Live On The Mic

Kurupt

Yeah, this is what you would call somethin' like
One of the things that, you know, when you meet your goal
You get to the top of the game and the dream come true
Kurupt and KRS-One freestyle
Yes, yes y'all, yeah, yeah y'all
(Uh)
KRS y'all, uh, huh, uh, huh
(Uh)
Yeah Kurupt, y'all
Time to check it out, uh, huh
Prophecy, y'all yes yes, y'all
(Yea)
KRS, y'all, uh, huh, like this y'all
(Yea)
You know what's up comin' through like that
(Haha)
I laugh at that, your whole premise is off
I'm blastin' that, somehow my foot is exactly where yo ass is at
Abusin' it, you know for 86 produce 77
I'm doin' to you on the other hand still kind of new to it
I spit lead into better men, you a veteran, ain't no tellin'
What I send to get them yet another one
My voice-box send shocks of adrenaline so you sweat again
(Unverified)
Then again I noticed that everybody
Think they can fuck with us but luckily I noticed
Everybody want to be close to us, tryin' to bust when they bust
I seen them they ain't treacherous and they ain't fuckin' with us
My style's out this universe, words that serve all these emcees
They hear pre-verbs I break them down to nouns and verbs
They know exactly what I do, I run through crew for crew
KRS, it's on you, baby
True underground, Boogey Down got them runnin' around
Comin' to town breakin' them all the way down
And makin' them frown, true underground
Not a class clown, copy, guilty ass, papi
I roll with the mash out posse
The beat down posse, terror squad
You'll find you was never hard

When the clip loads and I yell Flip-Mode
My faster, fresh blows, give my foes death blows
The best nose, goes live at breath shows
See I heard it before, word it before
Worded it before, before
Every emcee tried to serve it before
Be Kurupt the raw dog hog servin' all y'all
Fuck around with us the top dog
Murder all y'all, my minds incredible
I'm out this mind state, lookin' at me, oh my goodness
What rhymes he creates
Is he the best? Wonderin', nah, ain't no best
It's only me and KRS we don't need no vest, mothafucka
Uh, like that, yeah, uh, huh, like that, uh
(We gangstafied Kurupt and KRS-One on the mic, Yeah)
Comin' through in the studio live
KRS-One, yeah I'm still on Jive
But I represent emcees now out in
Yeah, no doubt, I be kurupt the raw dog and I'm droppin'
Every emcee from here to Compton
Raw dog, assassin when you see me comin' through, blastin
Don't matter no harrassin, they won't lastin'
The last round, the last nigga knocked down
Provocative sound, droppin' off round for round
And pound for pound, I be from the Dogpound
It's me a Kris, nigga you can eat my dick
I break them down so quick, you can't fuck with this
The lyricist poltergiest is way nice
Break and take them in freezers just like ice
Fuck around with me, O.G, yo, we so precise
You know the teacher's agenda

We will be here forever, you plottin' to surrender
Action start, you start tremor
Never lose my temper, when my temple member
You know the center of the dope beat, remember
Yea, yea, haha
Raw dog assassin style
KRS and kurupt
Yea, yea, y'all, uh, huh
Like this, like this
Yeah, we make them bounce, I make them bounce
We make them bounce, yo, I make them bounce
Yo, I blaze a ounce, yeah, I blaze a ounce
I'm gonna bounce to the ounce

When the homies come through
Dogpound we surround like we bustin' at you
I leave ya flat, homie
You wonderin, you lookin' back, homie
I leave you all alone, in the danger zone
Lookin' at Kurupt and didn't notice it was on
My homeboy, slittin', spreadin', begin the spreadin'
Niggas, who don't bust rhymes, niggas start beheadin'
Me and Kris, we do it just like this
Lyricist, niggas can't fuck with this
That's right y'all, you heard what the man said
KRS-One styles could never be dead
Thats why we still in-in the studio
Chillin' it's about three o'clock
And we representin' real hip-hop
Now you know what time it is
We got the camera in our face
KRS-One, all up in the fuckin' place
You know what time it is
We got to come back again
I got my friend, I can't remember his name again
But I'm gonna keep flowin', gonna keep showin'
Remember the skills that out the box
We be blowin', like that, yo Foxy you on the track
Come and get some'a that pass it right back
Now my man, Kurupt, on the mic like this
Now come back and represent beside the Kris
Clap your hands, get it all together then
See me come through, me and Kris
Tougher than leather and every emcee who come through
Be better than you, Claimin' they better than you
But we start severin' heads
Everybody lookin' at me I flows from the head
Leave them all dead, nigga, you heard what I said
Punk ass niggas, don't realize the game
Despisin' the game homeboy televisin' the game
Seen the game, so im televisin the game
Surprisin' the game, oh no, I'm risin' the game
They shook down they took down, shook like clowns
See me rockin' I be rockin' all around
Don't you know it, oh yeah, the poltergiest poet
Throw it, I show it, homeboy just don't blow it
Sit on the couch, with a joint in my mouth
Gettin' as high as can be, even though, they despisin' me
Realizin' I be makin' more money than Spike Lee

And that's my homie, O.G to me
Yo, Kris, we gonna do it like this
(Yeah?)
Drop them down, quick, and they can eat a dick
Boogey Down, Boogey Down
Boogey Down, Boogey Down
Boogey Down production
Boogey Down, Boogey Down
Boogey Down, Boogey Down
Ha-ha ha-ha
(Byatch)
Yo we out, dog
(Bitch gangsta life, me and KRS-One on the mic)

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