

# 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

Lyrics provided by <https://www.omusic.in/>