

Uncut Raw

Az

No need for Lato's
Pure straight out Bolivia
Peru, uncut baby, what?
Fuck you Life is a struggle, that's why niggas I know stay on the juggle
Some hustle to double, others hug you to mug you
Poverty-stricken, they even turn a church kid into stickin'
It seems sickenin', but what? Whatever makes the pockets thick in Fuck police and no remorse for the beasts
That's lost on the streets, that pistol whip a priest for a crosspiece
Some lost sheep, runnin' through strips, thinkin' of top dealers
Fillin' Tek clips, wit 'cop killers' that could stop gorillas Shovin' a stubnose in buttoles, I'm nutso
Skitzo, clepto, killin' shit up throughout the metro
My thug essence will always keep me plugged with drug investments
Sketch my reference, takin' papers considered preference And violations will lead to kidnappin', decapitation
So what you're facin', is realism that's in the activation
Livin' off land with five honeys playin' my hand
Me and Fam, sippin' off Guinness stout and eatin' clams It's all part of plans, a vet chillin' in Tamps, West and
Stans
Outta state connect, slugs, sex, drugs and grands What? For my Height niggas
(Uncut)
Trife niggas
25-to-life niggas
(Raw) This is as pure as opium, purified for street players to open 'em
Space, like three els laced with coke in 'em
Shots awoken 'em, fake uniform takes the portion of
Six trips, to young clips and killers coachin' 'em However though, fake ass niggas'll never know
'Cos my method's perfected, I'm movin' sceptic and never show
I'm soon to blow, stack doe, lay on the low
While I'm sippin' Cristal, I mess with Long Island and Moe A part of nature, me wan' acres in Jamaica
Puffin exotic trees without seeds rolled up in leaf paper
So exhale, 'cos if I don't live to tell
Then fuck it, if well, I'll see the rest of y'all niggas in hell What? For my Height niggas
(Uncut)
Trife niggas
(Uncut raw)
25-to-life niggas So all my good fellas, heroin, coke and weed sellers
What the fuck Cats can tell us if they ain't got bread to bail us?
Happy to survive, I haven't seen it all, Peter pay Paul
From the connivers to the livest, they crack fool It's all war, the streets are filled up with guns galore
Plenty young for war, gettin' their minds flunked and sore

Yo dun, cock the 4, motherfuckers think we're playin', back 'em down
Holdin' niggas for high stitches, what? What?

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