

Teflon, Rawness

Yeah, Firing Squad, comin at you
Question

(Chorus 2X: M.O.P.)

(Fame) Do you want the rawness?

(Mash) NO DOUBT, GIVE IT TO ME, DELIVER IT TO ME, FEEL ME?

(Fame) Do you want the rawness?

(Mash) NO DOUBT, GIVE IT TO ME, DELIVER IT TO ME, FEEL ME?

(Verse One: Lil' Fame)

We pulled up on the scene (mean) jumped off the Ninjas
Stepped through the door and tore the shit off the hinges
(SURRENDER!) Listen here, live niggaz stand up
(THROW YO' HANDS UP, klak klak) keep 'em there
(IT'S A SHOWDOWN) MC's get they caps twist
Fuckin with this, lyricist, that rap with the lisp
I'm only five feet, and about six inches
But I'm still the first to burst the first nigga that flinches
Manslaughter rappers by the alphabet (I'M OUT TO GET)
A million plus, let my guns bust (THEN I'M OUT THIS SHIT)
Write editorial, killin 'em dead
Throwin these lyrical doe blows to the head that slaughter you
It's the bell-ringin, gun-slingin, "Downtown Swingin"
Brownsville slugger ex-mutha-for-ya-nucca
So come correctly when testin this
Memories of my enemies rest in piss

(Chorus) - Tef instead of Fame

(Verse Two: Teflon)

Uhh, uhh

I hit the public with a freestyle, rock them, left my mark
Staked my claim up in this here game, Fame gave me the start
Gettin hype yo, put it in nitro, goin psycho on the low
A lot of y'all niggaz predicted that I might blow
Whoever heard of me know I give tracks, 3rd degree burns
Give me a turn to earn mine, hurt 'em internally
Acapella, to keep it locked forever for this cheese
Now Jay-Z what if they don't freeze, then I'ma Roc-A-Fella
To all my lil' G's holdin steel on parole
Who won't give a fuck, who smoke trees and take golden seals
Who hold the 'Ville down, Home Team keep my chrome clean
Catch me out there blowin for the cream (that's right)
Never fold, some say I'm a role model behind the scenes
All I want is the cream, a warm pussy and a cold bottle
Y'all know my motto, bring it at them for the platinum
Keep a tight ass, Danze, bring in the anthem

(Chorus) - Danze instead of Tef

(Verse Three: Billy Danze)

Yo here we go again! (Here we go again) Ain't nuttin happenin
Son (son) we just rappin to be rappin
Hardcore is what we know, it's our life and our music
We put it on wax, and the mainstream refuse it
{? don't use it) to glamourfy the rest
While we, the First Family is livin with stress
We've been blessed, with infrared, to see through you
My people got talent, that's un-believe-able
(But still) they won't give us no leeway
So we DECIDE to RIDE the M.O.P. way
Dominatin (uhh) regulatin (yeahh)
Non move fakin (yeahh) I'm talkin rapid record breakin (c'mon)
You come across town from cute, and you'll find Bill

In the 'Ville where it feels like Beirut
SALUTE! Remember I'll dismember your legs
The Firing Squad member need bread...