Ask Yourself A Question (bonus Cut)

Dr Dre

Kurupt featuring Dr. Dre
* this song is one of three special bonus cuts of the double CD
Intro: Kurupt
Check it out
Here's a penny for your thoughts
A nicklebag of bliss
An M-16 with eighteen clips
I'm all set to bust, treacherous
Illustrious, homie don't question us
Just ask yourself the question
How many hoes can I fuck in one night?
Just ask yourself the question, nigga
How many niggaz can I blast on sight?
Verse One: Kurupt
I'm ferocious, and you knows this nigga
Bitches wear skirts, shake ass and bump
I pop pistols, that's all I do
I pop one at him and pop two at you
I'm illusive, I'ma glock it
Pistol popping activist with the key to the bucket
I rip your pockets of the side of your pants
You glare to the side and you glance, I'm in my G-Boy stance
How the fuck you make it this far?
No matter where you at, or who you are
People treat me like Kareem Abdul Jabbar
I hear ooh's and aah's when I jumps in my car
Just from last night you can tell
that I'm addicted to the fast life
Shouts out to my homeboys Mad and Quell
You go on and fuck Misty, while I fuck Michelle
Chorus: Kurupt
Just ask yourself the question
How many hoes can I fuck in one night?
Just ask yourself the question
How many niggaz can I blast on sight?
Just ask yourself the question
(Girl: Is it cool to ride) or is it cool to fuck?
Just ask yourself the question
I don't know why these motherfuckers wanna fuck with us

Verse Two: Kurupt
What you wanna do, penetrate me?
Bump my crib? Bust and fuck my bitch, nigga?
I never thought a nigga would trip
off a little piece of ass that he know he could get
Any day (any day) and any time (any time)
You'se a vegetarian (what?), I like beef, turkey and pork
Fish and chips, chips and dip
Fuck it, hand me my knife and my fork

I'm not too picky nigga, Kurupt young Gotti
A.K.A. Low Ricky nigga (what up momma?)
Substantialar, tyrannosaurus, gigantic titanic tarantula.
On a creep homie, wake up
Don't sleep homie, supposed to know it
Look, I'm hazardous to health, nigga, bitch, nigga
Don't ask me shit 'till you ask yourself
Chorus: Dr. Dre & Kurupt
Just ask yourself the question
How many hoes can I fuck in one night?
Just ask yourself the question
How many niggaz can I blast on sight?
Just ask yourself the question
(Girl: Is it cool to ride) or is it cool to fuck?
Just ask yourself the question
I don't know why these motherfuckers wanna fuck with us
Verse Three: Dr. Dre
What the fuck is up? Man life's a bitch
You gotta put your pistol to the sky,
kill a million motherfuckers and get high in order to be cool
Man, you'se a motherfucking fool (speak to these niggaz)
I thought the same way, back in the days
Young, with a lack on daily things
Never thought too much, homie, never trip
I got drunk as fuck, the homies blaze sticks
Look out for them niggaz out to catch us
So I'ma stay forgetting to tank your pistol with you (your pistol nigga)
Niggaz get swallowed in the game
I cock and bust hollows to peer, duck and frame
Yo nigga, that shit sounds like I did it
Don't blaze the ??? without the top bullet
Niggaz look like they're doped up like tired bitches
With the eyes wide gone you spit the hard boom
Wiping shit the fuck out like typhoons
With the little homeboys, T-bone and cartoons

Motherfucker don't ask me for shit
Fuck everything you believe in, little bitch
Chorus: Kurupt
Just ask yourself the question
How many hoes can I fuck in one night?
Just ask yourself the question
How many niggaz can I blast on sight?
Just ask yourself the question
(Girl: Is it cool to ride) or is it cool to fuck?
Just ask yourself the question
I don't know why these motherfuckers wanna fuck with us
What, what?

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