Trylogy

Kurupt

Rainstorm the back of the bank, bustin' loose
Like Muggsy, Typhoons, Kurupt Calhoun
With a platoon of backwards ass buffoons
Ready to shoot anything that moves
Load to tunes from "The Blue Lagoon"
Mask on, khakis, ounce on house shoes
So I'ma start it off skitzin' on the first nigga
Saul hit the stack, heard me, hear me?
Heard that, word don't pass the front do
Before you gotta show 'em your heart and soul and Desert Eagle fo'
Explode then watch 'em fold, the other niggaz froze
He knew better, mask in an all blue sweater
Two pumps ready for a riot
Full Baretta, six hostages with a loss of oxygen
Wet as a river, sixteen bricks to flip
After I flip these bitch niggaz for they shit
I been down with the twist since eighty-six
Hyperactive with a automatic, snappin' reaction
I'm sick of waitin', a thirty-eight, I'm jackin' for Daytons
Kick the door in for sure, double four's rammin'
Hollow bandit, ready to knock him off if he standin'
Position the cannons, telegraph the whole parameter
Paralyze anything that walks through perimeter
Cervical veins lacerated lost to missiles
Interrogated and I paraded posted with pistols
Time for war this is when the heart's exposed
Change up the game, cockin' and sparks explode
I'm a marksman, touch of death, ten steps to draw
And that's all, end to anything before
In a world war, off like a Concorde jet
But fool, D.P.G.'s the set
In a world war, this is when the heart's exposed
Change up the game, cock, sparks explode
Manic-depressive panic and then start skitzin'
Not givin' a fuck while all y'all bitchin'
Dis is for all my G's, my ho-mies flippin' birds and servin' ki's
I'm with King T and Tha Liks, Alkahol-ed it up
Like bitch, get the fuck off my dick
I got pistols, pills, acid, bomb, crank

Crystallized coke and limes, I don't give a fuck

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