

Raw As It Gets

D12

Okay, can you turn the beat up a little bit?
Yeah

Let's separate the boys from the men, no Michael Bivins shit
Still fuck the world till we die, plus we don't give a shit
D12 repper for life, so fuck your feelings if
You got something to say about us, make way for ignorance
Today I got time to do boss shit, pass the Dom P
Duck down or get buck shots, one love to Sean P
Don't get your momma jumped on in World Star
The pack of used rubbers on the floor in your girl's car
Talk about the streets, half you niggas are snitches
I got suburban problems, trying to match my glasses and dishes
I'm in house slippers, sipping coffee, all about figures
Fuck your couch, I'm a grouch nigga, bucket house niggas
You killing your brain cells for rhymes, homie I feel you
You trying to out-rap me, I'm trying to outlive you
The second most dangerous group besides them OGs from Compton
Who won't stop poppin' until the job's done

There's no escaping the safe, it ain't nothing alive
That could stop you from being lyrically raped
A holocaust in a metal straitjacket in a hospital ward
I break out like El Chapo with a hostage involved
This cartridge will spark, I ain't fixing auto parts
For drivin' a silencer, in your grandmomma's heart
Cult followin', dope swallowin'
No tolerance, your flow's halogen, smoke models
And I'm heartless, crazy, I'll slap your baby during his christenin'
And that's just a increment of my ignorance
I aim, blast and murk
I'm quick to make enemies in a Catholic church
And shit on half of the Earth
Quick to bust in your crib, wipe my ass with a nigga shirt
Hazardous is a understatement, how I work
An obnoxious bastard, I give 'em the signal
And my moms' will blast you
A cannibalistic asshole that happens to be a rap dude
Clap you faster than the crabs all in your bitch pants
Whoever thought that I was a hoe, I let 'em know right now
It's Dirty Dozen forever, take a bow
Point him out, we will rush his clique
Toughest nigga in the crowd would turn around
And be like, "Fuck this shit"
You can suck this dick
Got my middle finger lodged up inside your bitch
I'm just as raw as it gets, nigga

Caine user, a lot of bad habits
A known drug addict that practice black magic
Different strokes, for different folks
Different cokes, I be smoking from coast to coast
They can't tame us, they wanna blame us
For shooting up Lil' Wayne's bus, ha ha ha
I fuck a bitch with a dirty rubber
Forty years old, still on the Freshman XXL cover
I'm Iron Mike, ready to bite, [?]

You ain't ready to fight, hit your ass in the back with a pipe
Starting something, packing lunches
Mayweather, I'm blocking punches
Nigga you don't wanna be starting nothin'
Stuck in the 80s, repping Shady, Bizarre's crazy
Dirty jersey Tracy McGrady, bout to smack my old lady
Backstage, underage, back page
The way I act on stage, shit I should be shot and tazed
Big knife, big fight, big wife
I shot Tyrone in the back, for trying to fuck my wife
[?], smack the kids, ha ha ha
Man I'm taking this shit too far

Zero tolerance, like Lenin and Stalin, I'm hazardous
A ravenous antagonist that rose up from the dead
And now the world knows me as Lazarus
I rip apart these blasphemous
Culture crushing, cancerous contaminants that burn slow
Chop they limbs and eat they eyes like they my green inferno
Collect my enemies until they sweatin', wet and frenzy
That make 'em stampede and surgically stitch a human centipede
My bars are like amphetamine, they'll raise your hearts Adrenalin
Like seconds before your death
And you see Satan juggling Kerosene and gasoline
These fakers enter, I'll change your gender
When I expose the bitch in you like Caitlyn Jenner, I'll stay forever
Modern day warlord
Descendant of Genghis and his Mongolian horde
I slice you in four with my double edged sword
I'm like Little Mac to this Hip-Hop
And leaving the game punched out
Uppercut to the body, open your ribs and now your guts out
Get all my legal aliens and send 'em to Donald Trump's house
I'm as raw as it gets, Lazarus, D12