

# Kurupt, Can't Let That Slide feat. Roscoe

[Chorus]

This goes out to all y'all tellin' my bitch what you saw  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Thinkin' I won't check shit (whaaat?!) or these mouths on records  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Talkin' shit on T.V. but bitch up when you see me, nigga  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Well Uh-Uh, Uh  
(Say what?!)  
Uh-Uh  
(Say what?!)  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!

[1st Verse: Kurupt]

Early mornin'  
I just awoke  
Just took a sip and just took a smoke  
The phone rang  
Niggas spittin' game  
The same ol'  
Same ol'  
Same ol' thang  
Talkin' 'bout life  
Talkin' 'bout bitches  
Talkin' 'bout money...  
Cars...  
And switches  
And all of a sudden he switched talkin' about some kill shit  
'Bout this bitch ass nigga talkin' some real shit

[Chorus]

This goes out to all y'all tellin' my bitch what you saw  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Thinkin' I won't check shit or these mouths on records  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Talkin' shit on T.V. but bitch up when you see me, nigga  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!  
Well Uh-Uh, Uh  
Well Uh-Uh, Uh  
(Say what?!)  
(No way!)  
(Say what?!)  
Uh-Uh  
(Say what?!)  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiide!

[2nd Verse: Kurupt]

You know I'm chip-toothed, motherfucker  
You about to get slapped like a motherfuckin' bitch for that  
(Say what?!)  
You got a lot of rap homie, not to know a nigga  
Don't talk a nigga, show a nigga  
Don't think it nigga, live it, nigga  
Don't run it, nigga  
Gun it, nigga  
(Man, fuck that!)  
Don't fake niggas, quake niggas  
I ain't no bitch nigga  
(I ain't none)  
So don't play me like a bitch nigga  
You lil' bitch nigga  
Change the switch nigga  
Wanna get rich nigga  
(Nigga!)  
Fuck and make a motherfuckin' nigga dick itch, nigga  
Why you mad at me?  
(Why you mad homie?)

Walk without  
Talkin' 'bout what you talkin' 'bout  
You must be that Madd Rapper (hehe)  
Puffy and them was talkin' about  
Nigga put a dick in yo mouth  
And shut the fuck up!  
(Nigga!)  
You lil' bitch!  
(Bitch!)  
I hear you talkin' but you ain't sayin shit!  
[Chorus]  
Now this goes out to all y'all (all y'all!) tellin' my bitch what you saw  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiiide!  
(Snitch ass niggas!)  
They thinkin' I won't check shit or these mouths on records  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiiide!  
(Bitch nigga!)  
Talkin' shit on T.V. but bitch up when you see me, nigga  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiiide!  
No way!  
(Say what?!)  
(Say what?!)  
Uh-Uh  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiiide!  
Uh-Uh  
Uh-Uh  
No way!  
(Say what?!)  
(Say what?!)  
(Say what?!)  
Bitch!  
No way!  
Uh-Uh  
(Say what?!)  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiiide!  
Uh-Uh  
Bounce  
(Yo!)  
Bounce  
Bounce  
But no way...  
Uh-Uh  
Uh-Uh  
(Say what?!)  
(Say what?!)  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiiide!  
Uh-Uh  
[3rd Verse: Roscoe]  
If you gonna rob with us, nigga rooob!  
If you gonna mash with us, nigga maaash!  
Instead we be dumpin' on cowards and bonin' out with the cash  
So when a nigga run up on you  
In a blue ski mask  
(Run nigga! Run!)  
'Cause I come (Heeeey!) murda yo  
Drawin' skits  
It's like bustin' a orange  
You get terminated  
Our rhymes is exquisite  
Explicit, and R-Rated  
You askin' why I'm laughing 'cause it's kinda funny to me  
You really think you gonna come and take my money from me?  
Well, I can't let that slide  
I'm fittin' to trip  
Pop my Olde English and get into some gangsta shhhh!

What's my name?  
Roscoe! Roscoe!  
My big brah  
Kurupt! Kurupt!  
And what we do:  
We rob! We rob!  
And can't let... that slide! that slide!  
Nigga... What?!  
What?!  
What?!  
We raw doggs, Cuz  
[Chorus]  
This goes out to all y'all tellin' (Nigga!) my bitch what you saw  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiide!  
Thinkin' I won't check shit (Ey yo Cuz!), mouths on records  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiide!  
Talkin' shit on T.V., bitch up when you see me  
Bitch nigga, I can't let that sliiiide!  
Uh-Uh  
(Say what?!)  
(No way!)  
(Say what?!)  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiide!  
This goes out to all y'all tellin' my bitch what you saw  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiide!  
Thinkin' I won't check shit (Whaaaaat?!), mouths on records  
Hell naw I can't let that sliiiide!  
Talkin' shit on T.V. but bitch up when you see me, nigga  
Bitch nigga, I can't let that sliiiide!  
But no way!  
Uh-Uh  
(Say what?!)  
Hell naw, I can't let that sliiiide!  
But no way...