

# Make Some Noize (feat. Daz Dillinger)

## Kurupt

(feat. Daz Dillinger)

[Intro: Kurupt talking & Daz yelling in background]

[Verse 1: Kurupt]

Come to ?? and bank

Where the ?? is ??

And fly, pelican, fly

Fly away

Take this bird to the homie on 19th Street

It's in the back in the trunk, under the seat is the heat

Hollow tip ??

Soopaflly, psychotic

Super Sonic

With a little bit of chronic

??

Can't have a phone, nigga

Without the hydrolics

Can't purchase no powder

Without the cauliflower

Holly Colly, high power

Bangin' with the homies

Bustin' on bustas

Dumpin' on cowards

The homies said move to left, home boy

hit your chest

Knock out, hold your breath, home boy

W's for the West, home boy

E is for the East, home boy

D-A-Z and Soopaflly

Motherfucker, Priest, home boy

My niggas

Blaze a ounce

Hit the stage

Bitches strip

Niggas bounce

[Chorus: Daz]

All my Dogg Pound niggas better...

Make some noise!

All my niggas in the back better...

Make some noise!

All the bitches in the front better...  
    Make some noise!  
All my homies all over the world...  
    Make some noise!  
All my niggas all over...  
    Make some noise!  
All my niggas in the back better...  
    Make some noise!  
All my niggas down with us...  
    Make some noise!  
Everybody around the world...  
    Make some noise!  
    [Verse 2: Kurupt]  
    Process of elimination  
    Total devastation  
    Total world domination  
    Struck determination  
    Capitations  
    Determination  
    To injure the nation  
And leave a whole half of the world...  
    With a million decapitations  
    With no hesitation  
    Fast!  
    Blast with the homies  
    It's all set to blast  
    To bust a nigga, touch him  
    Bustin' ain't nothin' but bustin'  
    It ain't shit  
See, you ain't quick enough to draw and spit  
    So you fall cause you're hit  
    (Aww shit!!)  
And your homies get to runnin'  
    another nigga still gunnin'  
    Got a pistol, fool?  
You know the rules of the hood  
    Q's, that's on you  
You know the rules of the hood  
    I'm a G fa sho  
    D.P. fa sho  
From the back to the middle  
    To the front of the door  
    You got a Cadillac Seville?  
I got a license to cock back, aim and shoot and kill  
    Now, nigga, how you feel?

[Chorus: Daz]

All my niggas clockin' paper...

Make some noise!

All my Dogg Pound niggas...

Make some noise!

All my gang bang niggas...

Make some noise!

All my niggas from South Central...

Make some noise!

All my niggas from Philedelphia...

Make some noise!

All my niggas from Jersey...

Make some noise!

All my niggas in Atlanta...

Make some noise!

If you down with Kurupt, would you...

Make some noise!

[Verse 3: Kurupt]

Nigga, what?

You're just a space invader

Takin' up all the space, motherfucker!

and I'ma tell why'all to why'all faces

when it takes place

why'all never know it takes place

Little busta in disguise

I can see it in your eyes

I ain't hatin'

Fool... What's crackulatin'?

Is it sex or glocks

Money for rhymes or rocks?

All my home boys with 9's in they hands

Put them in the air

Bust like you just don't care

This the Terror Dome

Home, sweet, home

For the chrome

Pack your homies

With the foes

And all gold in the bones

Hit the strip club

Get a little sip, get my dick rubbed

What the fuck?!

They love Kurupt!

But I don't give 'em a sip

It ain't because they don't deserve it

It's cause they love Kurupt and love how Kurupt be swervin'

And if Kurupt make 'em bounce

Indeed, I make 'em bounce

And blaze the weed

And rock the party with an ounce, now bounce

[Chorus: Daz]

If you down with Kurupt, would you...

Make some noise!

All my niggas in the back, won't you...

Make some noise!

If you down with this shit, won't you...

Make some noise!

Put your hands on the side and...

All my niggas in the back, would you...

Make some noise!

Everybody all around, won't you...

Make some noise!

And all my real, live niggas, won't you...

Make some noise!

Everybody down with ??, would you...

Make some noise!

[Daz & Kurupt yelling, then Kurupt begins to talk]

[Verse 4: Kurupt]

Raw Dogg, I'm a hog indeed

Me and the home boy D-A-Z smokin' some weed

On a one-to-one one day

In ??'s car

Like, "What up, Dogg?"

"Oh, nothin', just chillin', smokin' raw"

Nigga, ey... You know exactly what it is

Me and my homies... We make the loot in this buiss

So what the fuck you want to do?

Slump me and bump me

Pull out a pump and pump me

Cause I own my own company?

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