

# If You See Me

## Kurupt

Yeah, yeah, what the deal Dog?  
Where you from?, BK, NYC, reppin' wid the DPG  
Yeah, what the dealy, yo, yo, yo, yo, LAFC  
Everything else cool, the Wu-Tang is the best  
Dogg Pound's the bestMic accurate, trade darts TL, slight tint DL, quick flash  
Smooth as a baby's ass, lyrical addicts, murder mics like a savage  
And MO30, bullet proof tuxedos, transactions, C-notes for the kilos  
'Bout our money, killa bees love the honey, puttin' a sting  
On warriors in the ring, get mashed out initiation face slashed outBlock dropper, drama action like I won an  
Oscar  
Eye on me, feds spy on me, it's them cops in the choppers  
That play the roof, ready to snipe, stay bulletproof  
Ease up on the over proof, level head the liableAnd leave ya for dead, fill fulla lead, incidents, classified  
accidents  
No evidence, po-po innocent crime pays, I guess  
It's the American ways, far from slaves, yet behind bars and cage  
Fair exchange clicked ya bow wid ya 12-guageIt's time for me to do this shit for all my years hurtin'  
See these other niggas bustin' raps that ain't workin'  
I'm jerkin' the game, heavyweight pocket exchange  
Touch my niggas that's broke and hope them niggas do the same  
Pause, squeeze ya balls wid no draws down for the causeAnd hoes takin' off they draws, y'all, niggas, ain't  
knowin' the half  
Everywhere I go, feel like I'm runnin' from crash, my intention  
To smash fast plex on elevators  
Sacked a hell a haters crime raider on the faderI'm major now, women hit me on my pager  
While I'm puffin' on the Bombay, the Vietnam way  
Pimpin' in a calm way and rule one  
Never let a bitch know where your baby mom's stayNow if you see me creepin' through SC  
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my highIf you see me in the NYC  
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my highGot the session on lock down, make way for the cocked pound  
Best to give it all you got now fool, for this new era, new order  
New terror, new torture, run up and extort ya, abort ya missions  
Escort physicians to the spot you and I met rep for combatWhere the bomb at, chop up on that niggas, I been

there  
And done that catch a contact by drainin', try trainin'  
Holla when you've perfected ya aimin', ready for a taming  
And catch me at the spot wid this clown gashed up Ya found me in his wife face down mashed up, no stoppin'  
this  
I'm most poppinest, anything to the left of monotonous  
Mister Khopadopalous, blockin' this hold ya down tech potent  
Any nigga second guessin' keep his face opened Check it out, got games, crackle, clash of the titans  
Up against the crackin', come to fuck you up, stuck you up  
Niggas bust, niggas lookin' like Kurupt, what the fuck you want?  
All at you motherfucking small fry small guy Motherfuckin' small cat, beat wid pipes poles and bats  
Blast wid a small gat, run, and bust till his lungs collapse  
And hit the corner pocket but first strip his pockets  
He shouldn't a got caught in the mixture See I'm the type of nigga to pull out the paintbrush  
And the board and the paper and paint a picture  
You shootin' and got shot, we shoot ya, Drex Luthor  
[unverified] Then pull pens to report to zoopers? I'm a 6-4 rap, 44 mag calicos and mass, double bags caught  
cash  
Wid cash on cash dub sacks new blocks  
Baby S, El Drex, Kurupt, Trigga and Short Khop When you see me wid the DPG  
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high And if you see me in the ING  
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high Yo, yo, verbal seizures, coming from the black Johnny Fever  
You bought your heater turn like Tina when Ike beat her  
We kidnapped ya girl and ain't feed her she's a heavy bleeder  
At this point you realize that you ain't really need her Cats that get it betta stand on they pivot  
Life is rigid from the business and pleasure, when you miss it  
Oh well forget it wipe my pinkie ring when you kissed it  
Couldn't keep ya distance, so things was done deliberate A G-thing, this cost cash is not a free thing  
When we sing that's when they bring the jealousy thing  
But that alerts me, the low and dirty wanna hurt me  
They equal to the numbers on Robert Paris jersey Blood thirsty ten O.Gs in black derbys, we throw things  
I got a arm like Testa Verdy, it's Drex Andretti  
The live lyrical compulsive, betta contact ya physician  
For over dosage, you lost ya focus, realize what you get? A little bit of good shit and a lot of bullshit now you  
wounded  
So you got exactly what you earned  
You gon' fool wid the Drex it's like a tax return When I'm in the two-five  
Just walk on by, just walk on by

Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high If you see me in the NYC  
Just walk on by, nigga, just walk on by  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Before you fuck up my high  
Fuck up my high All I wanna say, "Fuck this niggas, man"  
Yo, first of all, after all this is over, we still all go to sleep  
And we still wake up in the morning, so give thanks to God  
'Cause he loves us for real, for real

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnllyrics.com/>