

Cab Calloway

"Nev-Ah"

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[Talking]

Nev-ah

Me, lose?

C'mon now, c'mon man

How can I lose

I'm the best

Chorus: Rowdy Rahz

I will nev-ah lose, nev-ah fall

Nev-ah hate, nev-ah give up

Nev-ah snitch or rat on my dogs

I will nev-ah fall victim to the law

Nev-ah run from a brawl

I know they say nev-ah to say nev-ah, but I will nev-ah

[Talking]

This is my year

Losin', is just not in my vocabulary

You understand who I am?

I'm rowdy

The son of the God

I can not be touched

[Verse 1]

How can I lose when I was born to win

Some say nobody's perfect

So can you tell me what the hell is wrong with them

The supreme, I deal beam, beyond compare

Ghetto works, team with Queen, and shock them,
compare

A master mind, design the perfect crime, so to facinate
the ghetto

And crush those who oppose

I shall nev-ah lose, my name is Rahz, so I'ma rise

And I shall nev-ah fall, so just call my the son of God

Double R rip constant, lose nev-ah that

Flow sicker than leukemia, can't get rid of that

Y'all might as well call the cops

See me I play to win, if not, I'ma ball non-stop

Chorus: (2x)

[Verse 2]

I used to know one
You talk slick, I'm quick to blow one
Stop the yappin'
And take it down for Rahz start to actin'
And shit happen here
Losers, to the rear
Head home, Dunn
When it stay on, losers gone
Scornin', keep movin', regulate
Decimate, the fake who perpetrate
Kid, facts is provin', niggaz saw me ball, niggaz saw
me brawl
Niggaz saw me hittin' chicken's walls
Niggaz saw me shake him 'til he fall
Need I say more, nah fuck that , rough cat
Brick City thoroughbread, darrowhead, feel that
Feel the real illness, my nick name is the abyss
Take the wrong step and fall, in some deep shit

Chorus: (2x)

[Talking]

See, I'm tired of you fake ones hatin' on Rah
Y'all don't understand Rah
This is Rah year
'99-2000, it's mine I'm takin' over
It's not a game

[Verse 3]

My whole life I been the gifted one
Had ups and downs, but still I came out the victor one
See even if you say I lost, they gon' say I won
'Cause I'mma make sure your bruises is worser than
mine
Opps, and I'm squirtin' the 9, nev-ah losin' I'm workin' a
dime
Takin' the L to me, is foriegn, I'm far beyond the level
of the norm
Call me concieted, cause is this game, my rap flow is
undefeated
Ask Joe Jacks, he couldn't beat it
I'm Newark's best kept secret
Slick talker, thick chick stalker
If you spit, I spit harder
Dope with the rhymes, when it's beef I'm holdin' the 9
If I get knocked I ain't snitchin' I'm servin' the time

Chorus (repeat until fade)

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