

# Trylogy

## Kurupt

Rainstorm the back of the bank, bustin' loose  
Like Muggsy, Typhoons, Kurupt Calhoun  
With a platoon of backwards ass buffoons  
Ready to shoot anything that moves Load to tunes from "The Blue Lagoon"  
Mask on, khakis, ounce on house shoes  
So I'ma start it off skitzin' on the first nigga  
Saul hit the stack, heard me, hear me? Heard that, word don't pass the front do  
Before you gotta show 'em your heart and soul and Desert Eagle fo'  
Explode then watch 'em fold, the other niggaz froze  
He knew better, mask in an all blue sweater Two pumps ready for a riot  
Full Baretta, six hostages with a loss of oxygen  
Wet as a river, sixteen bricks to flip  
After I flip these bitch niggaz for they shit I been down with the twist since eighty-six  
Hyperactive with a automatic, snappin' reaction  
I'm sick of waitin', a thirty-eight, I'm jackin' for Daytons  
Kick the door in for sure, double four's rammin' Hollow bandit, ready to knock him off if he standin'  
Position the cannons, telegraph the whole parameter  
Paralyze anything that walks through perimeter  
Cervical veins lacerated lost to missiles Interrogated and I paraded posted with pistols  
Time for war this is when the heart's exposed  
Change up the game, cockin' and sparks explode  
I'm a marksman, touch of death, ten steps to draw And that's all, end to anything before  
In a world war, off like a Concorde jet  
But fool, D.P.G.'s the set  
In a world war, this is when the heart's exposed Change up the game, cock, sparks explode  
Manic-depressive panic and then start skitzin'  
Not givin' a fuck while all y'all bitchin'  
Dis is for all my G's, my ho-mies flippin' birds and servin' ki's I'm with King T and Tha Liks, Alkahol-ed it up  
Like bitch, get the fuck off my dick  
I got pistols, pills, acid, bomb, crank  
Crystallized coke and limes, I don't give a fuck

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