

Raw Talk

Stevie Stone

Sick spit, condemn em'
Ravishin' lateral moment to get em'
I'm giving em (Raw Talk!)
Check my raw talk. I nitpick
Ya nimwit, ya bitch lips on rib tips
Better get euquipped, on crown lit, I pound hips
Her legs spread I'm in the mid, the back dip
For real. You's a sucka nigga hating on mine, I ain't lying
I be laughing at you niggas half the time
Half of you niggas is mad cause I'm successful at rhyiming
Other half cause your bitches want me she fuzzy inside
So let me get to speaking, I'm hanging 'round and I'm creepy
You niggas,... I'll leave your head leaking
Mothafuckas gonna rep me, I'm letting this getting
A little bit upsetting don't you ever disrespect me (Raw Talk!)

We coming, raw talking
Sorry your bitch is flocking
Spit real shit, I'm an A-Hole
Got a problem with me? Put it on the table

See I'm a raw little nigga, triple z's
Too cold to be unthawed, a hundred degrees
Below zero. I'm in the booth wearing my winter fleece
Long sleeves and ski boots strapped on my funky feet
Every day is the same. (What?)
The same niggas that overlooked you surprisingly want a piece of the fame
They need a drop or a shootout for me to mention their name
Acting like groupies wanting autographs and shit they can frame
But fuck it!
That's what I'm here for. I'm speaking it raw and paving a lane
I hopped on a flight to St. Louis to link up with Stevie...
I let my nuts hang like a family photo
Yelling "Himmi Hyme". Word to the snake and bat logo

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I'm raw, vicious, and immature
And I've tried to come off humble but it didn't work
My attitude can get me under your bitch's skirt
If you wanna be able to make it pop like Hop then nigga you better listen fi
rst
Take a couple notes, look:
I ain't bringing up names no more
And I ain't finna kill it with the same old flow
Bang on my mother fucking head while I'm praying to God because I really hop
e a halo grow
Okay now, don't play round. Wack MC's better go lay down
I'm trapped in a world that I don't wanna be in but I know that there's no w
ay out
I'll take niggas back to the 90's
The west coast is where you'll happen to find me
I hear niggas up on the radio 'I'm like what happened to rapping and rhyiming
' (Shit who knows?)

Not me. Fakeness up in every nigga I see
I touch a new soul every time I preach
King of the new era I be

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