

Canibus, Pure Uncut (Remix)

(Eightball)

DMX, McGruff and Canibus

You know where you heard it first

My man Cardan, G Black, Ralph, Universal Records

Uh... {*all echoes*}

Pure Uncut, Eightball {*DMX barks in background*}

DMX (WHAT?!) DMX, McGruff, McGruff, and Canibus, baby

Yeah, its the Pure Uncut, raw, we keep it raw

It's the Pure Uncut, raw we keep it raw - listen...

(DMX)

Niggas I fuck wit' is the illest, baby gorillas

And shit we do today is gon' catch up with us and kill us

Long as I feel this, motherfucker's head is shot

Fucking lead is hot, and leave them dead to rot

Ruff Ryders cut the shit up, like raw keys

Like that from Crystal Lake and my last name is Voorhies

It can happen niggas, dog keys, and still gun it down

Only cause I know how you look up to a nigga, from the ground

Running clown, you know better, than to breathe too hard

For my kids I thank you God

And if you don't know, ask a nigga, that they just put in the ground

Slugs make way by the ounce, so I must've put in a pound

At least! I gave it to another nigga for lookin

Money, ?could never stop my slugs? from cookin

Remember me, cause I'ma be there when they bury, you

Leave your skeleton in the cemetery

(Eightball)

Dum, du-du, dum

Who got the, who got the bum bu-bu bum?

We wrap it up and smoke it, sixty green

I'm a fiend for this rap thing

Down South hustiln' and we all about the cream

Stick em up, mad face, car chase through the city

Fuck the police, I'm mad plus I'm going off that gritty

Frank Nitti got a mob down to murder with me

Cats want to stick me, believe it or not like Ripley

I rip thee, back into a stack and flip it like a tech

Pure uncut, fire it up, and watch the fiends come back

Bubblin', real dogs stay around for troublin

Eightball, pick up the ball, when them tricks start bumblin

Rumblin' (*vrooom*) mushroom, cloud pimpin'

Victims who breathe in die when I be speakin, releasin

You heard me, are you worthy

To ride with the Suave House and get down and dirty?

Chorus (Eightball)

Its the Pure Uncut, raw, we keep it raw*2X*

Baby Pure Uncut, raw, we keep it raw

Its the Pure Uncut, raw, we keep it raw

(What?) Nigga, Pure Uncut, raw, we keep it raw

repeat

(McGruff)

Yo; where the fuck is the dough? its time to bubble and blow

Hit these bitches from the back, have 'em clutchin' they toes

Once smoked my lungs out, but now I fuck with my nose

Perform shows, bad bitches crunchin my clothes

Yo I'm 'Gruff, street thug beyond the speakers, beyond the rap

Man I'm on a car and my gat, swarm attack, sip Don and Cognac

Ain't just me, my whole freakin army strapped

Aiyyo, fuck that! And fuck you! Who the fuck you?

Touch you, you act like you want trouble
Money don't know you, don't rub you
I got' eat, that's like trying to tell me don't hustle
I gotta blow a couple, niggas away just to show the muscle
Yo, I squeeze till your vocal tussle
Niggas please, I got keys, coke, and snow to bubble
Hoes to cuff you, fuck you, suck the shit out your dick
Sucker for love, think you can fuck with McGruff?
Now listen mister
Gruff put your soul in a twister

(Canibus)

I just got off the payphone, on a three-way line, with EightBall
And Tony Draper, asking me for a favour
Now let me take it from the top, I touch your knot, with the rubber glock
Then I take your title, nigga, fuck your spot
Peace to the players that crush a lot
But they call me Canibus because I bust a lot, you can suck my cock
And got the same transmitted disease your mother got
Being unfaithful with me right before she divorced your pops
He came home at four o'clock, shocked, she was riding me on top
I told the bitch to keep the door locked
I know your heated and hot, because I touched the sure spot
You got defeated and dropped, I punch you in the jaw-ops //
You talk dirt, you get dirt, that's how us ghetto niggas network
You think that vest works? You think you can't get hurt?
The bitch in you, makes you run for cover when I spit at you
A man-to-man zone Allen Iverson couldn't dribble through
Rapid fire syllables, you got to bribe me, with a mill or two
To keep me from killing you, with the lyrical
All you chief executives, amping answer records and shit
See, what goes around comes around, bitch //