

## Chocclair "Bare Witness"

Visit "[Bare Witness](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](https://MotoLyrics.com)

T dot O, to the N dot Y  
That's how we do it  
Chocclair, Kardinall hooked on my man Guru  
And Y look, bitch? The fuck

Yo, T dot rocks y'all  
We smoke and mix up in your face, you're weeded  
So you drop y'all, leaving y'all hired skills depleted  
'Cause you locked y'all, Chocs and Guru begin  
Can you believe this how we lock y'all

Niggas who be talking how they bigger, how you figure?  
You can spark with or talk with this raw artist  
You talk heartless but game straight harmless  
Snatch your mic out your hand, leave your fingers harmless

We rottweilers, while y'all be the tyres 'cause you need to retire  
Fucking with Toronto, get your pink slip, you're fired  
Kicked out the Thompson Hall through Apollo doors  
Guru be the brethren, bless the man  
Slide like the doors on the Caravan

The ill format, the skills all that, twist enemies, Jack  
Let's counteract, plus build and all that  
In fact, take a flight to Toronto and back  
Be over there with Chocclair, Kardinall with the track

In the year born, born, suckers have been forewarned  
Take you higher than hydro or Moet, Chandon  
Word is bond, it's on, in this rap game  
I slap mens, mack dames, yes, I'm a fly black king

Stacking paper now, packing flavor now  
Hit you dead in the head now, my hunger gotta get fed now  
My style's similar to a fierce knuckle hit  
Or like hollow points to pierce your whole fucking frame

Ayo, witness the fitness

Who's next on the hitlist?  
Rap so exact that you can't do shit

Witness the fitness  
Who's next on the hitlist?  
Rap so exact, you catch  
The shakes like a sickness

Ayo, witness the fitness  
Who's next on the hitlist?  
Rap so exact that you can't do shit

Witness the fitness  
Who's next on the hitlist?  
Rap so exact, you catch  
The shakes like a sickness

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  
Gots 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 career  
If they touch the mics stand, nigga 'nuff said

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 par, pimping 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

Ayo, witness the fitness  
Who's next on the hitlist?  
Rap so exact that you can't do shit

Witness the fitness  
Who's next on the hitlist?  
Rap so exact, you catch  
The shakes like a sickness

Ayo, witness the fitness  
Who's next on the hitlist?  
Rap so exact that you can't do shit

My attitude on the hoes  
I wreck the mic like a pimp, pimps hoes  
Like a pimp, pimps hoes, pimp, pimps hoes  
Let's close

Yo, you see, I like to party  
Just as much as the next man  
So, you know this one right here  
This one's for y'all

Visit [Chocclair](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.