

I'm So Raw

Chris Brown

Look
I'm so raw
Turn da oven on
Cheff papa johns
I get the parmesan

She want ah yellow nigga
Corn on the cobb
Indian giver
Slobb on my nobb
The bitch blow hard
Harder den some halls
Here take um all you'll be straight in the morn
I'm two piece gone
I'm neva gone call
Fly nigga I ont wear it if it's in da mall
Seen it on da blog
These mutha fuckas cost
East saint laurent
U can tell by the faunt
I do wat I want
Wake up wens it's lunch
Walk like I'm drunk
Swagga so uh
Gold yard trunks go around I got ah bunch
Tell till you safe bitch get up out my stuff
I wouldn't recamend
U would eva check um in
I started with da end
So where do I begin

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Pocket full of paper under age in casino
U wanna see id oh
But I'm in da suite doe
Here my room key go
Room movin slow mo
Fans want ah photo
But it's my turn ta roll hold up baby hold those
U see I'm chillin doe low
Lense with ah logo
Pinky ring fro doe
I'm fellin myself no hohoho homo
Hold da beat pour dat mo roro roso
Rosa you bozos
Could'ntspeak wat I'm on
U n me rosseta stone
All these niggas r ah clone
We be originals
Young money sinimals
Tribe full of generals
Dnt ask me shit unless it in ah interview nigga
Unless it's in ah interview aha

Dnt talk ta me I'm not your friend
I'm just ah fan
Of ah ah fan aha
I love all my fans doe