

## Cassia Eller

### "Raw"

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[Cassidy]:

Look dog, you will never shine,  
Unless you come up with some better lines,  
And use your own flow instead of mine.  
So instead of rhyme,  
You should go to the cemetery and dig your own grave  
up ahead of time.  
You wanna cop some Jordans? I got the better kind.  
The bugs bunny straps n snatch the pat leather kind.  
I be on? pipe where the pipers is,  
'Cus I be baggin up white in this piper crib,  
Makin' dimes like 20's twice as big.  
Man they fluffy like pillows, put you right to bed.  
Most of the real killers doin' life or dead.  
I could fight but I'll hit you with the knife instead.  
Or put that red light on ya head,  
And have led poppin' out the toaster like a slice of  
bread.  
I can handle gats, I'm on fire like candle wax,  
My pockets lumped like camel backs.  
I got crack and packs of green daddy,  
If you a pothead or fiend just scream at me!  
And full surface is the team daddy,  
You tryin' to get a mean sixteen then scream at me!  
N\*gga!

[Interlude]

Ayo, the chit-chat fam get chu backhand,  
I rap man but I clap till the gat jam.  
And I'm a gat man, put tha mac wit the airholes to ya  
earlobe,  
You sniff like scarecrows.  
You can't hate Cass cus I make cash,  
And I take cash, ya'll need to take baths.  
I laugh at you dirty ass n\*ggas,  
Lil' cheap thirty dollar jersey ass n\*ggas.  
You a bum b\*tch cus you dumb b\*tch,  
And when the pot come, you don't get a crumb b\*tch.  
You sound real fake on them mixtapes,

Screamin' how you get cake 'cus you flip weight. (nah  
n\*gga)  
You tell jokes, you don't sell coke,  
You just wanna roast 'L's n inhale smoke.  
You broke, be ashamed of yourself,  
Get on ya knees and squeeze that thing on yourself!  
I split domes if a youngin' get grown,  
I grip crome, keep the piece on the hipbone. (homez)  
I spit dope n\*gga wanna get poked?  
I get coke from a spic on a fish boat.  
I hug blocks and you not a thug 'ock,  
But you don't get the picture till u get a mugshot.  
If you a scared man, you a dead man,  
I put led in that man on ya headband.  
'Cus I done work, put in dumb work,  
Slum work, and I'm nice with the gun work.  
Man my gun spray 'cus I'm like monday,  
Through sunday with the gun play.  
Come through a back street with tha lil' wack jeep,  
And imma clap heat and put ya brains on the back  
seat!  
You cats is sweet and aint my cup of tea,  
Imma fuckin' G and Cass stay sucka free!

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