

# Choclair, Bare Witness

INTRO (Ylook)

Uh..T dot O to the N dot Y

That's how we do it

Choclair, Kardinal hooked with my man Guru

And Ylook bitch? What the f\*\*k?

(Choclair)

Yo, T-dot rocks y'all

We smoke and mix up in your face, you weeded

So you drop y'all, leaving y'all hired skills depleted

'Cause you lockjaw, Chocs and Guru begin

Can you believe this how we lock y'all

Niggas who be talking how they bigger

How you figure?

You can spark with or talk with

This raw artist

You talk heartless but game straight harmless

Snatch your mic out your hand

Leave your fingers harmless

We rottweilers, while y'all be the tires

You need to retire

F\*\*king with Toronto, get your pink slip you're fired

Kicked out the Thompson Hall through Apollo doors

Guru be the bre-the-ren

Bless the man, slide like the doors on the Caravan

(Guru)

The ill format, the skills all that

Twist enemies Jack

Let's counteract, plus build and all that

In fact, take a flight to Toronto and back

Be over there with Choclair, Kardinal with the track

In the year born born, suckers have been forewarned

Take you higher than hydro or Moet ??

Word is bond, it's on in this rap game

I slap mens, mack dames, yes I'm a fly black king

Stacking paper now, packing flavour now

Hit you dead in the head now

My hunger gotta get fed now

My style's similar to a fierce knuckle hit

Or like hollow-points to pierce your whole f\*\*king frame

CHORUS X2 (Choclair) {Guru}

A-yo witness the fitness

Who's next on the hitlist?

Rap so exact that you can't do shit

{Witness the fitness}

{Who's next on the hitlist?}

{Rap so exact you catch the shakes like a sickness}

(Choclair)

Now it's the skinny man dropping this

Lock your brain, lock your lips

Talking shit? Bust your game

Career flops? I'm to blame

What's the name? (yeah)

Guru and the Chocs will reign

Wild like the lion's mane walking through the rain

Or walking through the pain of critic suffering

Got my eyes on the prize with the red dot locked

That's to keep it hot

My hungry-ass niggas be down for the figures

Green in the jean, Cruise like some act figures

You f\*\*king with some raw, suave, dog ass niggas  
Look into the eyes of the man that will be detrimental to your career  
If you even touch the micstand, nigga 'nuff said

Verse 4: Guru

Hear the battle cry  
Niggas getting herded like cattle to die  
Why? (why?) What the f\*\*k you think? (what the f\*\*k you think?)  
You know they want our type of species to become extinct  
Still we multiply, they can't really kill us  
They're upset, we're a threat 'cause their kids really feel us  
They think we're drug dealers, and some of us maybe are  
But I be the G-U-R-U of the Gang to the Starr  
I'm going far baby pa, dipping in a fly car  
Getting eyes from the honeys, parking up at the bar  
Always up to par when I spar  
And yo, while your protecting your neck I be like breaking your jaw  
Yo trizzack, your shit's wizzack  
I took that shit thizzack, it shouldn't of even been up on the rizzack  
Straight like thizzack, motherf\*\*kers

CHORUS

A-yo witness the fitness  
Who's next on the hitlist?  
Rap so exact that you can't do shit

Cut and scratched by Ylook

&quot;My attitude on the hoes.&quot; &lt;-- Choclair  
&quot;I wreck the mic like a pimp pimps hoes&quot; &lt;-- Guru