

Raw

Rapsody

Raw, raw, raw, raw, raw, raw, raw, raw

Yes, Tunechi

Raw like some fresh sushi

Smokin' on some exclussy like the sex juicy

More booty, less moody, never stress to me

I'm fly as fuck, she say jet fuel me

Ooh baby, you like it raw? Me too, baby

But, no new babies, that's word to the Wu, baby

Me and you raw like some steak, boo, I ate you

Then tell you how I hate to regurgitate you

They don't make 'em like they make you, no makeup

Can hit it face down without fucking the pillowcase up

Raw and uncut, pay my attention, no pay cuts

Might hit it raw without no plan B 'cause you A-plus

You a Queen to me like Bohemian Rhapsody

It's Weezy and Rapsody, we running this shit, baby

These niggas flat-footed, these niggas ants to me

It's too raw, they can't cook it

I'm beatin' this track pussy, raw

Aye, motherfucker, I'm raw

Yo, uh

R is for Rapsody, and R is for Raw

Sometimes the panties don't match the bra

Broke phone like Lamar, ooh baby, I like it raw

Had me 8 weeks a baby, morning sick and all, too raw

No makeup, Hermés luxury scarf adorn my head

Shopping like thorns without the cross

Kyrie wit' the cross, too raw in my thoughts

They nail me to the cross for being too Black and raw

That's that bushy pussy rap, they call me, pick me for

Got a mouth full of gold, Beyonce Carter-Knowles

They can't break my soul, a million I haven't sold

The truth won't be sold, I still be like "So?"

I rap in strikethrough, I still laugh in bold

I say what they scared to say, the rawest rapper you know

My titties hang like Ross, just like the Queen of Soul

Natural woman humming, "Ooh baby, I like it raw"

Pull up to the function without no makeup on

Foreign whips I'm in, gas lights, they flicker on

No more doin' it raw, he putting a condom on

This feel like a Compton song, this feel like Weezy, Solange

They mad, I'm mad the streets, they been doing us wrong

Too raw, anemic, that's why they keep the iron on

How we gon' take off wit' Takeoff and others gone?

That's raw emotion that I display in the song

Y'all takin' life and judging Nick Cannon, that feel wrong

But, maybe that's too raw

Fuck it, I'll carry on and minding business (Uh)

The one that I belong

The rocks and all the stones they throw

I built a home, sat in it and wrote a poem about bitches, heaux, and chrome

Like there's gotta be more for us

Morpheus on the phone, he told me to keep it raw

Bullets inside my palm, I'm holding 'em knowing that I'm the light

Just like Islam, a star

Aye, motherfucker, I'm raw