

# Chris Brown "I'm So Raw"

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## "I'm So Raw"

(with Tyga)

*[Chorus:]*

Look  
I'm so raw  
Turn da oven on  
Cheff papa johns  
I get the parmesan

*[Verse 1:]*

She want ah yellow nigga  
Corn on the cobb  
Indian giver  
Slobb on my nobb  
The bitch blow hard  
Harder den some halls  
Here take um all you'll be straight in the morn  
I'm two piece gone  
I'm neva gone call  
Fly nigga I ont wear it if it's in da mall  
Seen it on da blog  
These mutha fuckas cost  
East saint laurent  
U can tell by the faunt  
I do wat I want  
Wake up wens it's lunch  
Walk like I'm drunk  
Swagga so uh  
Gold yard trunks go around I got ah bunch  
Tell till you safe bitch get up out my stuff  
I wouldn't recamend  
U would eva check um in  
I started with da end  
So where do I begin

*[Chorus:]*

I'm so raw  
Turn da oven on  
Cheff papa johns  
I get the parmesan

[Verse 2:]

Pocket full of paper under age in casino  
U wanna see id oh  
But I'm in da suite doe  
Here my room key go  
Room movin slow mo  
Fans want ah photo  
But it's my turn ta roll hold up baby hold those  
U see I'm chillin doe low  
Lense with ah logo  
Pinky ring fro doe  
I'm fellin myself no hohoho homo  
Hold da beat pour dat mo roro roso  
Rosa you bozos  
Could'nt speak wat I'm on  
U n me rosseta stone  
All these niggas r ah clone  
We be originals  
Young money sinimals  
Tribe full of generals  
Dnt ask me shit unless it in ah interview nigga  
Unless it's in ah interview aha  
Dnt talk ta me I'm not your friend  
I'm just ah fan  
Of ah ah fan aha  
I love all my fans doe

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