

Chris Lowe f/ Large Professor

"Uncut Raw"

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[Chris Lowe]

Lights, camera (ACTION!)

Allow me to lace the showcase
The style and the grace on me you gon' see
Gladly, from that introduction, you get the percussion
Blast you fast there go production
Trust, took my top hat off by all means
Lay the funk {shit} down from New Haven to Queens
My stage persona, smooth like {marijuana}
And I'm off the quote, so take you a toke, don't choke
It ain't hard to see me up on the marquee
The next award winning academy nominee
Chris Lowe your bro, legendary type flow fo' sho'
That style right there gon' flow below
Put a slop on top, flip flop hip-hop
Took a nap for three years, woke up still hot
I, slow the roll for the next degree
The brother next to me is the Extra P

[Large Professor]

In top control, when I rock'n'roll
{Niggaz} want to bumrush the dominant soul
Jump start is the reflex art, strong hard and cold
Chris Lowe, make the rhymes explode
In the heat of the night, Large Pro is that excitin sound
Get around with the trey-five pound
Every time the little lady act fake I frown
Shake shake your town, check how I lay it down on the low
Bumrush ya show, like I said once befo'
Large Pro in the house, Chris Lowe
Let it connect, yo Connecticut
Make some noise when I kick it to the girls and boys
that's rough and on the corner, puffin {marijuana}
Ha yeah, gettin paid up front, forever on and beyond
Pass the baton, to my {nigga} and relax
Count stacks, Extra P is a don

[Chorus 2X: Chris Lowe]

Uncut action, pure satisfaction

Wild, bustin out of the frame with the style
Uncut action, pure satisfaction
Wild, bustin out of the frame with the style

[Chris Lowe]

Bust out the frame, blast off top speed
The super soul seeker, funky stoned fiend
'Bout to funk you with this yo split the scene
Your flabbergast ass is lost, that's what I mean
This here gon' be heard from the front to the rear
No doubt, slicked out, for the grand premier
Devestatin to your mind, freakin what you can't hear
Y'all know, Chris Lowe gon' be stuck in your ears
See y'all be seein whassup, peep it out like a fox
Pop it in and out on {niggaz} like a jack in the box
One time, and you don't stop
So get down, to the sound you see
I got the beats that lie, got the beats galo'
Got the beats that you never ever heard before
Now if you say you heard my beats, we gon' have to
fight
Cause I just looped up the funk {shit} last night

[Chorus] - 2X

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