

# Raw Shit (feat. Tech N9ne & Bun B)

## Travis Barker

This that raw shit  
That'll start a mosh pit  
Head bangers get to spazzin' out  
And be like, "Aw shit" This that raw shit  
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And be like, "Aw shit"  
This that off ish from the King of Darkness  
Can't stop this mob shit, awfully heartless  
In a minute, toxic, caustic, coulda lost your optic  
With a millimeter boss get soft in it, pissed off this mosh pit Einstein, Tech N9ne shines behind  
thine rhymes  
I'm signed to mine flyin' to find fine wine  
I can design lines that'll get me to climb dimes  
Pieces, them fine beats that never tweet, just grind blind Get up out this pit, filled with toxicness  
Better get in the back of me before your mouth get split  
Never look at a killer nigga when you're on the curb  
Beggin' like you tougher than fur Get to pokin' out with some ladies do  
Think they man enough with a gun they be through  
But if Tech N9ne said he could with it  
In a blink, I would do a 180 too  
We off what we all, sick and frosted  
Everybody bosses and y'all is nauseous  
Be cautious, we all trip and raw  
It's brawl til we fall in this mosh pit, aw shit This that raw shit  
That'll start a mosh pit  
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And be like, "Aw shit" In the middle of nothingness, I'm the light in the void  
Sittin' on big rims, swollen like they been takin' some 'roids  
You scared partner 'cause you look kinda noyed  
Like I'm about to put hands on you like Pretty Boy Floyd I got 'em sick mayne, somebody call a  
specialist  
Tell these haters, "Fall back and get up off that extra shit"  
Who won't walk with us? You gon' be the next to get  
Smashed up by your coffers, you'll be off your neck and shit Quit acting like what it is is and it's  
gon' be  
And you got no say in this situation, it's all me  
They know me well from Third Ward to Zone Three  
And we gon' take this movement from Long Island to Long B Two trill, Wes is on the horizon  
So when the sun shinin' on us it shouldn't be so surprisin'  
You know we plan on you demisin'  
So playa you gon' be six feet under  
While I'm 300 feet and risin', bitch We off what we all, sick and frosted  
Everybody bosses and y'all is nauseous  
Be cautious, we all trip and raw  
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And be like, "Aw shit" This that raw shit  
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Raw shit, raw shit  
Raw shit, raw shit

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