

# Kurupt, I Call Shots feat. Snoop Dogg

Yeah.. yo whassup my nigga?

It's the big homeboy snoop dogg

And y'know, the streets is a motherfucker

D.p.g.c., y'know

Representin to the fullest, like dat dere

Y'know!

[kurupt]

Organized madness

The young godstra

Ha hah, young frank sinatra, beotch!

[Chorus: repeat 2x (w/ minor variations)]

I call, i call shots round here

Tell who to pop and who not to pop round here

Slow down here, don't make too much noise

You know who runs the blocks round here

[kurupt]

Psychosomatic, automatic static

Catatonic, supersonic, bubonic chronic addict

Astronomical in the thunderdome center

In the depths of the dungeon, dangerous, dastardly

Catastrophes, metamorphosize into a pit

Tyranno-don, crackin the bricks on the walls

Camouflage, on the side of livest

Bout to put somethin up in that could ride

It's time for, world war three motherfucker

You know me, young got-ti motherfucker

I holds the microphone like a grudge

In the 'llac laid back, so back the fuck up

This might give you a heart attack

It's real simple, can't get mo' simple than that

Than that..

[Chorus]

[kurupt]

The tactical acrobatical automatic

Automatically psychosomatics that got it verbally guided

Visually you ride it super like the sonics

Potent like gin and tonic being injected through the veins

With double dosage of liquid chronic (what?)

Columbian flake, the top rate

Irate lost mental state

Stallion i'm want about a million or more

Of y'all fools to come back and get some more

You can tell the gangs as soon as he come in the door

He don't wear calvin klein, he won't wear valour

He got some gortex or some converse on

All-stars, g'd from the hat to the floor

You can miss me, i'm probably chillin up in mississippi

Or poughkeepsie or baton rouge guzzlin whiskey

I'm a walkin franchise and i wanna get paid

Get dropped, mopped and stomped like a parade

Persuasion, phase three of the invasion

I gots to break loose cause i'm feelin caged in

Loose in the jungle, blaze a botanical garden up

Nowadays, niggaz ain't hard enough

To bombard and bogart, spots like these

Renegade revolutionary infantries

I'll bet a thousand to one, you're never gonna make it

You're never gonna get it, y'all can't fuck wit us

Put it together, our squad 1999 mod squad

Universal soldiers, i thought i told ya

[Chorus]

[roscoe]

I'm a chart smasher, the youngest gangster rapper

Spectacular, chrome thirty-eight packer

Money stacker, t-shirt cakalaka  
Verbal predator, fake rap attacker  
Gotti jawbreaker, roscoe the back cracker  
Money makin, we smart like computer hackers  
I came in this game with plans to get it maxed  
And my enemies, feel the wrath of my rapture  
No escapin without, instantaneous capture  
Don't be upset, when me and the homies jack ya  
Cause we straight jackin, if i say it's on it's crackin  
Young thugs, from y.a., we make it happen  
Swearin y'all can see me but that's just like seein elvis  
I grab to crick a back and crack a nigga 'cross the pelvis  
My rhymes is dangerous, hazardous to health  
I make a nigga murder twenty kids and cap his own self  
Who am i? the incorrigible lyrical miracle  
Is horrible yet hysterical the way i'll embarrass you  
See me on the streets, walk by and i just stare at you  
Tough talk, when there's bullets flyin through the air at you  
Test your chest nigga? one less nigga  
Me and kurupt share two gats and one vest nigga  
We astronomical, phenomenal, magical, mathematical  
Taking your first-born as collateral!  
[kurupt]  
I call, i call shots round here