

Percee P, Raw Heat

[Chorus: Quasimoto]

Big Perce, keepin it hot
Raw heat, cause a nigga gotta eat
It ain't funny when a nigga gotta get money
A nigga still doin this cause we hungry
Step into the spot, ladies drop it like it's hot
Reppin the block, make the brothers pop their knots
It ain't funny when a nigga gotta get money
A nigga still doin this cause we hungry

[Percee P]

Copycats is done when tracks are done and my style of rap is sung
At the maximum, it collapse your lungs
I'm dead up, nigga batter up, you outta luck
I scatter ducks with shit that'll fuck yo' head up
Figure you fuckin with-a, bigger nigga, that'll rip-ya
That nigga switch your tone now sit your butt down and get the picture
I'm capable to scrape your crew
Put it on pay per view to make a few mill' an estate or two
You hurt up, or get smashed, quick fast if your shit's trash
You better skip past because I kick ass, word up
Splash it, burnin bastards like sulphuric acid
My jurassic classic styles are just mastered to crash ya
Don't push a Beemer, a Montero through my borough too thorough
Come through the ghetto get blasted like Hiroshima~!
The underrated one that made it, guns are traded
for my style cause they leave lungs deflated
Percee P rap is worship me they idol
Takin titles with vital rappers sided since nursery jeweler
Zoological ya, can accumulate what's in my medulla
Your molecular structure ruptured with tumors

[Chorus]

[Percee P]

What I state's a blessing, can't make a session, tape the lesson
Scrape the best and give 'em hard times like the Great Depression
Adversaries bring your crew I do vary stingers
Leave every finger broke like guests on Jerry Springer when I write
Hit you like, Ripple, hard like your wife nipple, chocolate icicles
Fisher Price fit you when those on the mic switch you
Believe me you see me up like I'm a graffiti
Artist hot as Tahiti, rapper tail the streets of Cabrini (are dimes near?)
I step up like you climb stairs if the sign's clear, all lines here
Get across East to West like shuttles at Times Square
Turf BX, strong kids leave they borns with birth defects
Uhh, mics fell from my delivery of soliloquos
I'm deadly as killer bees but more iller G, got you feelin me like braille
The ebony, one that's ever thee branded never need melodies
Cleverly I drop bombs heavenly like I'm Lebanese
Cop and tap, overseas shockin Japs, I'm toppin that
Whack shit you poppin blunt droppin wraps the heads as tight as stocking caps
I hit thighs and rip guys, clones bit my, styles to get by
Gimmicks limited thoughts and resort to get hotter than lah
See what? You versus me? Go first G
Disperse B, you like Hershey's mixed with Percee P nuts

"AWW YEAH~! Aight..."