Step Up

Mos Generator

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 venemous injections
I leave whole sections and sections full of injections
From these poisenous 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 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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