that on these back streets, my fat speech
Got me slipping through the cracks plus track backs on
mad fix

Victor fell in, so I tell him leave the crime alone
Strictly yelling never leave the rhyme alone
Let your mind zone, but if not, I'm laying low with shit
cocked
Playing no games, I want more albums than Kris got

Hip-hop is raw as ever
But it's reflecting the streets that's raw as ever, cause
it's a western
Hip-hop is raw as ever
But it's reflecting the streets that's raw as ever, no
question

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