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

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