Craig Mack, Real Raw

[Craig Mack]
How many know what funk is? Raise your hands
You ready for this world?

"I can get real raw.." plus my style is hardcore
I'm Craig Mack, comin in at your backdoor
My rhymes hit hard, no games like ping-pong
I'm strong (like who Craig?) Kong!
I'm flexin, what's next in, my funk track erection
My licks get the kicks like the Chinese connection
Like Damien, the Omen son, I won't run
I never ran, fryin MC's like the Sudan
Craig Mack is like a loaded four-five
Mothers get welfare, fathers won't survive
Yo who can get fierce as fierce can get, get set
I'm ready, to eat MC's like spaghetti
The C-R-A-I-G Mack is back
I've blown the world well known, the man's got it sewn
Zoom zoom zoom, zoom za-zoom za-zoom
Three years of waiting, now here comes kaboom
Back off the STEEL kid, let me get my dough
You're real slow, get the DICK like a homo
Got the name, no games, the outlaw
I'm real raw, plus my style is hardcore

"I can get real raw.." plus my style is hardcore [x4]

Service with the wild style, freak a smile
I'm crazier than ever, PLEASE pull my lever
Oooh I can't wait, I'm paid, I see him
Brothers on my jock, a G for padium
MC's that are down please stay down..
CRAIG MACK FOR PRESIDENT! Fuck around
My nature's to hate ya, my style of MC'in
to dust and crush I bust every human bein
Dig it, I'm cool but one rule, don't act fool
My four-fifth's a tool, I have aim
Hey, hush it down, quiet, I'm speakin
Unique technique and style that I am freakin
Peakin, speakin like a deacon or a pastor
The master, baby, death, okay G?
Let's get back to the issue with judicial
Weepin willow grab a pillow 'fore I have to diss you
I'm concrete, hard as the street, like pavement
Leavin heads bleedin, strictly in amazement
Surrender, with more 'ups than Alcindor
I'll bend ya, you're tender, next agenda

"I can get real raw.." plus my style is hardcore [x4]

Yeah.. check this out
I belong in a hospital insane
Life fast lane on the brain like Bruce Wayne
A telltale won't fail or get stale
Cause I'm stuck like braille as I walk on a 3rd rail
Manson's my grandson, not so handsome
I'm grotesque -- FUCK IT -- girls still rub my chest
I'm G with James Brown, "Give it Up or Turn Me Loose"
I'm terror on the red lines, prank phonin Zeus
Craig Mack's the brother that attacks at random
MC's I slammed em, cause I'm fat as Ralph Cramdem
Ras, bumba claat, boy I kill ya
MC's I'm a thriller, from here to Manilla
Lay down, nothin but facts, jacks

The blackjack ace to the beatdown max
Relax, this is just wax on my single
More chips on my shoulder than the chips made by Pringle
So how do you figure? I'm stronger than your liquor
Wild Irish Rose, huh, strike a pose
I'm death to an MC, below like Jack Dempsey
A shark feedin frenzy, on those that tempt me
One more score for the war, SEE-YA!
I'm real raw, plus my style is hardcore

"I can get real raw.." plus my style is hardcore [x4]

crbt2('Craig Mack','Real Raw')

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