

Chocclair F/ Guru, Bare Witness

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Miscellaneous

Bare Witness

INTRO {Who's next on the hitlist?}

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

[Chocclair]

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 fucking 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 fuck you think? [what the fuck 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, motherfuckers

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

"My attitude on the hoes.."