

# Everything Remains Raw

## Busta Rhymes

Word up, let me just fuck with your mind, please  
Aiy, Ayyo-yo-yo, yo, let me fuck up your mind  
On time, showin' you the rhythm as I get wreck and get raw  
Yeah I be the man comin' off that be raw  
It's Busta Rhymes givin' you much more, soYo y'all one more time I come  
(Y'all)  
Knucklehead flow that make you act real dumb  
Yo, I burn your food like Florence  
(Yo)  
Run up in your crib like my name was search warrantsShut your mouth nigga don't you  
complain  
Fix you up, mix you with cut like procaines  
Ooh, insane to your brain  
Right on your subconscious, I leave my shit stain  
I be the moistest with rhyme overdoses  
Hot stepping over shit like Ini Kamoze's  
Sick lyrics like multiple sclerosis  
Focus, while I display flows ferociousWeak niggaz just fall and keep tumbling  
Distribute lyrics like I'm hand to hand herb hustling  
Hardcore like Quick Draw McGraw  
Fuck what you heard you ain't heard this beforeI make sure everything remains raw  
I make sure everything remains raw  
I make sure everything remains raw  
I make sure everything remains rawYo, when I step in the place I leave damages  
Nuff bandages on pussy from miscarriages  
Yo, watch me bring the newest recipe  
Fuck you up quick and condemn you all with leprosy  
Let me hit you with flows, that come various  
Hah, send you home and make you lie bout your alias  
Ha ha, niggaz can't see my routine  
When I round up my Flipmode niggaz and get creamHey, you! You know what the fuck I mean  
Now I'm on the scene, stepping through like Mean Joe Green  
Now I'm making you feel the extreme  
Till I black you out then turn on my real high beamOh shit, now I got your brains fried  
Once you inhale smoke from my flow, carbon monoxide  
Use your imagination, let me take you higher  
Rain hail snow earthquakes, earth, wind and fireYo, hit the dirt, get on the floor  
I'm that outlaw nigga living right next door  
You should just roll out the red carpet  
All moving targets, I got you open like supermarkets  
(Word up, word up)Yo yo, there's only five years left  
While niggaz is scared to death they breathe they last breath

Days of my life goes on, word is bond  
I make you feel my proton, neutron, and electronYo, I be the number one icon  
Word to the holy Qu'ran, I rock on and on  
On and on, hey, on and on and on  
You won't understand when I form Voltron  
Hahahaha, everything remains rawI make sure everything remains raw  
I make sure everything remains raw  
I make sure everything remains raw  
I make sure everything remains rawI make sure everything remains raw  
I make sure everything remains raw  
I make sure everything remains rawWord is bond, niggaz don't really understand shit  
Niggaz don't motherfuckin' know y'all, hahah  
Flipmode is the motherfuckin' Squad y'all, hahah  
I make sure everything remains raw, hahahWord is bond, niggaz don't know the real shit  
There's only five years left, word is bond  
Niggaz don't know though there's only five years left, hahaha  
Remember that nigga, all you, remember that  
There's only five years left, hahaha  
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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