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 best
Mic 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 out
Block 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 liable
And 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-guage
It'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 cause
And 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 fader
I'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 stay
Now 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 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
Got 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 combat
Where 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

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