Kurupt, If You See Me

(feat. Baby S, El-Drex, Short Khop, Trigga)

[Kurupt & Trigga]

[Trigga?]
Yeah, yeh what the deal dog
(Where you from?)
BK, NYC, reppin' wid the DPG
Yeah what the dealy
Yo, yo, yo, yo, LAFC
Everything else cool, the Wu-Tang is the best
Dogg Pound's the best

[Verse 1: Trigga]

Mic accurate, trade darts TL
Slight tint DL, quick flash
Smooth as a baby's ass,
Lyrical addicts, murder mics like a savage
And MO30, bullet proof tuxedos
Transactions, C-notes for the kilos
'Bout our money, killa bees love the honey
Puttin' a sting, on warriors in the ring
Get mashed out initiation face slashed out
Block dropper, drama action like I won an Oscar
Eye on me, feds spy on me
It's them cops in the choppers that play the roof
Ready to snipe, stay bulletproof
Ease up on the over proof
Level head the liable and leave ya for dead
Fill fulla lead
Incidents, classified accidents
No evidence, po-po innocent crime pays
I guess it's the American ways
Far from slaves,
Yet behind bars and cage
Fair exchange clicked ya bow wid ya 12-guage

[Verse 2: Baby S]

It's time for me to do this shit for all my years hurtin'
See these other niggas bustin' raps that ain't workin'
I'm jerkin' the game, heavyweight pocket exchange
Touch my niggas that's broke and hope them niggas do the same
Pause, squeeze ya balls wid no draws
Down for the cause and hoes takin' off they draws
Y'all, niggas, ain't knowin' the half
Everywhere I go feel like I'm runnin' from crash
My intention to smash fast plex on elevators
Sacked a hell a haters crime raider on the fader
I'm major now, women hit me on my pager
While I'm puffin' on the bombay,
The vietnam way... pimpin' in a calm way
And rule one, never let a bitch know where your baby mom's stay

[Hook:]

Now if you see me creepin' thorugh SC
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high

If you see me in the NYC

Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high

[Verse 3: Short Khop]

Got the session on lockdown
Make way for the cocked pound
Best to give it all you got now fool
For this new era, new order, new terror, new torture
Run up and extort ya
Abort ya missions,
Escort physicians to the spot you and I met rep for combat
Where the bomb at, chop up on that
Niggas I been there and done that
Catch a contact
By drainin', try trainin'
Holla when you've perfected ya aimin'
Ready for a taming
And catch me at the spot wid this clown gashed up
Ya found me in his wife face down mashed up
No stoppin' this, I'm most poppinest
Anything to the left of monotonous
Mister Khopadopalous,
Blockin' this hold ya down tech potent
Any nigga second guessin' keep his face opened

[Verse 4: Kurupt]

Check it out, got games, crackle
Clash of the titans up against the crackin'
Come to fuck you up, stuck you up
Niggas bust, niggas lookin' like Kurupt
What the fuck you want?
All at you motherfucking small fry small guy
Motherfuckin' small cat, beat wid pipes poles and bats
Blast wid a small gat
Run, and bust till his lungs collapse
And hit the corner pocket
But first strip his pockets
He shouldn'ta got caught in the mixture
See I'm the type of nigga to pull out the paintbrush
And the board and the paper and paint a picture
You shootin' and got shot
We shoot ya, Drex Luthor
?Then pull pens to report to zoopers?
I'm a 6-4 rap, 44 mag calicos and mass,
Double bags caught cash
Wid cash on cash dub sacks new blocks
Baby S, El Drex, Kurupt, Trigga and Short Khop

[Hook:]

When you see me wid the DPG
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high

And if you see me in the ING
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high

Before you fuck up my high

[Verse 5: El-Drex]

Yo, yo, verbal seizures
Coming from the black Johnny Fever
You bought your heater turn like Tina when Ike beat her
We kidnapped ya girl and ain't feed her she's a heavy bleeder,
At this point you realise that you ain't really need her
Cats that get it betta stand on they pivot
Life is rigid from the business and pleasure, when you miss it
Oh well forget it wipe my pinkie ring when you kissed it
Couldn't keep ya distance, so things was done deliberate
A G-thing, this cost cash is not a free thing
When we sing that's when they bring the jealousy thing
But that alerts me, the low and dirty wanna hurt me
They equal to the numbers on Robert Paris jersey
Blood thirsty ten O.Gs in black derbys
We throw things, I got a arm like Testa Verdy
It's Drex Andretti the live lyrical compulsive
Betta contact ya physician for over dosage
You lost ya focus, realise what you get
A little bit of good shit
And alot of bullshit,
Now you wounded,
So you got exactly what you earned
You gon' fool wid the Drex it's like a tax return

[Hook:]

When I'm in the 2-F-I-V-E
Just walk on by, just walk on by
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high

If you see me in the NYC
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high
Before you fuck up my high
Fuck up my high

[Alot of mixed up talkin' & shoutin']

All I wanna say,
FUCK THESE NIGGAS MAN!
Yo, first of all,
After all this is over,
We still all go to sleep,
And we still wake up in the morning,
So give thanks to God,
Cause he loves us
For real, for real