

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 ccured 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]
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[Outro]
And that's how the motherfuckin story go
Crush, kill, destroy, crush, kill, destroy, crush, kill, destroy,
Crush, kill, destroy, crush, kill, destroy