

## Alexander Oneal & Cherille

### "Uncivilized"

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Intro:

Yeah, yeah yeah. Open your mouth (aaaah). Open it!  
Wide.

Psycho Les:

I'm coming running at you with an axe, chop you in the  
hip  
Now you fuckin' hop don't don't ask me any questions  
(questions)  
Why too many ears at my sessions  
With options, but not this year (no question)  
Strickly answers, Luke dancers, chasing off happy  
campers  
And wanna be rap gangsters, yappin' that shit I don't  
like  
But not tonight we bring that shit to start a fight  
So what the fuck? When I hit you know I struck  
Knuckle game, test and get munked  
Nigga dissed me, forget this and you back in the  
rhyme with a punch line  
Trying to slap you in broad daylight around lunch  
time, so what the fuck?

Don Gobbi:

No false assumption, I cut a face just like a pumpkin  
Potted up and drunken, grabbin' my balls while gruntin'  
You just a munshkin, not even half of the equivalent  
My team is militant, criminals who swear they innocent  
You insignificant, I turn diesel niggas to involents  
You started it, I'll finish it, deminish it  
I'm killing it, word duke, I let it known don't fuck with  
Gobbi  
Act a man like rack of lamb and feed the body to the  
rody  
Smokin' Suckas Wit Logic and raised with project lobby  
I let you choose your fate, your only crews will wait  
I'm heavyweight and when I'm old and great yo I  
rejuvenate  
And duplicate, and slam man like Sumo tournaments  
Fake thugs get plugged and missles launched to their  
coordinates

Hip hop cornered it, a-yo we fear none, rappers  
hootchies and spear guns  
Bustin' threw your ear drums, we leave the ears numb  
Get You Open like Black Moon and spot a kill of gorillas  
A platoon of baboons (that stab wounds) to make the  
shit worse hit up your  
soft spaces  
A bunch of niggas with court cases and all faces  
And torch places and leave the spot crispy, smokin' like  
a hippy  
From now until I'm 50

Hook:  
Unciviled (x4)  
But now I start to realize

Don Gobbi:  
Yo turn the mic on, Ju visualize like nightcorn  
You fake thug niggas still sleep with the lights on  
You quite wrong thinkin' that your team is like strong  
We strangle y'all niggas like pythons, we like flaws  
Corona outlaws, 52 Southpaw  
Hungary as niggas that'll come out yours  
Stick a nigga in a heartbeat, it's the cold blooded  
Dominican dark meat

Hook

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