

Labelle

"Raw Footage"

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Chorus:

Yo, it's raw footage
Uncut like four hookers
We're stealin and killin and ball 'til the law book us
We [?????] your [?????] like
Uh-oh to y'all crookers
Like no-gooders
Keep knockin' if y'all wit' us

[Marlon Brando]

Yo, runnin through life with pharaohs in Babylon
Like serial killers, I'm on some shit they be on
Hidin' out in Lebanon
House with the intercom
Niggas is wild John to see the sinister on
Money like Maffia
[??] and [??]
'Til feds get wise on ya
Change your face move to Bosnia
Czechoslovakia
With Jamal's girl's shape on
And more make-up on
Talkin' to Liz Claiborne
Marlon Brando at the table with the large cat
Holdin' a raw pack
Vietnamese straw hat
Smellin' sex in the Lex'
Contracts with death threats
Tryin' to stop my breath
With holes in my left chest
Marlon, crazy Harlem
Ballin' with Nicaraguans
Plan's complex - enough to shake Kuwait squadrons
Cuban sergeant - you get kissed on both cheeks
Welcome to the family - if not then where you wan' eat?
We in the Al Capone Suite - La Fam' and my bed lady
My sweaters shed crazy - 180 below the red Avery
I'm tryin' to see Dynasty
And ain't nothin' stoppin me
From private property
With the glass roof on top of me

Cut, cut!

Chorus x2

[Big Dubez]

Uh, uh, Raw Footage nigga, Sporty Thievs, Big Dubez,
uh-huh, Big Dubez, check it... Uh oh!

Check it -

It's hard to shake these demons after me
When all I want is more cream than Master P
Big D-U-B, man it's never easy
Being a C-Z-A-R
Feel me, play-er?
A million ways to eat - do you know what they are?
You wit' the A-Team or is you hatin' like they are?
Fuck 'em all - red my rings, dread my stings
Dead my flings - cop ? and spread my wings
See, life's a bitch and I hit 'er for one thing
Long-dick her 'til I hear her sing
"Ch-ching ch-ching!"
Busta Bus' made it clear to me
Rob a club, "put your hands where my eyes can see"
Leave 'em there
Nigga outsmart me? I ain't the one you can smart-out
And that box you layin' in, nigga? It's where you left a
part out
Nigga, eat your heart out
Either forfeit or hold it
All you hearin' is "Them Thief motherfuckers, yo they
stole it"

Chorus x2

[King Kirk]

Yeah - it's that steel bird nigga - King Kirk ass nigga -
Sporty Thievs motherfuckers - yeah - y'all niggas is
crazy, straight up - How we gon' do this? Which one of
y'all niggas think you can fuck around? You?

Niggas wake up, so we can get this cake up
Sums we can break up
And hold so much weight we take space up
Stay truck
Mad hoes stay fucked - say what?
I'm in y'all bitch niggas face like make-up
Straight up - we can spar 'til we see Allah
Or take it to the FDR 'til one of us wrecks they car
A matter of fact, we can scrap on the traintracks
And the loser lays flat and get his frame smacked
"What's your name, black?"

Most niggas call me Selfish
But when I get this grape eight with purple thongs, call
me "Welch's"
Kirk's the type did a perp' with your wife
On turnpikes with dirtbikes
No shirts, with ice
Word life - so hot I could flame-throw
Chain glow - like sunshowers, so when it's bright the ice
rainbow(Bling!)
Cats is wired like phone poles
Instead of throwin' blows
They let chrome go
And duck po-po
And play low-pro
In the next state
'Til Jake see 'em in the lake with eight in they chest-
plate
Niggas test weight when you play they 'hood like it's all
good
Start blowin' like Suge and your dashboard's all wood
Rims 18 inch
And your boys switch cars
Like rich stars
Drinkin' liquor in strip bars
Puffin' cigars
You won't get far - 'fore they stop you
Watch you, then bop through on a late night and pop
you(bow!)
Brag they shot you and celebrate
Make their props elevate - from featherweight to
heavyweight
I know cats that talk with they mouths closed like
Garfield
Speak on hard steel
That'll make you cartwheel over the guard-rail
Cut, cut, cut, cut!
Niggas can't fuck around, cut, cut!

Chorus x2

[Tragedy Khadafi]

Yeah, yeah...

Sporty Thievs...

Iron Sheiks...

Q.B....

Yo, yo yo yo yo...

Yo, it's funny how the world revolve around CREAM

On the streets you was a king with one team

Now you're in a cell praying to the Unseen

Drag queen - murderous thugs and foul schemes

Gettin' your back torn out with loud screams

While I'm on the scene with rings and nice things
Nothing compares to the heat my gat' bring
Swervin' - black suburban. wrapped in turban
Puttin' work in - pop charts plus the urban
Niggas love it - hear my shit and wanna thug it
Have y'all niggas goin' to war, tryin' to slug it
Sporty Thievs - Iron Sheiks and Ski beats
Go together - like dimes and silk sheets
Still creep - daishiki get left leaky
Who you wit? Thug shit wit' [?????]
Mahdi - Q.B. - El-Khadafi
Holdin' plastic '89s in a drop three
Yeah - (who you wit?) - Iron Sheiks, Sporty Thievs, y'all
niggas know

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