

# Step Up

## Mdw

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

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 around

Before you hit the ground

Your body spin around, in six circles

Diminishin' infamous menaces

I'm waitin' to get dicked, if not

I'm a start finishin' innocents, 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

Motherfuckers can you dig that, huh?

Can you fuck with this?

Let's get Kurupt the Kingpin to fuck y'all niggas up

Y'all don't wanna see none of this West Coast MC shit

Yeah, how you like me now motherfucker?

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 fuck you expected?"  
These venomous injections  
I leave whole sections and sections full of injections  
From these poisonous 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  
Impair 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  
Yeah, back in effect, it don't stop  
Turn your speakers up, DJ Battlecat on the table  
We fuckin' it up like this and like that, yeah  
Got my homeboy Xzibit in the motherfuckin' house, Alkaholiks  
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 here 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 fuck 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 fuck 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  
Yeah, no shit  
Yeah, y'all can't fuck wit' that  
That's what I'm talkin' about  
West coast, we been doin' this shit for years  
Aint nothin' happenin' wit' that  
Battlecat, right  
Whatcha say?  
Motherfuckas that be hangin' in the battle  
That's what I'm talkin' about  
Daz Dillinger  
Break it down, break it down  
Motherfuckas can't fade this shit

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