

# 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 buttholes, 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 foolIt'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?

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>