Raw (How You Like It)

Common

La la la la la
La la la la la
[Verse 1]
Bow! Bow!
I came through the door with the raw Martin Margiela superstar status
Everything stellar, with some bad bitches and some ex-drug sellers
Niggas already jealous, we in this joint like Bob Marley and The Wailers
She already wanna pick, bitch don't be so over zealous
Go to the bar to get around like a propeller
The bar maid's name is Stella
I'm so appalled like McCartney, would you record me
Am I really mad? Hardly, I'm here to party
One of y'all to give me body like Lati-fah
Niggas in the corner smoking that ree-fa
Seen a girl she had bottom like a speak-er
Wanna put some hands on her like a preach-er
Hmmmm! Well let me take my time
She ordered Bacardi, getting twisted in the limelight
Seen that ass cause I got hindsight
She was lit shining bright in a fit that was tight
'Bout to get that invite to a night over Egypt
She said "You rap?" Yea mummy
I'm Tutankhamun kicking it, spending this rap money
[Hook] x2
Feels so good
I wanna touch somebody
So let's go, go
Wanna feel you close, keep touching
[Bridge] x4
La la la la la, how you like it[Verse 2]
She was all couture, in a Tom Ford
Security guard let me in cause I'm lord
Of finesse, the under, the rings, the dress
Code is to always stay fresh
Aware of a chest cause I stay abreast
She was extra cold, I'm here to de-congest
This nigga next to us was slopped and made a mess
Knocking over bar stools, I hoped that he carpooled
I'm locked into my mood, Long as dude don't disturb my groove
I won't have to take it back to high school
Rewind! No need to take me back in time
Keep my mind on the grind and the great feline

Cause what's in front of me is this behind
Up north she's thick, down south she's fine
Tuned in to what I'm doing
I'm so unassuming when I'm pursuing
The ladies, the ladies, a soldier of love like Sade
So in love to this lady when this nigga tried to play me
Saw me talking to slim and started acting shady
Dude got foul like crack in the 80s
Uh, uh, uh! You don't wanna test this yo
You never know who got a check up in the disco
"You Hollywood." Nah nigga, I'm Chicago
So I cracked his head with a motherfucking bottle[Hook] x2[Bridge] x4
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by http://www.1songlyrics.com/