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Marco Polo & Torae "Rah Rah Shit"

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(Uh... uh... uh... uh...) --> Q-Tip Aha [HOOK] I'm on that rah rah shit, that rah rah shit (I've had it up to here with y'all weak-ass rappers) --> Tek I'm on that rah rah shit, that rah rah shit (Contracts and all that, guns, guns) --> Buckshot I'm on that rah rah shit, that rah rah shit (I've had it up to here with y'all weak-ass rappers) I'm on that rah rah shit, that rah rah shit (Like a gat, I wanna break fool, cock me back) --> Method Man Yo, aiyo The flow is so butter, the beat is so gutter This type shit'll have you clap you a nucca Bucka, what you really thought this gon be? With this shit Marco bang from his MP? Coupled with all of the bullshit that's in these streets This is N.W.A slash BDP Slash Onyx slash Hit Squad and Kool G Slash Bomb Squad, nigga, we PE It'll take a nation of millions to hold me back The poor schools, AIDS, guns and crack - prrah Same difference, flame spittin, a bunch of gays sittin In corporate offices talkin 'bout what the game missin You and your carpet collaborator made it a caucus And all your fine designs, food, frontin as bosses Fuck it, I don't give a damn how much you spin like a ceiling fan I was raised how I just could kill a man Really man, I'm a Dame Grease and Dilla fan Shout to Mally G, Da Youngsta's in Philly, man [HOOK] So any time I say rah rah shit while I'm out on the tour Let me hear the crowd roar And if the drums bang hard like it's cops at the door Let me hear it once more Shit spitteral, more General than (?) I'm precisely pinnin the problem, clear and plain On my fresh to def shit like I'm Dana Dane I'm the future, present, the past from where we came Brooklyn, nigga, wear your chain, we dare you, mane Shit'll disappear like it's David Blane Lotta bullshit be makin it, y'all just be takin it Nigga, do yo dance, lean with it, shake with it Once it get back to the spot that created it I'ma make the fuckin earth quake with it Sacred is the cash, muthafuckas sell they ass In some skin-tight jeans, lookin queer as fags Even got the gays biz, nigga that's just sad Yeah, I say what you feel but scared [HOOK] Counter attack, counterproductive, counterreact Put your money on the counter, get the quality back Niggas spittin lightweight, get your calories back

If you markin the price up, get your salaries capped It's flattery that, you like it when I batter that track And try to clone my whole zone when you craftin your rap But just face it, brutally, at best your bars basic The time it take to create is timely time wasted Be cautions when you coppin what me and Marco creatin A simple song savor to have you down at the station See, he make violent beats, I'm from the violent streets The Double Barrel sound, that's when violence meets (All-out wild shit, that rah rah shit That jump-up-and-ready-to-fuckshit-up-now shit) --> Redman [HOOK 2X]

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