

KRS One F/ Puff Daddy "Uncivilized"

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Who cut ya?
Save the theatrics for the mattress.
Nine bring it raw dog style with no practice.
I mack this microphone like a hoe on the stroll.
In total control of the soul.
Any asshole can pull a gun the streets are full of fools
I met smarter younger brothers in jails than in schools.
Runnin his story about his glory, it bore me.
And his territory, it don't do nothin for me.
So fuck him and the horse that he's ridin
I'm barely survivin, losin my breath
Cause I'm drownin in sorrow.
I seen a lot of pain with these two eyes of mine.
That's why I write the rhymes that borderline on crime.
I gotta make somethin or I gotta take somethin.
Can't beat that...
Fuck Versace and Rolex, I can't eat that.
I need that green it seems to reign supreme.
By any means, pens and papers on triple beams.
Get rich schemes blow up in your face
None taste worse that a plan gone sour
Your power slippin thru your fingers like dimes and
nickels.
We go pistols
U know where to shoot at, wherever the loot at.
I don't break the law the law breaks me.
I aint sittin around waitin for the devil to come and take
me.
Don't shoot until u see the whites of they eyes
Anything less would be uncivilized

Chorus (x2)

You know... in a world full of lies and alibies
Some men die for a piece of the pie
It's Uncivilized
So I strive to survive and keep my eyes on the prize
(So I try to stay hi stayin high of the lie (2))
Anything else is uncivilized
(It's keepin me from actin uncivilized (2))

I break the rules on my quest for the 12 jewels
Believe in Delf' bring stacks and green packs
Need hats for Jacks, camoflauged
At least 2 gatts for when skies are grey
Any day above ground is a good day, I'd say
The way kids play nowadays, no hands
They spray round my way
I'm feelin like Ja Day and I'm runnin outta sad songs
You fake, one mistake could leave u dead wrong
Roll with the king, whoever that is
See him in the corner of my eye
But he dissappears like cigarette smoke
In a cloud, then the rain comes, then the pain comes
X marks the spot, graffitti marks the slums
The chosen ones communicate with mathematics
The new tactics set me free from all the dramatics.
Keep it in my attic, that's where my brains at
Keep it in the closet, yeah but keep it black
Back up from the ropes if u can't float between notes
Ane memorize them quotes that I toke from Buddha
smoke
Hope ya brought your dictionary with ya
Cause if u get the words, then u get the picture
I hit ya because I love ya
You're my people and I put noone above ya
But if you're foul I bust ya
It's time to be totally disrespectful to Saint Ives
Part of the reason we're all uncivilized.

Chorus (x2)

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