

# Aitch, Raw

I think they want more  
Fuck drip, I'm making it pour  
Great on all-fours, oh, she my baby, take her on tour  
Shake on the floor  
She likes the taste of the Aitch and she like taking it raw

Raised in a time where man love beef on the net  
So they can't receive my respect  
Taking my time to achieve what I need and I'm blessed  
So they can't be seen as a threat  
I just got the keys to the crib, bust down my wrist  
AP, next need a Patek  
Better speak Ps if you're tryna meet me in the flesh  
If not, I ain't leavin' my nest  
Plaques don't even gas me no more  
If they can go platinum, anyone can  
Chatting 'bout big stats in your raps  
Hands up if you made a mil before 21 gang  
Tryna get bad, you could never set levels on man  
Plastic gangsters gabbing on 'Gram  
Love rapping 'bout trap but the package don't land  
Paid more tax than your whole advance  
You still wan' chat shit and throw shade on man  
He rap 'bout a wap but don't make it bang  
Rap 'bout the trap but don't take no chance  
All I hear is "Blam it" and "Shave him"  
Pussio, save it, bluffin', let's face it  
Run up your shit, have you tuckin' your chain in  
Run up your lick and my brother'll take it  
The ends is bait, gotta stay composed if you're sending weight  
Mate, some dose how your friends turned snake  
Can't make man bro if he entered late  
Jump off stage, tell him, "Send that cake"  
They say, "No, 10K", had to end that straight  
Man, don't play in the ends I'm raised  
Best show some respect when you mention Aitch

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Still in my bits, you can ask 'em  
Never chat shit, don't rap for reactions  
Flinging out lyrics and clapping the madness  
You can get wrapped for your actions  
Young Aitch, big boss, I'm the captain  
Real life goals, you cap on your captions  
Gassed on Snapchat flappin' the tantrum  
I was off Melrose sat in a mansion  
Wanna talk about levels and differences  
But listen, the difference is  
You're a joke, I'm a GOAT  
I don't know what the bitching is  
You can talk but I live this shit  
Been up inside that room full of mics  
On the set getting ready to spin some kid  
Been up inside that ride full of guys  
With a boot full of food, getting ready to spin this whip  
Not a lot of man been this sick  
Always been shining, never liked diamonds  
Now I go blind when I flick this wrist  
Henny on ice when my drink gets sipped

M-Town up north of the map  
Get caught in the trap if your fingers slip

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