

Busta Rhymes

"Everything Remains Raw"

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Word up, let me just fuck with your mind, please
Aiy, Aiyyo-yo-yo, yo, let me fuck up your mind
On time, showin' you the rhythm as I get wreck and get
raw

Yeah I be the man comin' off that be raw
It's Busta Rhymes givin' you much more, so

Yo y'all one more time I come
(Y'all)
Knucklehead flow that make you act real dumb
Yo, I burn your food like Florence
(Yo)
Run up in your crib like my name was search warrants

Shut your mouth nigga don't you complain
Fix you up, mix you with cut like procaines
Ooh, insane to your brain
Right on your subconscious, I leave my shit stain

I be the moistest with rhyme overdoses
Hot stepping over shit like Ini Kamoze's
Sick lyrics like multiple sclerosis
Focus, while I display flows ferocious

Weak niggaz just fall and keep tumbling
Distribute lyrics like I'm hand to hand herb hustling
Hardcore like Quick Draw McGraw
Fuck what you heard you ain't heard this before

I make sure everything remains raw
I make sure everything remains raw
I make sure everything remains raw
I make sure everything remains raw

Yo, when I step in the place I leave damages
Nuff bandages on pussy from miscarriages
Yo, watch me bring the newest recipe
Fuck you up quick and condemn you all with leprosy

Let me hit you with flows, that come various
Hah, send you home and make you lie bout your alias
Ha ha, niggaz can't see my routine

When I round up my Flipmode niggaz and get cream

Hey, you! You know what the fuck I mean
Now I'm on the scene, stepping through like Mean Joe
Green
Now I'm making you feel the extreme
Till I black you out then turn on my real high beam

Oh shit, now I got your brains fried
Once you inhale smoke from my flow, carbon
monoxide
Use your imagination, let me take you higher
Rain hail snow earthquakes, earth, wind and fire

Yo, hit the dirt, get on the floor
I'm that outlaw nigga living right next door
You should just roll out the red carpet
All moving targets, I got you open like supermarkets
(Word up, word up)

Yo yo, there's only five years left
While niggaz is scared to death they breathe they last
breath
Days of my life goes on, word is bond
I make you feel my proton, neutron, and electron

Yo, I be the number one icon
Word to the holy Qu'ran, I rock on and on
On and on, hey, on and on and on
You won't understand when I form Voltron
Hahahaha, everything remains raw

I make sure everything remains raw
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I make sure everything remains raw
I make sure everything remains raw
I make sure everything remains raw

Word is bond, niggaz don't really understand shit
Niggaz don't motherfuckin' know y'all, hahah
Flipmode is the motherfuckin' Squad y'all, hahah
I make sure everything remains raw, hahah

Word is bond, niggaz don't know the real shit
There's only five years left, word is bond
Niggaz don't know though there's only five years left,
hahaha
Remember that nigga, all you, remember that

There's only five years left, hahaha

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