

I Call Shots

Kurupt

[Snoop Dogg]

Yeah.. yo whassup my nigga?

It's the big homeboy Snoop Dogg

And y'know, the streets is a motherfucker

D.P.G.C., y'know

Representin to the fullest, like dat dere

Y'KNOW![Kurupt]

Organized madness

The young Godstra

Ha hah, young Frank Sinatra, beotch!Chorus: repeat 2X (w/ minor variations)I call, I call shots round here

Tell who to pop and who not to pop round here

Slow down down here, don't make too much noise

You know who runs the blocks round here[Kurupt]

Psychosomatic, automatic static

Catatonic, supersonic, bubonic chronic addict

Astrononimcal in the Thunderdome center

In the depths of the dungeon, dangerous, dastardly

Catastrophes, metamorphosize into a pit

Tyranno-Don, crackin the bricks on the walls

Camouflage, on the side of livest

Bout to put somethin up in that garage

It's time for, world war three motherfucker

You know me, Young Got-ti motherfucker

I holds the microphone like a grudge

In the 'llac laid back, so back the fuck up

This might give you a heart attack

It's real simple, can't get mo' simple than that

Than that..Chorus[Kurupt]

The tactical acrobatical automatic

Automatically psychosomatics that got it verbally guided

Visually you ride it Super like the Sonics

Potent like gin and tonic being injected through the veins

with double dosage of liquid chronic (WHAT?)

Columbian flake, the top rate

Irate lost mental state

Stallion I'm want about a million or more

of y'all fools to come back and get some more

You can tell the gangs as soon as he come in the door

He don't wear Calvin Klein, he won't wear valour

He got some Cortez or some Converse on
All-Stars, G'd from the hat to the floor
You can miss me, I'm probably chillin up in Mississippi
or Poughkeepsie or Baton Rouge guzzlin whiskey
I'm a walkin franchise and I wanna get paid
Get dropped, mopped and stomped like a parade
Persuasion, phase three of the invasion
I gots to break loose cause I'm feelin caged in
Loose in the jungle, blaze a botanical garden up
Nowadays, niggaz ain't hard enough
to bombard and bogart, spots like these
Renegade revolutionary infantries
I'll bet a thousand to one, you're never gonna make it
You're never gonna get it, y'all can't fuck wit us
Put it together, our squad 1999 Mod Squad
Universal Soldiers, I thought I told yaChorus[Roscoe]
I'm a chart smasher, the youngest gangster rapper
Spectacular, chrome thirty-eight packer
Money stacker, t-shirt cakalaka
Verbal predator, fake rap attacker
Gotti jawbreaker, Roscoe the back cracker
Money makin, we smart like computer hackers
I came in this game with plans to get it maxed
And my enemies, feel the wrath of my rapture
No escapin without, instantaneous capture
Don't be upset, when me and the homies jack ya
Cause we straight jackin, if I say it's on it's crackin
Young thugs, from Y.A., we make it happen
Swearin y'all can see me but that's just like seein Elvis
I grab to crick a back and crack a nigga 'cross the pelvis
My rhymes is dangerous, hazardous to health
I make a nigga murder twenty kids and cap his own self
Who am I? The incorrigible lyrical miracle
is horrible yet hysterical the way I'll embarass you
See me on the streets, walk by and I just stare at you
Tough talk, when there's bullets flyin through the air at you
Test your chest nigga? One less nigga
Me and Kurupt share two gats and one vest nigga
We astronomical, phenomenal, magical, mathematical
Taking your first-born as collateral![Kurupt]
I call, I call shots round here

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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