

## The Beatnuts

### "Uncivilized"

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featuring Don Gobbi

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 opions, 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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