

## AZ

# "Uncut Raw"

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No need for Lato's  
Pure straight out Bolivia  
Peru, uncut baby, what?  
Fuck you

Life is a struggle, that's why niggas I know stay on the  
juggle  
Some hustle to double, others hug you to mug you  
Poverty-stricken, they even turn a church kid into  
stickin'  
It seems sickenin', but what? Whatever makes the  
pockets thick in

Fuck police and no remorse for the beasts  
That's lost on the streets, that pistol whip a priest for a  
crosspiece  
Some lost sheep, runnin' through strips, thinkin' of top  
dealers  
Fillin' Tek clips, wit 'cop killers' that could stop gorillas

Shovin' a stubnose in buttholes, I'm nutso  
Skitzo, clepto, killin' shit up throughout the metro  
My thug essence will always keep me plugged with  
drug investments  
Sketch my reference, takin' papers considered  
preference

And violations will lead to kidnappin', decapitation  
So what you're facin', is realism that's in the activation  
Livin' off land with five honeys playin' my hand  
Me and Fam, sippin' off Guinness stout and eatin'  
clams

It's all part of plans, a vet chillin' in Tamps, West and  
Stans  
Outta state connect, slugs, sex, drugs and grands

What? For my Height niggas  
(Uncut)  
Trife niggas  
25-to-life niggas  
(Raw)

This is as pure as opium, purified for street players to  
open 'em  
Space, like three els laced with coke in 'em  
Shots awoken 'em, fake uniform takes the portion of  
Six trips, to young clips and killers coachin' 'em

However though, fake ass niggas'll never know  
'Cos my method's perfected, I'm movin' sceptic and  
never show  
I'm soon to blow, stack doe, lay on the low  
While I'm sippin' Cristal, I mess with Long Island and  
Moe

A part of nature, me wan' acres in Jamaica  
Puffin exotic trees without seeds rolled up in leaf paper  
So exhale, 'cos if I don't live to tell  
Then fuck it, if well, I'll see the rest of y'all niggas in  
hell

What? For my Height niggas  
(Uncut)  
Trife niggas  
(Uncut raw)  
25-to-life niggas

So all my good fellas, heroin, coke and weed sellers  
What the fuck Cats can tell us if they ain't got bread to  
bail us?  
Happy to survive, I haven't seen it all, Peter pay Paul  
From the connivers to the livest, they crack fool

It's all war, the streets are filled up with guns galore  
Plenty young for war, gettin' their minds flunked and  
sore  
Yo dun, cock the 4, motherfuckers think we're playin',  
back 'em down  
Holdin' niggas for high stitches, what? What?

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