

# DMX, Pure Uncut Remix

[Eightball]

DMX McGruff and Canibus.  
You know where you heard it first.  
My man Cardin, 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.  
Its the Pure Uncut, raw we keep it raw. Listen...

[DMX]

Niggas at Ruff Ryders 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 crystal aching my last ?name is Raheed?  
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 no better, than ?a braveless heart?  
?For my kids? I thank you God  
And if you don't know, ask a nigga, that they just put in the ground  
Slugs ran out of him, 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 ?Nitty? got a mob down to murder with me  
Catch one to stick me, believe it or not, I cripply  
I rip thee, back into a stack and flip it like a tech  
Pure uncut, tie it up, and watch the fiends come back  
Bucklin, real dogs stay around for troublin  
Eightball, pick up the ball, when them tricks start bumblin  
Rumblin (vrooom) much room, cloud trippin  
Victims who lie there 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  
If I spit this 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]

Just got off the payphone, on a three-way line, with Eightball and Tony Draper

Askin me for a favor  
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 who 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 a favorite with me right before she was forced to pop  
She came home at four o'clock, was shot, she was riding me on top  
I told the bitch to keep the door locked, I know your heating up 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 thats how I stand on niggas networks  
You think that best 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 gotta bribe me with a mill or two  
To keep me from killing you with the lyrical  
All you chief executives ampin ?answer? wreckin shit  
See, what goes around comes around, bitch