

Lyrics Born

"I'm Just Raw"

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His name is
(Lyrics born)
And he is, as they say, wild and crazy
As a composer, arranger and producer, he's exploring
it all

From the furthest reaches of musical outer space
To the most down to earth funk
And he sounds
Well, he sounds exactly like this

Nobody 'members those rap city episodes
From twenty years ago when you were the guest host
Past history, let it go, get off on a medical
Pack a duffel bag with all your wrinkled clothes and
pedal home

Get a little Dictaphone and sit alone
In the middle of the room and let it flow
Wouldn't it be better? If you went and chose a new
career path
Like a shepherd or a flight attendant on an aircraft?

You're pitiful, a polliwog, tiny fishy in a smaller pond
Holding Barbie dolls and leftover beads from the Mardi
Gras
Actin' hella hard but that's just poppycock
'Cause inside you're hella soft like a Jolly Rancher
lollipop

I'll give you cauliflower ears stupid
You're weird feelin' blue on a stool somewhere
Two-fisting beers at a Hofbrau, moanin' like a hot cow
Cryin' on the shoulder of some old man, you met just
now

I'm smarter than you, I'm harder than you
I'm better than you, I'm just raw
I'm hotter than you, more popular than you
More clever than you and goshdarn it, people like me

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Look I'm sorry, mate
This is awkward, K?
Little hard to say
So I'll just say it

Me and your mommy date
She's awfully great
She's a soft seat mate
She calls me late

Always wants to meet
On her coffee breaks
She bought me seats
To Bonnie Raitt

Now there's no concrete date
But she bought the ring
It's Marjorie May
And my stockings stink

From my foot up in your ass
'Cause you drive me absolutely batty
See, I'm crabby when you get around me
Tell me, who's your daddy

Call me Mister Mcaffee, your poop-deck pappy
Shut your trap and get back in the backseat of the
Camry
Don't sass me or I'll backhand you
Smack you with an axe-handle

Burn you with a wax candle, slap you with a sandle
I'm tryin' to watch the rap channel
Can't you tell we laugh about you?
Call yourself a rapper but I gives a rat's ass about you

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Why do I even bother with these hoff-brand cats?
Y'all are wombats man, I'm 'bout to blow this pop stand
Lyrically y'all don't compare to me in any contest
Like a stealth bomber up against a Hyundai Accent

Tall-can to a shot glass, bong-hit to a contact
Gary Coleman versus Big Boss Man
The Loch Ness Monster up against a crawdad
Talking Sly Stallone in Rocky versus Sly Stallone in
Copland

Judge Judy versus Johnny Cohcran
Oh man, Nell Carter versus Karen Carpenter topless
Better yet, Broadband, compared to a long ass
Piece of string connecting two pop cans, it's all bad

Don't quit your job at all, believe me, you'll be so glad
Back hold on with both hands, it's sucks washin' sauce
pans
I know there's an off chance that one day hip-hop
heads
Will maybe feel rappers in the top-ten that cross dress

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Ever since his triumphant return from his first album
L.T.D.
Critics are calling the brightest new star in years
(Lyrics born)

(Same shit, different day)
Is his new album on his own label and it's got the kind
of top talent
(Lyrics born)
Always surrounds himself with
Here's a sample of what they're raving about

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