

# Benzino, Pull Up Your Skirt

Just let the pigeons loose let the games begin Tone  
Must be crazy, ay yo Sin, what's up Capone?  
I created this motherfucker

[Verse 1]

Let me start from the beginnin, you ain't reppin the streets  
You from the outskirts of Detroit, where the bitches meet  
I'm gonna pull your skirt up, expose your true sex  
Antagonize your label, till I get my respect  
You ran to your manager, asked him how to handle this  
Five shades darker motherfucker you'll be Canibus  
No one would care about your complicated rhyme style  
Another backpack rapper out of style  
Don't let me have to backslap your mom's if you smile  
I'm serious, if you ain't 'gon respect her why should I?  
Chin check it Snoopy put a circle on that eye  
My time's never up cause real niggas don't die  
I'm not Moby, the little puppet on MTV  
I bring glasses to your living room so you could see me  
Yeah you sold alot of units, but you can't be me  
The state of hip hop, will continue to be fucked up  
You playin by a different set of rules you got me fucked up  
Respect the hood Marshall, or the hood'll take you out  
You the real wanksta, and I don't care who you sign  
Disrespect Benzino, that ass is mine  
What you know about pumpin, on the block till you freeze  
What you know about cuttin up rocks, duckin D's  
What you know about facin, a grand jury indictment  
As far as I'm concerned you just industry excitement  
I hope them D12 niggas ain't who you fight with  
Clash with the titan, you bound to start a crisis  
Meanwhile back in Boston I'm a legend  
My number in the rafters fuck Bird I'm representin

[Chorus]

He's alright but he's not real (Real)  
We spit tight and we got steel (Steel)  
You talk shit and you get killed (Killed)  
From the streets to the studio nigga it's all sealed (Sealed)

[Verse 2]

The two thousand three Vanilla Ice how you playin it  
If you ask me, you really ain't that nice you overrated  
Hang you from your feet part two in theaters now  
Drop your ass from the roof you gonna feel it now  
You was unsigned hype, before you ever met Dre  
I birthed your little career now you owe your life to Ray  
The five mic giver, the Marshall maggot ripper  
Better never let me see you with some jewels I'm gonna strip ya  
Oh, and tell your label heads stop callin my phone (Jimmy)  
Leavin messages sayin please leave him alone (Fuck that!!!)  
And don't forget, how this shit all cccured to me  
Your whole camp be surrounded by security  
What you want? the black or the chrome?  
How can you ever claim a block, when you have no home  
I do it for my niggas in the cells and public housin  
You takin too much X Em you need counselin  
Get anybody on your roster who could fuck with Ray  
Obie Trice you a busta I don't think you wanna play  
And 50 holla at your boy get that loot and ride  
But please don't make the mistake and take this nigga's side  
I hate to have to turn this battle to an all in out war  
But if we have to, I'm a leave his partners on the floor  
I think we both know exactly what we hear for  
I want the streets back I'm comin to your door  
I earn my stripes I'm a don you a pussy  
Zino bombs hit you out the park you still a rookie

Bottom of the ninth, the scores lookin crazy  
Niggas on my block will knock Slim Shady  
[Chorus]  
He's alright but he's not real (Real)  
We spit tight and we got steel (Steel)  
You talk shit and you get killed (Killed)  
From the streets to the studio nigga it's all sealed (Sealed)  
He's alright but he's not real (Real)  
We spit tight and we got steel (Steel)  
You talk shit and you get killed (Killed)  
From the streets to the studio nigga it's all sealed (Sealed)  
[Outro]  
And that's how the motherfuckin story go  
Crush, kill, destroy, crush, kill, destroy, crush, kill, destroy,  
Crush, kill, destroy, crush, kill, destroy