

Outkast F/ Big Rube, Sleepy Brown

"Bare Witness"

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INTRO [Ylook]

Uh..T dot O to the N dot Y

That's how we do it

Chocclair, Kardinall hooked with my man Guru

And Ylook bitch? What the fuck?

[Chocclair]

Yo, T-dot rocks y'all

We smoke and mix up in your face, you weeded

So you drop y'all, leaving y'all hired skills depleted

'Cause you lockjaw, Chocs and Guru begin

Can you believe this how we lock y'all

Niggas who be talking how they bigger

How you figure?

You can spark with or talk with

This raw artist

You talk heartless but game straight harmless

Snatch your mic out your hand

Leave your fingers harmless

We rottweilers, while y'all be the tires

You need to retire

Fucking with Toronto, get your pink slip you're fired

Kicked out the Thompson Hall through Apollo doors

Guru be the bre-the-ren

Bless the man, slide like the doors on the Caravan

[Guru]

The ill format, the skills all that

Twist enemies Jack

Let's counteract, plus build and all that

In fact, take a flight to Toronto and back

Be over there with Chocclair, Kardinall with the track

In the year born born, suckers have been forewarned

Take you higher than hydro or Moet ??

Word is bond, it's on in this rap game

I slap mens, mack dames, yes I'm a fly black king

Stacking paper now, packing flavour now

Hit you dead in the head now

My hunger gotta get fed now

My style's similar to a fierce knuckle hit

Or like hollow-points to pierce your whole fucking frame

CHORUS X2 [Chocclair] {Guru}
A-yo witness the fitness
Who's next on the hitlist?
Rap so exact that you can't do shit
{Witness the fitness}
{Who's next on the hitlist?}
{Rap so exact you catch the shakes like a sickness}

[Chocclair]
Now it's the skinny man dropping this
Lock your brain, lock your lips
Talking shit? Bust your game
Career flops? I'm to blame
What's the name? [yeah]
Guru and the Chocs will reign
Wild like the lion's mane walking through the rain
Or walking through the pain of critic suffering
Got my eyes on the prize with the red dot locked
That's to keep it hot
My hungry-ass niggas be down for the figures
Green in the jean, Cruise like some act figures
You fucking with some raw, suave, dog ass niggas
Look into the eyes of the man that will be detrimental to
your career
If you even touch the micstand, nigga 'nuff said

Verse 4: Guru

Hear the battle cry
Niggas getting herded like cattle to die
Why? [why?] What the fuck you think? [what the fuck
you think?]
You know they want our type of species to become
extinct
Still we multiply, they can't really kill us
They're upset, we're a threat 'cause their kids really
feel us
They think we're drug dealers, and some of us maybe
are
But I be the G-U-R-U of the Gang to the Starr
I'm going far baby pa, dipping in a fly car
Getting eyes from the honeys, parking up at the bar
Always up to par when I spar
And yo, while your protecting your neck I be like
breaking your jaw
Yo trizzack, your shit's wizzack
I took that shit thizzack, it shouldn't of even been up on
the rizzack
Straight like thizzack, motherfuckers

CHORUS

A-yo witness the fitness
Who's next on the hitlist?
Rap so exact that you can't do shit

Cut and scratched by Ylook

"My attitude on the hoes.."

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