

Eightball F/ Canibus, DMX, McGruff

"Pure Uncut Remix"

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11b4

[Eightball]

DMX McGruff and Canibus. You know where you heard
it first. My man Cardin, 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. Its the
Pure Uncut, raw we
keep it raw. Listen...

[DMX]

Niggas at Ruff Ryders 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 crystal aching my last ?name is Raheed?
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 no better, than ?a braveless heart?
?For my kids? I thank you God
And if you don't know, ask a nigga, that they just put in
the ground
Slugs ran out of him, 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 ?Nitty? got a mob down to murder with me
Catch one to stick me, believe it or not, I cripply
I rip thee, back into a stack and flip it like a tech
Pure uncut, tie it up, and watch the fiends come back
Bucklin, real dogs stay around for troublin
Eightball, pick up the ball, when them tricks start
bumblin
Rumblin (vrooom) much room, cloud trippin
Victims who lie there 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
If I spit this 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 bust
a 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? wreckin shit
See, what goes around comes around, bitch

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