

Frame The City

"The End Of Your World"

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[Verse 1]

I hit the 28th floor, step into a boardroom filled with
execs
Manager flippin', five seconds from breakin' they necks
All of a sudden I threw in a cassette
The room's filled with silence, all eyes on me, they
wonder what's next
New rule suckas, y'all lose suckas
Scream when you had enough punishment, after this I
run the shit
Pack your bags, I push rappers in front of moving cabs
You wanna swing with us, but I'm duckin' your jabs
A mindreader, I pounce like a cheetah or a panther
With a Walkman on, high on Anthrax
If your question "Where them raw niggas?", here's
your answer
Girls (pick up the panties), ayyo thugs (get out your
handguns)
Now turn 'em on yourself
I got your style in my fridge on the shelf next to the tofu
A roadblock in niggas' careers, you can't go through
Raw is the nigga to fear, and rehearsal's where y'all
should go to

[Chorus]

Ayyo, Dice, motherfuckin' Raw
Back the fuck up off me, you're killin' me hardly at all
Man, just let a nigga do his thing
Watch out 'fore you get dealt

Dice, motherfuckin' Raw
Back the fuck up off me, you're killin' me hardly at all
Just let a nigga do his thing
Watch out 'fore you get dealt

[Verse 2]

There's always been wack rappers, they been here a
second after rap's start
But I don't know why real MCs let 'em get this far
But as the new caretaker of hip-hop's graveyard
Reclaiming the dead, I got new jacks wettin' they bed

Hop on like the boogiemán and fuckin' sever they head
Or bury them alive, and suffocate 'em instead
Fill they tombstones out, throw your ass in a ditch
'Cause when you in my zone, you die when you for

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