

# Amil, Raw

I'm making it hard for these little rap chicks to come out  
I'm copping whips, you in the street with your thumb out  
You wanna battle but when it's time to spit, you dumb out  
Singles, I've touched, been going platinum since the first one out  
I put on seven niggas just to carry me on  
Amilliyon say the hook, let 'em carry the song  
I be the only bitch on the mic making it hot  
With the smoke in the drop in the vacant lot  
Since this bitch been in this game, I been taking spots  
And if you hating me, shit, you must be hating the Roc  
Take it there, yeah, I break it down like this  
Ain't a bitch live who can make it sound like this  
Don't make Amilliyon have to pull rank  
Lyrics never on E, I keep a full tank  
Any nigga that I fuck wit, got my name in the bank  
Yeah, you heard me, he got at least my name in the bank  
Everything I spit be raw  
I be like 10 pounds of coke and be quick to draw  
And it's pure fuck, Miami, it be Ecuador  
For my peeps fuck a foot, I got they leg in the door  
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And it's pure fuck, Miami, it be Ecuador  
For my peeps fuck a foot, I got they leg in the door  
Yo, let's take it to the whips, bitch, five or six  
We could take it to the block, flip dimes to bricks  
Take it to the mic, see who spit the livest shit  
Who wanna take it to the streets to the nines and clips?  
I'm the bitch that won't skate when daddy empty the safe  
Lie on the stand if Jake hem 'em up with a case  
Far as this rap shit, fuck fame or shine or rhyme  
I don't care who joint drop the same time as mine  
Chicks redo albums once they heard my buzz  
Motherfuckers know I'm a track murderer  
So you could pop shit, bitch, run your mouth  
I know niggas that'll get you right in front of your house  
For free and that's just on the strength of me  
If you could touch Amil, then you could mention me  
You think Jay wrote this, that's complimenting me  
I'm the best 'til somebody prove me differently  
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You got beef, let's put it all on the table  
You want the hottest clique on the street, you know the label  
You want the hottest bitch ever known, I willing and able  
Could y'all broads be story tale like a Eastside fable?  
You want me to spit, bitch, make it payable  
If you lucky, if you'll be hearing back within a day or two  
That's just coming from a chick who done paid her dues  
Know I'm the hottest chick from kicks to the gator shoes  
Ayo, respect this shield of David piece on the necklace  
Now who wanna take it to some next shit?  
Hey, yo, I crush all bitches, eat up most niggas  
Teach these rap broads, train gold diggas  
You know I know niggas and you know I hold figures  
We speak but that don't mean my niggas is yo' niggas  
We up in your spot, strapped with the hoods on  
I am Major Coins and any bitch I put on, nigga

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