Raw Deal

Outerspace

Be careful who you talk to
The places that you walk through
You never know when somebody is creepin', tryin' to hawk you
Better grab your gat too
'cause niggaz will attack you
And blast you, right behind your back
'cause the cash rules

Yo
Industry rule number four thousand and eighty:
Record execs are made shady for gravy
Protecting your neck can save you and save me
We step on the set, like f**k you, pay me
Give 'em a chance, and they'll take food from your babies
And stress you out, to drive a grown nigga crazy
Now ain't that crazy? You ain't kiddin', man
They run for cover when the shit really hit the fan
The snakes in the garden, pray on your downfall
Abondon shit, it's hazardous, and they can drown y'all
Exploit your people with a image, they can clown y'all
The voice of evil in your ear, you hear the sound, y'all

Yo
Ain't nothin' worse than a sheisty bitch
She'll take cream in your credit, the ice and the whip
Your life and your kids, you're flippin' your lid
Kicked out the crib
A baby on the way, you don't know who's it is
It might be yours, life on pause, nights on tour
You try to call the bitch, but she yappin' the jaw
You feel like smackin' the whore
She contacted the law
Like you never smacked her before
Why she actin' all raw?

Yo
Just to clarify, I'm Planetary, I terrify
Prepare to die, dawg, but never try
I am the next millenium rapper
Got you trembelin' after the shots blown from the stage
Every sentence I master, nigga
Toxeeded, Philly to Chi-Town town even panics at the ground bleeding
When they hear the sound of demons
I'm fiending this seed of blood dripping from heathens
The reason underground and mainstream had a meetin'
I'm lookin for liquor to drink away the pain
But when the store close I cut my wrist and drink it from the veins
That's in me, Crypt, you you feel me?
A basket case, we take souls from their bodies, a blast of ??plates??
On fire for real, and I retire my deal
It don't matter, I still got wounds and I'm too tired to heal
Every rhyme is for real, and I'ma break these adams
I've been spittin' since ninety one, you can't erase this passion

Yo
I see this niggaz, think they big and they bad
Whylin' out in the club and ??duck?? pissin' in bags

And I ain't even got to use a clip or a mag
I use a twelve inch blade to split shit when I'm mad
Let you rot six days, 'til the stinkin' is bad
Let my pen print rage when it sinks in the pad, homie
So get it right, I'm a murder machine
Stampeded through the wilderness to murder your team
Cats bleedin' like I slit they wrist, burstin' their dreams
Guaranteeing you'll be feelin' this, superb when I glean
I spit fire, homocidal, and there's no reasoning
Get drunk, bury the needle, killing season is in
Headhunt, buryin' people in this steep full of sin
I'm leatherface with a chainsaw, splittin' your chin
So don't approach me with no lame talk, as simple as grim
Unless you like to see your frame choke again and again, nigga

Now that's what I'm talkin' about, man
Murder these motherf**kas, dawg
We outta this bitch, man, meet me at the motherf**kin' bar

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