

Bare Witness

Chocclair

T dot O, to the N dot Y
That's how we do it
Chocclair, Kardinall hooked on my man Guru
And Y look, bitch? The f**k

Yo, T dot rocks y'all
We smoke and mix up in your face, you're weeded
So you drop y'all, leaving y'all hired skills depleted
'Cause you locked y'all, 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 tyres 'cause 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 brethren, bless the man
Slide like the doors on the Caravan

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, Chandon
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 flavor 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

Ayo, 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

Ayo, 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

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
Gots 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 career
If they touch the mics stand, nigga 'nuff said

Hear the battle cry
Niggas getting herded like cattle to die
Why? Why?
What the f**k you think? What the f**k 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 par, pimping 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

Ayo, 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

Ayo, witness the fitness
Who's next on the hitlist?
Rap so exact that you can't do shit

My attitude on the hoes
I wreck the mic like a pimp, pimps hoes
Like a pimp, pimps hoes, pimp, pimps hoes
Let's close

Yo, you see, I like to party
Just as much as the next man
So, you know this one right here
This one's for y'all