

Dave Hollister F/ Redman

"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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