

Live on the Mic (feat. KRS-One)

Kurupt

Yeah, this is what you would call somethin' like
One of the things that, you know, when you meet your goal
You get to the top of the game and the dream come true
Kurupt and KRS-One freestyle Yes, yes y'all, yeah, yeah y'all
(Uh)
KRS y'all, uh, huh, uh, huh
(Uh)
Yeah Kurupt, y'all
Time to check it out, uh, huh Prophecy, y'all yes yes, y'all
(Yea)
KRS, y'all, uh, huh, like this y'all
(Yea)
You know what's up comin' through like that
(Haha) I laugh at that, your whole premise is off
I'm blastin' that, somehow my foot is exactly where yo ass is at
Abusin' it, you know for 86 produce 77
I'm doin' to you on the other hand still kind of new to it I spit lead into better men, you a veteran, ain't no tellin'
What I send to get them yet another one
My voice-box send shocks of adrenaline so you sweat again
(Unverified) Then again I noticed that everybody
Think they can fuck with us but luckily I noticed
Everybody want to be close to us, tryin' to bust when they bust
I seen them they ain't treacherous and they ain't fuckin' with us My style's out this universe, words that serve all
these emcees
They hear pre-verbs I break them down to nouns and verbs
They know exactly what I do, I run through crew for crew
KRS, it's on you, baby True underground, Boogey Down got them runnin' around
Comin' to town breakin' them all the way down
And makin' them frown, true underground Not a class clown, copy, guilty ass, papi
I roll with the mash out posse
The beat down posse, terror squad
You'll find you was never hard When the clip loads and I yell Flip-Mode
My faster, fresh blows, give my foes death blows
The best nose, goes live at breath shows See I heard it before, word it before
Worded it before, before
Every emcee tried to serve it before Be Kurupt the raw dog hog servin' all y'all
Fuck around with us the top dog
Murder all y'all, my minds incredible I'm out this mind state, lookin' at me, oh my goodness
What rhymes he creates

Is he the best? Wonderin', nah, ain't no best
 It's only me and KRS we don't need no vest, mothafuckaUh, like that, yeah, uh, huh, like that, uh
 (We gangstafied Kurupt and KRS-One on the mic, Yeah)Comin' through in the studio live
 KRS-One, yeah I'm still on Jive
 But I represent emcees now out inYeah, no doubt, I be kurupt the raw dog and I'm droppin'
 Every emcee from here to Compton
 Raw dog, assassin when you see me comin' through, blastin
 Don't matter no harrassin, they won't lastin'The last round, the last nigga knocked down
 Provocative sound, droppin' off round for round
 And pound for pound, I be from the Dogpound
 It's me a Kris, nigga you can eat my dickI break them down so quick, you can't fuck with this
 The lyricist poltergiest is way nice
 Break and take them in freezers just like ice
 Fuck around with me, O.G, yo, we so preciseYou know the teacher's agenda
 We will be here forever, you plottin' to surrender
 Action start, you start tremor
 Never lose my temper, when my temple member
 You know the center of the dope beat, rememberYea, yea, haha
 Raw dog assassin style
 KRS and kurupt
 Yea, yea, y'all, uh, huh
 Like this, like thisYeah, we make them bounce, I make them bounce
 We make them bounce, yo, I make them bounce
 Yo, I blaze a ounce, yeah, I blaze a ounce
 I'm gonna bounce to the ounceWhen the homies come through
 Dogpound we surround like we bustin' at you
 I leave ya flat, homie
 You wonderin, you lookin' back, homie
 I leave you all alone, in the danger zoneLookin' at Kurupt and didn't notice it was on
 My homeboy, slittin', spreadin', begin the spreadin'
 Niggas, who don't bust rhymes, niggas start beheadin'
 Me and Kris, we do it just like this
 Lyricist, niggas can't fuck with thisThat's right y'all, you heard what the man said
 KRS-One styles could never be dead
 Thats why we still in-in the studio
 Chillin' it's about three o'clock
 And we representin' real hip-hopNow you know what time it is
 We got the camera in our face
 KRS-One, all up in the fuckin' place
 You know what time it is
 We got to come back againI got my friend, I can't remember his name again
 But I'm gonna keep flowin', gonna keep showin'
 Remember the skills that out the boxWe be blowin', like that, yo Foxy you on the track
 Come and get some'a that pass it right back
 Now my man, Kurupt, on the mic like this

Now come back and represent beside the KrisClap your hands, get it all together then
See me come through, me and Kris
Tougher than leather and every emcee who come through
Be better than you, Claimin' they better than you
But we start severin' headsEverybody lookin' at me I flows from the head
Leave them all dead, nigga, you heard what I said
Punk ass niggas, don't realize the gameDespisin' the game homeboy televisin' the game
Seen the game, so im televisin the game
Surprisin' the game, oh no, I'm risin' the gameThey shook down they took down, shook like clowns
See me rockin' I be rockin' all around
Don't you know it, oh yeah, the poltergiest poet
Throw it, I show it, homeboy just don't blow itSit on the couch, with a joint in my mouth
Gettin' as high as can be, even though, they despisin' me
Realizin' I be makin' more money than Spike LeeAnd that's my homie, O.G to me
Yo, Kris, we gonna do it like this
(Yeah?)
Drop them down, quick, and they can eat a dickBoogey Down, Boogey Down
Boogey Down, Boogey Down
Boogey Down production
Boogey Down, Boogey Down
Boogey Down, Boogey DownHa-ha ha-ha
(Byatch)
Yo we out, dog
(Bitch gangsta life, me and KRS-One on the mic)

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnllyrics.com/>