

Raw

Chief Keef

(Snax on the beat), raw
Ayy, Sosa (Raw, ISO)
I've seen your crib, man, that shit raw as hell, man (Raw, raw)
You got five iPhones? (Raw, raw)
That shit raw (Raw, raw, raw, raw)
You got three guns again? Which ones you got?
Oh yeah, that shit raw

I got a bad bitch, she raw
I got a MAC-10, he raw
Walk in the mall like, "Coach, put me back in," big ball
It's me and Ben Frank in the mall, bitch think we talk
Huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh, huh
'Member I was off a four and my fans seen me fall
They like, "He ain't give a fuck 'cause he raw," at all
These niggas ain't raw, nah

Just got a BMW M6 and he raw
Don't make me use the stick shift and leave y'all
This bitch in the whip, she like "How you let down the window?"
This shit raw, all y'all
A bunch of coke, a bunch of boat
That shit you got on is fake, it ain't right
Like hot sauce on a hot dog
'Member eating ramen noodles
Now I buy what I want to
My bitch got an ass, she raw too (She raw)
She mad 'cause she can't do what she want to (Hell naw)
Baby, 'cause you're raw
You Lamborghini raw (Girl, you Lamborghini raw)
My truck costs what a Lamborghini costs (My truck costs what a Lamborghini costs)
I got some raw guns, a nigga T me off (Got some raw guns, a nigga T me off)
You see me on you, feel the screen, we cut your TV off (Come kill the screen, we cut your TV off)
I remember running in houses
Sosa, how big is your house? It's six thousand
Square feet, six bedrooms and ten different bathrooms
So I shit when I want to
And I know I'm raw 'cause I do this when I want to

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They ain't raw, raw, raw, raw, raw
Baby, you want it, buy whatever you want, want, want, want, want
Sosa, your car is raw, raw, raw, raw, raw
When I pull off in that bitch, it's like rah, rah, rah, rah, rah
Only thing gon' kill me is a puff, puff, a puff, a puff, a puff
You ain't smokin' on Cali, boy, that ain't no loud, bitch, shut the fuck up
Take a look around my house, it's Glocks and blunts and Glocks and blunts an

d blunts

Tryna come up in here, we gon' paint your ass on a Capri Sun
Boy, you cross Almighty Sosa, you done
Do this MAC-10 go with my Balenciagas or with the 9 with the 1's?
And I got so many thots, say fuck my baby mama
'Cause she crazy
She on that Libra shit, she love me then hate me
But I still do it for my baby
Child support, shit, it don't faze me
'Cause I get cakey
I go a lot of places
I got accountants and agents
Give my niggas raw guns, bitch, they sprayin'

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