

Bekay "The Raw"

Visit "[The Raw](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](#)

(feat. DJ Dutchmaster, Inspectah Deck & Saigon)

[Saigon]

On the average night, I'm likely to stab a fag with a
knife
That's when I'm chilling, imagine when I'm mad what
it's like
Damn right it's a disasterous sight
Why you think I've been in prison more than half of my
life
My life, wolves, bloods and crips, duckin' the digs
We don't like basketball, but still fuck with the knicks
Dimes, twenties, fifties and bricks
Summer art though, if the bitch need a fix, it's triple the
tips
Do whatever it takes, the fakes, I can never relate
Ya'll can chill as long as my cheddar is straight
But if I'm broke, shit, I'ma load the beretta with eight
Show y'all niggaz my gun game is better than great
Little crack baby, ignorant son of a black lady
Who never bothered to teach you cause the bitch was
that shady
Recognize nigga, we can settle the score
Big Sai', Dutchmaster, we reppin' the raw

[Chorus: DJ Dutchmaster scratches up samples]

"Raw I'ma give it to ya" - U-God
"Down and so raw, a thousand grams of uncut cook it
up - Biggie
"Raw I'ma give it to ya" - U-God
"R.A.W., watch us cook this hood shit"

[Inspectah Deck]

It's war, I want it all, man, nothing's enough
I'm on the chatline doubling up, cousin it's us
Pimpin' out the toy trucks, pumpin' the clutch
Smooth through on the graveshift, dump on you ducks
Above the law, still duckin' the cuffs, still fuck in the
truck
I hold you hostage, corrupt with the bust

In the mean streets, stuck in the lust, never trusted in

trust
When the pressure's on, perform in the clutch
When my hand deal, call it a flush, think I'm fallin', you
nuts
Northern Lights rap, caught with the rush
Burn a big bud, tossing it up, flossin' is up
The raw with the big paw, ballin' with us
See my warface, the project halls is rough
With a satellite phone you couldn't call my bluff
Many runnings with jake, left my jaw to scuff
On some what, paper chasing, from dawn to dusk

[Chorus w/ "Raw without a doubt" as last line]

[Bekay]

Bekay's the reason that your label got a street team
The definition of a street dream, listen to the streets
scream
The game made the pain, I'ma bring longer
But I'm like Magic with AIDS, what don't kill you make
you stronger
Corny chickens, my dick, whores be licking
Fifty pound loads, to they jaw, they sipping
And anything I'm rhymin' on, will spit flames to the
roof
Like gonorrhoea dick, pissing with a condom on
Had to do these slugs, locked in cutie's butts
Dip my balls in vodka, I'm absolutely nuts
Whose gonna spit, bruise in your clit
If you nice on the mic, I'ma put screws in this bitch
Your big fucking mouth just had a violent start
More kids know my name than Mike Jackson's private
parts
Fuck your roster, my click burn labels
Dutchmaster scratch your fuckin' face off with a
turntable

[Chorus 2X]

Visit [Bekay](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.