

Kurupt, Me In Your World

[Intro]

Yeah, give it up
Dogg Pound Gangstas, Kurupt and Daz
We all about nothin' but bitches, money and cash
You talk shit we just might blast
(Dat Nigga Daz back in yo' ass once more
Fuckin' it up like you know we do)
Always talkin' shit, well here we have -
another situation, where we gotta mash
These niggaz know nigga what we hatch

[Dat Nigga Daz]

If I did it, then I done it, then a battle just started
And I'm gunnin', for niggaz, who ain't down who I ride for
Dat Nigga Daz, Kurupt, Dogg Pound, Death Row
Here we go, Blood or Crip, it don't matter
I blast and outcast those who separate me from my goals
Without a doubt, kill 'em and turn 'em out
Notice the way that I shake, rattle, and roll
And like your mamma cryin', enthusiastic as two nines
KABOOM! We mash to the extreme as a team
Scope you out and cut you down like a guillotine
I hung a string of MC's who thought foolishness
Schoolin' this whole rap game, we rulin' this
We doin' this, persuin' this major
Stackin' major paper, with my dogg street behavior
I caved ya chest in, bruised ya ribs, with a blow of skills
Like Tyson, knockin' your ass out like Bruno
You know I bring death towards your whole fuckin' camp (camp)
Get in your skin, kill anything that lives
Sure enough I never thought, that your ass could come rough
Call your bluff, comin' with skills to smash your stuff
You know it's hardcore, you know it's raw
You know it's hardcore, I'll break your jaw
Too many times with rhymes I combine and blow minds
With the ways I design (hey Daz) too many fuckin' times

[Kurupt]

The author of authentics (that's me)
When I was young I played games with skirt
Hide and go get it, 'til I was laced in a clinic (uh huh)
Learned quick, to always keep a leash and hat on my dick (slow down)
I know you're trippin' off me and what play I threw
But I ain't trippin' off you and what you say I do
It's time for war, man, they all runnin' again
Empty clip, reload, start gunnin' again
I remember - "Kurupt, you'll never get that far"
No matter who you are, I found you can shine like stars
I used patience, and the planet of my sight
To the corner of deuce-five where it's lot like life
I'm put in a position where I thinks
And I'm 'bout to beat MC's purple, blue, and pink
Take what's yours (yours), break down your doors (doors)
Hardcore radical, rough and raw
When you come talkin' what you talk (talk)
It's me, I'm 'bout stalk, and I rock it from L.A. to New York
On to the city of Phil', where all my niggaz at keepin' it real
All we in sharin' here
To the South, to the East, to the North
Kurupt, grabbin' it about to rip it off
I rocks the West, so tell me who rocks the best
I rocks the spot without glocks and homicidal shots
I leave the scene like a quake 'cause I leave 'em shakin'
They all shake tryin' to take the money that I make

You'll never get past three rounds
Three rhymes, three MC's in three towns
I came to put it down
And lay all three of these motherfuckers down on the ground, now

[Chorus: Daz + (Kurupt)] - X 2
(You know, it's me in your world, Daz)
It's about the bitches, (nah, it's about the cash)
Move quick, (move fast), the real again
(Leave a motherfucker stranded like Gilligan)
Kill and I kill again
I got money on my mind, (postin' at the Palms)
Sittin' in my room with a pad (writin' rhymes)
(Dimes on the nickels), nickels on the dimes
(To quarters), thousands, (to million dollar bonds)