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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This that off ich from the King of Darkness

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 pitEinstein, 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 blindGet 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 furGet 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 shitThis that raw shit

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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 FloydI 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 shitQuit 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 BTwo 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', bitchWe 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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Raw shit, raw shit

Raw shit, raw shit

Raw shit, raw shit

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