

# On, Onsite (feat. Lil' 1/2 Dead)

## Kurupt

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

[Intro-Kurupt]

Dat Nigga Daz Dillinger

Kurupt, Young Gotti, nigga

West Coast California livin nigga[Verse 1-Kurupt]

Milli monotone, cyclone Stallone

Marone chaperone shiny chrome Capone

Smashin in a 80 two brand new grown

Home sweet home nigga where the hoodstas roam

In gangsterville where we shoot to kill

Pop the pill, pop then drop the three-wheel

The tale of tales, fly high as a gazelle

The hell-hound came through and drown the whale

Pronounce, denounce, stripped in set sail

Soak in a could of smoke then inhale

Hold it in neva exhale

Smoke whoever nigga's zone I'm in, oh well

Fuck you and ya mama

Drama, holocaust through anaconda[Chorus 1-Kurupt]

Nigga, I'm blastin on you, you

Your homeboy your whole hood

Fuck ya'll punk bitch made niggaz

On, onsite, let off on sight

Lettin off on the first thang in sight, fuck ya'll niggaz[Chorus 2-Lil 1/2 Dead]

Niggaz act like they gon' get wit me when they see me onsite

But I don't give a shit you bitch 'cause I'm a gangsta for life[Verse 2-Kurupt]

It's time to prepare, lil' nigga listen here

Get pairs like ten spears, your shit is his

Fist, five and five, and multitudes

Comin through bangin the five

Shit hit ligaments construct when we ride

I'm tired of all y'all rap is sawed off

Let off a belly, the Desert Eagle start yellin

Screamin, the path of a demon bellin  
 My all blue chucks all goin out right  
 Dippin through the back 'cause it's on onsite  
 The first nigga saw is the first nigga gone  
 Smashed on, genked and shanked and blast on him  
 If the bitches strip, we out six, foe's  
 Like e'erday, Californ-I-A  
 I can't explain it, the immaculate can't be painted  
 Double-four's dump it on my lap for comfort[Chorus 1-Kurupt]  
 For you, you  
 Your homeboy your whole hood  
 Fuck ya'll punk bitch made niggaz  
 On, onsite, let off on sight  
 Lettin off on the first thang in sight, fuck ya'll niggaz[Chorus 2-Lil 1/2 Dead]  
 Niggaz act like they gon' get wit me when they see me onsite  
 But I don't give a shit you bitch 'cause I'm a gangsta for life[Verse 3-Kurupt]  
 Prepare to storm, when the storm rain fire and brimstone  
 Spread throughout the plains like a plague  
 Back to the G's and fools  
 With the heater cocked, drownin niggaz in they own pool  
 Hit 'em hard like weights  
 Make a nigga feel it like pains and aches  
 Pump ya sip full and make ya spray and shake  
 I'ma git ya hit ya nigga makes no mistakes  
 I'ma crack the plate  
 I ride like dirt bikes, poetical ninja  
 I injure, pop mics forty-fifth recite  
 The sytem's assistance to get up in this  
 Dogg Pound, California you can't fuck with this  
 Kurupt Young Gotti, Fred, Daz Dillinger  
 Two shots just a killa to the head[Chorus 1-Kurupt]  
 Fuck you, you  
 Your homeboy your whole hood  
 Fuck ya'll punk bitch made niggaz  
 On, onsite, let off on sight  
 Lettin off on the first thang in sight, fuck ya'll niggazFuck ya'll-you, you  
 Your homeboy your whole hood  
 Fuck ya'll punk bitch made niggaz  
 On, onsite, let off on sight  
 Lettin off on the first thang in sight, fuck ya'll niggazFuck all you, you  
 Your homeboy your whole hood  
 Fuck ya'll punk bitch made niggaz  
 On, onsite, let off on sight  
 Lettin off on the first thang in sight, fuck ya'll niggazFuck ya'll-you, you  
 Your homeboy your whole hood

Fuck ya'll punk bitch made niggaz  
On, onsite, let off on sight  
Lettin off on the first thang in sight, fuck ya'll niggaz[Chorus 2-Lil 1/2 Dead]  
Niggaz act like they gon' get wit me when they see me onsite  
But I don't give a shit you bitch 'cause I'm a gangsta for life

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