

Step Up

Kutmasta Kurt

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 motherfuccin' house, Alkaholiks
When I was enlisted
I came to the table double fistad
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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