

Kurupt, It Ain't About You

[dialtone and dialing]

[Soopafly:] "yea"

[Kurupt:] "ay soopafly"

[S:] "yup"

[K:] "ay, what's the name of that song that goes,
Dada-dada-da-da-da, dadada-da-da"

[S:] "it ain't about you?"

[K:] "that's the one you have it on?"

[S:] "yea"

[K:] "oh, yea, that's tight"

[S:] "you like that?"

[K:] "yea"

Check check check check check

Microphone check check check check check

1, 2 check check check check check

Live in the place to be

Soopafly, comin at ya

I don't stop and i don't quit

Comin with that dogg pound gangsta shit

Yea, peep game

Check, i break a nigga neck

I keep a nine in my pocket and a home deck

I like to rock a show

I'm stackin c-notes

It's soopafly mothafucka if you didn't know

Now peep so sweet unique i doubt if you could top the peak

Keep em in check

No sweat cock back fist connected to cheek

They sleep

Kick em in they ass wake up, uh now

Let me take you on a journey block to block

Show you how to pack heat, drop and 6 4 hop

Cut it up, chop, my homie got it, tray don't stop

Had them bitches dope fiending like i'm slingin them rocks

Straight from the I we don't take no shit

We off in the cut waitin for y'all niggas to trip

We the last mothafuckas you want to fuck with

When you in close range you best to duck quick

Or get smashed your last chance to forfeit

Game over

I knock a nigga from drunk to sober

I hope i don't have to maneuver the choker

If you wanna dance i do the polka

Stickin fuck bitch made soop look like a switchblade

Can i ride in your car?

Girl i've gone too far

Can i smoke on your weed?

Nah, that ain't what you need

Can i borrow a dollar?

No, but you can eat this dick

While i smash my shit and i pop in my car

Can i give you my number?

Yea, next summer

But i'm hungry baby

Sh, me too, that's crazy

So open up the door cuz i'm ready to go

Aight then, but i ain't got no money

Ain't you treatin baby?

Hell no

Bitch take another route, you ain't even what this song's about

Bitch, i'm on a ride, dip and glidin through the hood

Smokin until the sun come out

Bitch please
Got her speakin in chinese
They like please
Yea, just pluck em off
Mothafuck all you hoes
Fuck em all
This is nothing but true game
This stainless thing got stained
The bitch gobble the best
She won a contest for the best jaws in the west
The homie said, "watch my head"
But instead, i got a 45 caliber lead spitta
A nigga feelin bitter
Shitty as some kitty litter
Take off, got a adolf hitler
Center of attraction
Multiplications then subtractions
From the blast then the smash and the cash and the credit
The bitch on my dick
I'm like bitch, forget it
Let it loose bitch, won't you let it
For ?? i get a bad bitch from connecticut
A typical hoe
I'm only in it for the blow
The bitch was only in it for the blow
I gave her some blow then let her blow
Then she turned blue
On the speed i grabbed the heater and then flew

Can i ride in your car?
Bitch i'm gone too far
Can i smoke on your weed?
Nah, this ain't what you need
Can i borrow a dollar?
Nah, but you can eat this dick
While i dip in my shit and uh, pop my cop off
Can i give you my number?
Nah, maybe next summer
But i'm hungry baby
Yea, me too, that's crazy
So open up the door cuz i'm ready to go
Aight, but uh, i ain't got no money
Ain't you treatin baby?
Hell no
Bitch take another route, you ain't even what this song is about
I'm on a ride, dip and glidin through the hood
Smokin until the sun come out

Now all salute the supreme general that got style
And watch how i rock and lock the block down
Tightly to fight me will cause disaster
No chance to surpass the vocab i master
As the sun rotate, took my guns off safe
Been a thug since 8, always drug my weight
I state the facts, mothafuck a platinum plaque
Always got my stack jackin off from havin a sack
Niggas act as if they back is stiff and can't put work in
Shake the turf then get to tuckin they shirts in
But i'ma stay bangin
The game that i'm claimin
Gold chain swangin
While the six trey hangin
Back bumpa
Impact the dumpa in the stash spot mash out

Knock it locked up with the ass drop

Can i ride in your car?
Bitch i'm gone too far
Can i smoke on your weed?
Nah, this ain't what you need
Can i borrow a dollar?
Nah, but you can eat this dick
While i dip in my shit and uh, pop my cop off
Can i give you my number?
Get at me next summer
But i'm hungry baby
Yea, me too, that's crazy
So open up the door cuz i'm ready to go
Aight, but i ain't got no money
Ain't you treatin baby?
Hell no
Bitch take another route, you ain't even what this song is about
I'm on a ride, dip and glidin through the hood
Smokin until the sun come out