I Call Shots

Kurupt

[Snoop Dogg]Yeah.. yo whassup my nigga?
It's the big homeboy Snoop Dogg
And y'know, the streets is a motherfucker
D.P.G.C., y'know
Representin to the fullest, like dat dere
Y'KNOW!
[Kurupt]Organized madness
The young Godstra
Ha hah, young Frank Sinatra, beotch!
Chorus: repeat 2X (w/ minor variations)
I call, I call shots round here
Tell who to pop and who not to pop round here
Slow down down here, don't make too much noise
You know who runs the blocks round here
[Kurupt]Psychosomatic, automatic static
Catatonic, supersonic, bubonic chronic addict
Astrononimcal in the Thunderdome center
In the depths of the dungeon, dangerous, dastardly
Catastrophes, metamorphosize into a pit
Tyranno-Don, crackin the bricks on the walls
Camouflage, on the side of livest
Bout to put somethin up in that garage
It's time for, world war three motherfucker
You know me, Young Got-ti motherfucker
I holds the microphone like a grudge
In the 'llac laid back, so back the fuck up
This might give you a heart attack
It's real simple, can't get mo' simple than that
Than that..
Chorus
[Kurupt]The tactical acrobatical automatic
Automatically psychosomatics that got it verbally guided
Visually you ride it Super like the Sonics
Potent like gin and tonic being injected through the veins
with double dosage of liquid chronic (WHAT?)
Columbian flake, the top rate
Irate lost mental state
Stallion I'm want about a million or more

of y'all fools to come back and get some more

You can tell the gangs as soon as he come in the door
He don't wear Calvin Klein, he won't wear valour
He got some Cortez or some Converse on
All-Stars, G'd from the hat to the floor
You can miss me, I'm probably chillin up in Mississippi
or Poughkeepsie or Baton Rouge guzzlin whiskey
I'm a walkin franchise and I wanna get paid
Get dropped, mopped and stomped like a parade
Persuasion, phase three of the invasion
I gots to break loose cause I'm feelin caged in
Loose in the jungle, blaze a botanical garden up
Nowadays, niggaz ain't hard enough
to bombard and bogart, spots like these
Renegade revolutionary infantries
I'll bet a thousand to one, you're never gonna make it
You're never gonna get it, y'all can't fuck wit us
Put it together, our squad 1999 Mod Squad
Universal Soldiers, I thought I told ya
Chorus
[Roscoe]I'm a chart smasher, the youngest gangster rapper
Spectacular, chrome thirty-eight packer
Money stacker, t-shirt cakalaka
Verbal predator, fake rap attacker
Gotti jawbreaker, Roscoe the back cracker
Money makin, we smart like computer hackers
I came in this game with plans to get it maxed
And my enemies, feel the wrath of my rapture
No escapin without, instantaneous capture
Don't be upset, when me and the homies jack ya
Cause we straight jackin, if I say it's on it's crackin
Young thugs, from Y.A., we make it happen
Swearin y'all can see me but that's just like seein Elvis
I grab to crick a back and crack a nigga 'cross the pelvis
My rhymes is dangerous, hazardous to health
I make a nigga murder twenty kids and cap his own self
Who am I? The incorrigible lyrical miracle
is horrible yet hysterical the way I'll embarass you
See me on the streets, walk by and I just stare at you
Tough talk, when there's bullets flyin through the air at you
Test your chest nigga? One less nigga
Me and Kurupt share two gats and one vest nigga
We astronomical, phenomenal, magical, mathematical
Taking your first-born as collateral!

[Kurupt]I call, I call shots round here

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/