

## Foreign Exchange

### "Raw Life"

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(feat. Joe Scudda)

[Verse 1: Phonte]

Rock to the rhythm, back and forth like a pendulum  
Swingin' to the beat, competition don't mention 'em  
A full course emcee, y'all just continental  
Posted at the bar, but you only copped the minimum  
While lookin' at me like what the fuck's gotten into him  
They can't get a handle on the solid foundation me and  
mines is standin' on  
Bringin' it live with no disguise or camouflauge  
Dropped "The Yo-Yo" and stopped niggaz from puttin'  
sandles on  
We handle ours from bookin' the rhyme management,  
killin' the wack and now  
You a prime candidate for the weak shit that make the  
crowd stand inanimate  
But at our shows they stand adamant  
'Te got the corner blitz on got your quarterback  
scramblin'  
Checkin' the sidelines to see just what the fuck is  
happenin'  
You wanna get my playbook and examine it  
Connected - \$12.99 plus shippin' and handlin', nigga!

[Chorus]

Check it out  
Everybody wanna walk like talk like  
Fuck around get etched out in chalk like  
Down south, homeboy, we do it all night  
Tell me what you really know about this raw life

[repeat]

[Verse 2: Joe Scudda]

Yo, cats I'm done with you  
From Joe Scudda, miss and shoot the one with you  
Get it in with you, forget you  
Put your little album out  
Who really cares what your shit do (Not me)  
Fall off in a year who gonna miss you (Not me)

While everything 'Te and Scudda do is official  
And when you gonna learn, play with fire get burned  
Settle down, kiddo, wait your fuckin' turn  
Go back to the lab, get your rhymes right  
And don't be mad because we juxed your limelight  
Got your own team sayin' our shit bang  
Over here, over there, that's The Foreign Exchange  
Ain't nothin' you can pull, try, do, or fuckin' say  
With cats rippin' over-seas tracks by Nicolay  
This shit gon' blow, I'll tell you how the shit'll go  
With Joe Scudda and Tiggalo the Rap Gigolo

[Chorus]

[Verse 3: Phonte]

I feel a sense of urgency when I write now  
I'm rap Scottie Appleton, you new jack niggaz should  
pipe down  
Meshed rhymes and beats deliver my life sounds  
That got these A&R's tryin' to figure the price out  
Anything less than six, niggaz, it's lights out  
Don't try to make me feel like I need you  
I saw you later signin' ????  
The whole shit was see through  
He couldn't draw a crowd with a paintbrush and a easle  
Stay tuned for the sequel  
And if we meet in public, won't be none of that PC shit  
like nice to meet you  
I spit with no prejudice  
Thought kissin' ass was in my bloodtype, Oh (O)  
negative  
You can bet, it's a style that's embedded in the streets  
It's a prime factor, puttin' the smash on y'all like middle  
linebackers  
Nigga, save your back talk for the chiropractor  
You fuckers know just what I'm after

[Chorus]

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