

Joey Dee**"R.A.W"**

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[Chorus: scratches by DJ Revolution]

{"Raw!"} {"R.A.W."}

{"Give it to ya - raw!"} {"R.A.W."}

{"Give it to ya - raw!"} {"R.A.W."}

{"Give it to ya - raw!"} {"R.A.W."}

{"Give it to ya - raw!"} {"Gon' give it to ya.."} }

[Checkmate]

Raw.. love and war.

I'ma give it to ya.. let's go..

Raw, imperial cats is wieldin instrumental war
Rap tactical macks perform unspeakable acts
And hope on vengeance, exposin your pretenders
to the laws and battle nature performance under the
gun
And we move, with maximum efficiency to your
redundant
And shake, we dominate 'em on old fashion, break 'em
with a power
like glass jaws, fresh we outta grammar inflict force
We grapple your mental with word tentacles sick
Manipulate your heart rate through brain chemicles
slick
I slide through like lubrication on a Latex
Fuckin your thought process hard like date-rape sex
Smokin cigarettes slow and once your cherry glow red
Cause I'ma see the satisfaction in the end
My caliber big time designed to be fatal
And crush a nigga windpipes slow with my cables
They feel this soloist soon, this cat controllin the womb
I'm movin cracks like they body consume
Certified but my ability's skill, license to kill
And carry the heavy weaponry, ill like pentetiaris
RAW! {*echoes*}

[Chorus]

[Royce Da 5'9"]

Yo.. it's several different levels to pickin up shovels
and dumpin you in ditches under sea level, frontin you

can witness

Let me refreshin you niggaz tell you my position in this
Beef! Leavin you under Venice, opposition finished!

Here it is, we invaded created a Pyramid
of a Haven of names, so blame Dre and that ear of his
So {*heavy breathing*} breathe, I'd rather REACH for
your neck

And I never HEAT you for respect, unless you GREET
me wit less

I got a skunk, in my trunk

I'm lyin, I got a pump in my trunk

You dyin, how many lumps niggaz want?

Who's ready for y'all? We ready for y'all

We too incredibly raw, for any artist that said he would
draw

I stand firm, and it hurts to live it

You open up that can of worms, I hope you ready for
the dirt that's wit it

Defenders of the fame fast, Concise is a Checkmate

The endin of your life, so prepare for your rest date,
c'mon

{"Raw!"} {"R.A.W."} {"RAW, RAW!"}

{"I'ma give it to ya - raw!"} {"R.A.W."}

{"RAW! I'ma give it to ya - raw!"} {"R.A.W."}

{"RAW! I'ma g-give it to ya - raw!"} {"R.A.W."}

[Concise]

Let's go.

It's war games and I'm a dominator by nature

Battle machines, chamoflounge greens on your radar

They starvin the artists, bullshit, charge it

Discharge on a target, dearly departed

Raw and uncut, uncooked I'm pure

Price to sell tour, rap sell out stores

Somethin to live for, double my street value

Clear-cut your colony, and balance the economy

I speak in testaments, unleashin pestilence

Light speed, supreme being the Fifth Element

High grade, the most potent, West coast wasps rollin

And build a empire like the Romans

Down by law, raw like a (?)

When I took the bottle to the center of your glass jaw

Defendin number 7, ball ready and write

Most steady on mic, raw like Israel light

Young Lord of the Sound Table, niggaz of the

+Knight+

The ruler rough rhyme better known as Concise

We certified original, roll heat

You niggaz is beginners in this rap race runnin with
cold feet like.

[Chorus] - w/ variations and scratches till fade

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