

# Xzibit, Step Up

(feat. Kurupt)

Daz:

Aw yeah!

Right about now it's time to get busy

Huh, straight out the box, nonstop

Kurupt the kingpin, xzibit, crooked i

(wait a minute, um)

Crooked i:

This is the art of, manslaughter

When I'm rockin' I'm more shockin' than droppin' a boom box in bath water

You entered the wrong scuffle

You catchin' a chrome buckle

I uppercut niggas hard enough to break my own knuckles

Deliver the sick verbals

My shotty spit a round, before you hit the ground,

Your body spin around, in six circles

Diminishin' infamous menaces

I'm waitin' to get dicced, if not, I'm a start finishin' innocents

Lyrics (lyrics), I'm breezin the region

Freezin g's in your legion

Freakin' ancient techniques when I'm speakin' phoenician

It's all about crooked

These bitches shout crooked

I'll make you say the west coast ain't shit without crooked

I own a vicious label, niggas'll get disabled

When I'm spittin' rhymes written on project kitchen tables

I load this 4-5 and let slugs dive at ya

Now that's for crooked i, the scrap happy, mic snatcha

Daz:

Motherfuccers can you dig that, huh?

Can you fucc with this?

Let's get kurupt the kingpin to fucc y'all niggas up

Y'all don't wanna see none of this west coast mc shit

Yeah, how you like me now motherf\*\*ker!? !

Kurupt:

Terror starts, in the midst of your heart, starts

The storm, my vocals float like arts

In the mystic state of mind, when I create a rhyme

My microphone massacres every year the same time

With audio amputations, vocal thoughts of a loud talker

Up against the microphone night stalker

With a tendency of bashing mcs, like ten of me

As you can see I continue mashin' mcs

Caboom, the room gets cleared as my views get clearer

Extra-terrestrial microphone terror

In effect, get infected

Tell me what the fucc you expected

These venomous injections

I leave whole sections, and sections full of injections

From these poisenous melodies and selections

I select the methods of slow anguish

I mangle shit with my language

Tell me, have you ever seen one elope

With the microphone

In a scandal like abilities to make mcs explode

Baboom, alone in my own zone

So don't compare me to none

Not one's nearly

Severe, cuz I severely, impare mcs

Near me, oppose and fear me, I got plots and theories  
Sincerely, I could have the spot locked  
Niggas get stoned for touching microphones  
With no knowledge on how to rock

Daz:

Yeah, back in effect, it don't stop  
Turn your speakers up, dj battlecat on the table  
We f\*\*kin' it up like this and like that, yeah  
Got my homeboy xzibit in the motherfuccin' house  
Alkaholiks!

Xzibit:

When I was enlisted  
I came to the table double fisted  
Sadistic, heavy artillery, for all my enemies  
Bust shots up in the sky screamin' obscenities  
Make niggas sport cackies and chucks from hear to italy  
It'll be, a cold day in hell when you see xzibit fail  
Act like a bitch on bail, tuck tail, and run  
See we do it how it can't be done  
I'm the rough cut, plus how the west was won  
Or direct descendant of the gatling gun  
Don't test me son, you fucc around and catch you one  
That ain't a threat, that's a promise I can definitely keep  
You can't compete wit' 25 niggas wit' heat in the street  
Ready to repeat, round after after round at you  
All hell break lose when the whole pound come through  
I found that you and yours, can never fucc wit' mine  
I own shit but gimme some more like busta rhymes  
Cross the line, now you gotta pay the piper  
I'm the alkaholik sniper, that be keepin' the crowds hyper  
It's ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
Can't stop till me and my niggas is platinum plus  
My dogg kurupt

Daz:

Yeah, no shit  
Yeah, y'all can't fucc wit' that

That's what I'm talkin' about  
West coast, we been doin' this shit for years  
Aint nothin' happenin' wit' that  
Battlecat  
(don't step up)  
Right, right  
(don't step up, unless you wanna get hurt)  
Huh, huh, huh

(get get get get hurt)  
Whatcha say  
Motherfuccas that be hangin' in the battle  
(get hurt, get get get get hurt)  
That's what I'm talkin' about  
Daz dillinger  
(don't step up, unless you wanna get hurt)  
Break it down, break it down  
Huh

(mixed with battlecat's scratching)

Motherfuccas can't fade this shit