

Celph Titled

"Styles Ain't Raw"

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[Intro: Apathy - talking]

Yeah, you know we came up on an era where
everybody was original
Had to have their own style and shit.
Now everybody tryin' to sound like everybody else

[Chorus x4: scratch - Dice Raw 'The Lesson Part II']

"I'm I'll versatile, with the skill no more
Wack MC's wanna flex but their styles ain't raw"

[Verse 1: Apathy]

It's like I conjured demons
Got bitches at my concert screamin'
Like a naval recruiter they truly want the semen/sea
men
Rip MCs at the seams leaved 'em stomped as cement
I bring these motherfuckers hell if they don't repent
Give 'em aneurysms when I start usin' big words
So I speak to 'em real simple to 'em like Big Bird
This has been brought to you by the letter "A"
Better pray you get away when I let Beretta's spray
Get erased, get replaced real quick in this rap biz
Like the long answers on a second grade math quiz
Stick to simplifying for you simple minded Simple
Simons
This is simple science when I spit it's signifying
That my spit is flyin'
I could spit shine the sun's surface
This verse is hot as fire, breathin' dragon's verses
I hate to burst your bubble but you faggots been bottle
fed
Noddin' your noggins to what I'm sayin' like bobble
heads
So boggle your mind and crack a bottle of wine
Over your dome till your skull is at the bottom of your
spine
So dope you gotta rewind a lot of the rhymes
If Jesus Christ read my notebook then God will go blind

[Chorus x4: scratch - Dice Raw 'The Lesson Part II']

"I'm I'll versatile, with the skill no more

Wack MC's wanna flex but their styles ain't raw"

[Verse 2: Celph Titled]

When I speak it's a problem
I'm a beast and a goblin
Fuckin' a MILF that closely resembles Marie Osmond
And I've been
Layin' in the cut mind controllin' elephants
Stab your face with a tusk, orchestrator of death
I am a black reverend
Monitor your stats, it's all you need is Monistat 7
Singin' "Eye Of The Tiger" but you in eyeliner
Mile high club, flight attendant goin' down on a guy sky
diver
In 2-0-9 I function 500 rounds
I'm dumpin' a Gatling gun to your dome
We act like dynamite inside a pumpkin
Sadistic appendages
My whole body's evil
Havin' fun with two guns hittin' like
[Gang Starr 'You Know My Steez':] "Some double
desert eagles"
We cop cars that look like cop cars
And got heli-copters to zero in on hella cop car
And send a missile at ya official tissue
Cause your track sound gayer than the "Mr. Wendell"
instrumental
Detrimental to your squad
I'll distance members and dis-member body parts
And gift rap 'em for this December
Death is the plan
You will meet Ed McMahon when I clear you out
Cause bombs that I Publish be Clearing House

[Chorus x4: scratch - Dice Raw 'The Lesson Part II']

"I'm I'll versatile, with the skill no more
Wack MC's wanna flex but their styles ain't raw"

{TV Show Sample:}

Look! Up in the sky. It's a bird! It's a plane! It's...

[Verse 3: Chino XL]

The Puerto Rican Superhero!
Yo, I'm angry like my momma just beat me with a
switch
Madder than Nick Cannon when Eminem be dissin' his
bitch
Big Chino is known to be a wild kid
Y'all refuse to get tested
You know, that [?] shit
Where ever there's drama I'm a fly and find the fucker

Beat him in the face till he's ugly like Usher's baby's
mama
I pray for your death and I pray that I'm the cause of it
Idiot, killin' a blind man with his own walkin' stick
Mind quickest simpliest riddles
I wittle all arithmetics
I memorize ridiculous, I can hypnotize a hypnotist
Spittin' less than 33 ounces, still considered a
liter/leader
My skills are far fetched like a Labrador Retriever
I mean I, keep a lot of balls
Only rivaled by the Gods of Mars
Watchin' Mya's ass shake on Dance With The Stars
My foes plot against me
My verbal molest and deserve to be put in chairs of
electric
Like Roman Polansky
I put that I target artists on my resume
And place them in puddles of blood you can see 80
miles away
Your survival is decided by which side of the bed I
wake up on
Worship the works of the wordsmith like it was a cross
My effect on women is hard to explain
I can piss on they head and convince them that it's rain
I'm vain
My six pack makin' bitches love me more
Get out of line and get punched like you Snookie on
The Jersey Shore
My raw thoughts are awful
I'm so twisted I could eat an iron nail and
Shit out a cork screw
My writtens are displayed inside of Egyptian pantheons
Chino is bananas
I spit potassium and calcium and ummm
You ain't feelin' my spillings? Only a minor loss
Cause I am bad to the bone like a rotting corpse
My word a monologue
Keep rappers scared to go up in the booth
Like it's Magic Johnson's wife's vagina raw

[Chorus x4: scratch - Dice Raw 'The Lesson Part II']
"I'm I'll versatile, with the skill no more
Wack MC's wanna flex but their styles ain't raw"

[Outro: Celph Titled - talking]
Yeah. The coalition of the spoken word crack cooks
Celph Titled. Apathy. Chino XL. Shuttin' shit the fuck
down
Buckwild. D.I.T.C. Forever and ever motherfucker

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