

## Craig Mack "Real Raw"

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How many know what funk is? Raise your hands  
You ready for this world?

I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore  
I'm Craig Mack comin' in at your backdoor  
My rhymes hit hard, no games like ping pong  
I'm strong, like who Craig? Kong!

I'm flexin' what's next in my funk track erection  
My licks get the kicks like the Chinese connection  
Like Damien the Omen son, I won't run  
I never ran, fryin' MC's like the Sudan

Craig Mack is like a loaded four-five  
Mothers get welfare, fathers won't survive  
Yo, who can get fierce as fierce can get? Get set  
I'm ready, to eat MC's like spaghetti

The C R A I G Mack is back  
I've blown the world well known, the man's got it sewn  
Zoom zoom zoom, zoom za-zoom za-zoom  
Three years of waiting, now here comes kaboom

Back off the steel kid, let me get my dough  
You're real slow, get the dick like a homo  
Got the name, no games, the outlaw  
I'm real raw, plus my style is hardcore

I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore  
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore  
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore  
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore

Service with the wild style, freak a smile  
I'm crazier than ever, please pull my lever  
Ooh, I can't wait, I'm paid, I see him  
Brothers on my jock, a G for per diem

MC's that are down, please stay down  
Craig Mack for President! Fuck around  
My nature's to hate ya, my style of MC'in  
To dust and crush I bust every human bein'

Dig it, I'm cool but one rule, don't act fool  
My four-fifth's a tool, I have aim  
Hey, hush it down, quiet, I'm speakin'  
Unique technique and style that I am freakin'

Peakin', speakin' like a deacon or a pastor  
The master, baby, death, okay G?  
Let's get back to the issue with judicial  
Weepin' willow, grab a pillow 'fore I have to diss you

I'm concrete, hard as the streets like pavement  
Leavin' heads bleedin', strictly in amazement  
Surrender with more ups than Alcindor  
I'll bend ya, you're tender, next agenda

I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore  
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore  
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore  
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore  
(Yeah, check this out)

I belong in a hospital, insane  
Life fast lane on the brain like Bruce Wayne  
I telltale won't fail or get stale  
'Cause I'm stuck like Braille as I walk on a 3rd rail

Manson's my grandson, not so handsome  
I'm grotesque, fuck it, girls still rub my chest  
I'm G with James Brown, "Give it Up or Turn Me Loose"  
I'm terror on the red lines, prank phonin' Zeus

Craig Mack's the brother that attacks at random  
MC's I slammed 'em 'cause I'm fat as Ralph Kramden  
Ras, bumba claat, boy I kill ya  
MC's I'm a thriller from here to Manilla

Lay down, nothin' but facts, jacks  
The blackjack ace to the beatdown max  
Relax, this is just wax on my single  
More chips on my shoulder than the chips made by  
Pringle

So how do you figure? I'm stronger than your liquor  
Wild Irish Rose, huh, strike a pose  
I'm death to an MC, below like Jack Dempsey  
A shark feedin' frenzy on those that tempt me

One more score for the war, see ya  
I'm real raw, plus my style is hardcore

I can get raw, plus my style is hardcore  
I can get real raw, plus my style is hardcore  
I'm real raw, plus my style is hardcore  
I'm real raw, plus my style is hardcore

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