

## Guaranteed Raw

The Notorious B.I.G.

Chill Twan, damn man!  
That nigga Big got somethin to say?  
Yo Big, what'chu got to say Big?

Yeah... yeah...  
Special shout-out to my man  
MC Homicide and DJ Fatal!  
Twin one and two my man Milk!  
My man Fred Dawg, the O.G.B. crew!  
Y'all know how we flow  
And I'm a drop it like this y'all

Oh what a feeling! - Drivin' in my four by four  
Girlies Galore! - B.I.G. on the door.  
Chrome trimming - with the smoke tint  
Givin chumps a hit - as I count my mint.  
Stacks of doves, half my mans is C-note  
All from sayin rhymes that B.I.G. wrote!  
Blunt, I take a toke - but only if it's weed  
Skunk with no seeds! - A sip of Hennessy.  
Pass to D! - Or maybe movin' solo!  
Never with a skeezer by my side, that's a no-no.  
Tell me I ain't the flyest nigga that you ever saw  
Live in - action! Guaranteed - RAW!

"Who's comin' through?  
Y'all know who! DO! "

Bedstuy Brooklyn where this rapper was originated  
Your rhymes ain't shit; they must be constipated.  
Many awaited! - The heavysset brother from Fulton Street  
To drop a rhyme to a funky beat.  
Expellin' MC's as if I was at Sarah J  
Or boys and girls at any school around the way.  
Opponents, pupils, but I'm the principal,  
Hard to beat! - Damn near invincible!  
Niggaz wanna know - how I live the Mack life?  
Makin money smokin mic's like crack pipes.  
Flippin' bombs, stayin' calm, givin my people my palm  
And sayin rhymes to set off the alarm!  
Yes it's me, the B.I.G.  
Competition ripper ever since 13!  
Used to steal clothes was considered a thief,  
Until I started hustlin on Fulton Street.  
Makin' loot! - Knockin' boots on the regular,  
Pass the microphone I'm the perfect competitor.  
Jewels and all that! - My clothes is all that!  
Chumps steppin' to me. - That's where they took a FALL at! [scratches]  
B.I.G. without burner. - That's unheard of  
I stay close to mine like Tina on Turner.  
Quick to smother! - A punk motherfucker.  
Undercover, word to mother. - I'm above ya!  
And I love ya! - Cause you're a sweet bitch!  
A crazy crab, you might make my dick itch!  
I flow looser than Luther!  
Words ya get used ta, B.I.G. is a born - trooper!  
Like ice cream I scoop ya! - My music you wanna get loose ta

Stay pimp, and I'm not a booster! [scratches]  
So what'cha got to say? - This mackin' word is bond  
There's no other assumption. - I got it goin' on!  
I'm not conceited, my friends tell me this  
Even my mother - be noddin her head to this.  
Makes her proud to see her one son get loud  
Flip on a sucker! - And bow to the crowd!  
Drink a little Hennessy, smoke a blunt or 2 or 3 or 4,  
Live in action, guaranteed RAW!  
Round two the rhyme regulator here to roast ya  
As ya follow this to - I gave a toast to ya crew.  
See, they popped on ya like a kernel,  
You didn't realize that the beef was eternal!  
Internal injury that's what you're soon to see,  
B.I.G. keep company!  
Sometimes in my waist. - If they come opponent  
Run upstairs, change my skimmer and my coat and  
I'm floatin' - to your punk part of town.  
Anybody frontin, they better duck down  
Don't get mad cause I grazed ya!  
You jumped in that 4-door Blazer, quick I couldn't get a good hit  
Shit! - I was aimin for the melon!  
But the kick of my three-pound auto there's no tellin',  
Drink a little Hennessy, smoke a blunt or 2 or 3 or 4!  
Live in action, guaranteed RAW!

And you don't stop!  
And you don't stop!  
You keep on!  
To my man Milk!  
And Thai!  
Like I said before the whole O.G.B. is in full effect!

Most definitely  
Sent a shout on  
To the freestyle Born Allah  
Yeah that bum-ass nigga from Avenue Q  
(Yeah, yeah!)