

## Sporty Thievez "Raw Footage"

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Chorus:

Yo, it's raw footage  
Uncut like four hookers  
We're stealin and killin and ball 'til the law  
book us  
We [ ? ? ? ? ] your [ ? ? ? ? ] like  
Uh-oh to y'all crookers  
Like no-gooders  
Keep knockin' if y'all wit' us

[marlon brando]

Yo, runnin through life with pharaohs in babylon  
Like serial killers, I'm on some shit they be on  
Hidin' out in lebanon  
House with the intercom  
Niggas is wild john to see the sinister on  
Money like maffia  
[ ? ? ? ] and [ ? ? ? ? ]  
'til feds get wise on ya  
Change your face move to bosnia  
Czechoslovakia  
With jamal's girl's shape on  
And more make-up on  
Talkin' to liz claiborne  
Marlon brando at the table with the large cat  
Holdin' a raw pack  
Vietnamese straw hat  
Smellin' sex in the lex'  
Contracts with death threats  
Tryin' to stop my breath  
With holes in my left chest  
Marlon, crazy harlem  
Ballin' with nicaraguans  
Plan's complex - enough to shake kuwait squadrons  
Cuban sergeant - you get kissed on both cheeks  
Welcome to the family - if not then where you wan' eat?  
We in the al capone suite - la fam' and my bed lady  
My sweaters shed crazy - 180 below the red avery  
I'm tryin' to see dynasty  
And ain't nothin' stoppin me  
From private property  
With the glass roof on top of me

Cut, cut!

Chorus x2

[big dubez]

Uh, uh, raw footage nigga, sporty thieves, big dubez,  
uh-huh, big dubez, check it... uh oh!

Check it -

It's hard to shake these demons after me  
When all I want is more cream than master p  
Big d-u-b, man it's never easy  
Being a c-z-a-r  
Feel me, play-er?  
A million ways to eat - do you know what they are?  
You wit' the a-team or is you hatin' like they are?  
Fuck 'em all - red my rings, dread my stings  
Dead my flings - cop ? and spread my wings  
See, life's a bitch and I hit 'er for one thing  
Long-dick her 'til I hear her sing  
'ch-ching ch-ching!  
Busta bus' made it clear to me  
Rob a club, 'put your hands where my eyes can  
see  
Leave 'em there  
Nigga outsmart me? I ain't the one you can smart-out  
And that box you layin' in, nigga? it's where you left a  
part out  
Nigga, eat your heart out  
Either forfeit or hold it  
All you hearin' is 'them thief motherfuckers, yo  
they stole it

Chorus x2

[king kirk]

Yeah - it's that steel bird nigga - king kirk ass nigga -  
sporty thieves motherfuckers - yeah - y'all niggas is  
crazy, straight up - how we gon' do this? which one of  
y'all niggas think you can  
Around? you?

Niggas wake up, so we can get this cake up  
Sums we can break up  
And hold so much weight we take space up  
Stay truck  
Mad hoes stay fucked - say what?  
I'm in y'all bitch niggas face like make-up  
Straight up - we can spar 'til we see allah  
Or take it to the fdr 'til one of us wrecks they  
car

A matter of fact, we can scrap on the traintracks  
And the loser lays flat and get his frame smacked  
"what's your name, black?"  
Most niggas call me selfish

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