

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...