

Foreign Exchange f/ Joe Scudda

"Raw Life"

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[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 camoflaugue
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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