

The Notorious B.I.G.

"Guaranteed Raw"

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[Intro] Chill Twan, damn man! That nigga Big got somethin to say? Yo Big, what'chu got to say Big? [Notorious B.I.G.] Yeah... yeah... Special shoutout to my man MC Homicide and DJ Fatal Twin one and two my man Milk My man Fred Dawg, the O.G.B. crew Y'all know how we flow And I'ma drop it like this y'all Oh what a feeling! Drivin in my four by four Girlies galore, B.I.G. on the door Chrome trimming, with the smoke tint Givin chumps a hit, as I count my mint Stacks of doves, half my mans is C-note All from sayin rhymes that B.I.G. wrote Blunt, I take a toke, but only if it's weed Skunk with no seeds, a sip of Hennessy Pass to D, or maybe movin solo Never with a skeezer by my side, that's a no-no Tell me I ain't the flyest nigga that you ever saw Live in action, guaranteed RAW~! "Who's coming through? Y'all know who!" Bed-Stuy Brooklyn where this rapper was originated Your rhymes ain't shit; they must be constipated Many awaited, the heavysset brother from Fulton Street to drop a rhyme to a funky beat Expellin MC's as if I was at Sarah J Or boys and girls at any school around the way Opponents, pupils, but I'm the principal Hard to beat, damn near invincible Niggaz wanna know, how I live the mack life Makin money smokin mics like crack pipes Flippin bombs, stayin calm, givin my people my palm and sayin rhymes to set off the alarm! Yes it's me, the B.I.G. Competition ripper ever since 13 Used to steal clothes was considered a thief Until I started hustlin on Fulton Street Makin loot, knockin boots on the regular Pass the microphone I'm the perfect competitor Jewels and all that, my clothes is all that Chumps steppin to me, that's where they took a FALL at! B.I.G. without burner, that's unheard of I stay close to mine like Tina on Turner Quick to smother, a punk motherfucker Undercover, word to mother, I'm above ya And I love ya, cause you're a sweet bitch A crazy crab, you might make my dick itch I flow looser than Luther, words ya get used ta B.I.G. is a born, trooper Like ice cream I scoop ya, my music you wanna get loose ta Stay pimp, and I'm not a booster So what'cha got to say? This mackin word is bond There's no other assumption, I got it goin on I'm not conceited,

my friends tell me this Even my mother, be noddin her
head to this Makes her proud to see her one son get
loud Flip on a sucker, and bow to the crowd Drink a little
Hennessy, smoke a blunt or 2 or 3 or 4 Live in action,
guaranteed RAW Round two the rhyme regulator here
to roast ya As ya follow this yeah, I gave a toast to ya
crew See, they popped on ya like a kernel You didn't
realize that the beef was eternal Internal injury that's
what you're soon to see B.I.G. keep company
Sometimes in my waist, if they come opponent Run
upstairs, change my skimmer and my coat and I'm
floatin, to your punk part of town Anybody frontin, they
better duck down Don't get mad cause I grazed ya You
jumped in that 4-door Blazer, quick I couldn't get a
good hit Shit, I was aimin for the melon But the kick of
my three-pound auto there's no tellin Drink a little
Hennessy, smoke a blunt or 2 or 3 or 4 Live in action,
guaranteed RAW And you don't stop, and you don't
stop You keep on To my man Milk, and Thai Like I said
before the whole O.G.B. is in full effect [Outro] Most
definitely Sent a shout on To the freestyle Born Allah
Yeah that bum-ass nigga from Avenue Q (Yeah yeah)

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