

## David Allen Coe

### "Pure Uncut Remix"

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[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 hustlin' 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]

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 busta 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 records and shit  
See, what goes around comes around, bitch

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