

**Agneta Fältskog****"Uncut Raw"**

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No need for Lato's, pure straight out Bolivia  
Peru, uncut baby, what?

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 thickin  
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 thru strips, thinkin of top  
dealers  
Fillin Tek clips, wit 'cop killers' that could stop gorillas  
Shovin a stubnose in buttoles, 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 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

Hook:

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

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

Hook

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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