

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
Girllies 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 heavyset 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!)