

This One's For U

Kurupt

Gangsta nigga!
To all the homies (for all the homies)
No bitch ass niggas allowed
No bitches allowed (We goin' do it like this)
Kurupt Young Godi Check it outGangsta gangsta I'm a G from the D
That's what the ridahs see
I'ma get a quarter mil quarter inch with the deal
Come through grey and blue
I'ma show you what I do where I hang the shit
Dogg Pound Gangstaville in the cut nigga what
I'ma slip through, If you trip, I'ma trip too
Get a bitch to strip til' the homies dick through
Got my nigga Slip too
And I got a whole eighth of "woo" and that's all we need
Til' we hit the next spot, cause when I flew in
I knew it's bout' to be a G-ed up reunion
Ain't no words to express this song
'Cause one day ya here, and the next ya gone
This goes out to the homies
And this is straight from the heart and true and this one's for you!(Chorus)
This one's for you! Yah. This one's for you!
This one's for you! Wooah. This one's for you!

(Give it up nigga, give it up fool)Hollered at one of the homies the other dayHe said son ??? and then he looked
the other wayTurned back and draw, and all ya saw, was a vision of himselfHe choked and in the ???I just
paused the lab, that's some familiar shitCause the other day I dreamt up some similar shitSo I tell him I love ya
and stay safe then I skatesTo a whole different hood where different shit takes placeI been G, since the age of
18When I first ran in the heaters, 9 millimetersGet the cash and sprunt, all the homies mash as oneTook the
bong and smoke deez hundred spokesHolla at the big homeboy see-StyleHaven't seen him in awhile, so I pops
the stashPull out the ???, shrooms and hashI didn't think niggas could lastCause ain't nuttin' fuckin' wit Kurupt
and Daz(Chorus)I feel a woo comin on 'cause (2 x) WOOO WOOOO! I feel a woo comin on 'cause (2 x)There
I was,When I talk about history, or psychology, or biologyWe talk about DPology, Gology, a Gs and all the
GsGs in rare form, Cs in rare formI gots visions, ammunitions load up a ??? stormStack up the cut just like
bustasHeaters cocked back for all you muthafuckas that's trying touch usI got licks to hit, put that ass on
crutchesConceal the glock, pancakes stop and dropBlown, hold up, what's goin' on?My man Capone got a hold
of his ownHoppin in fo's, slammin' Cadillac do's wit a gang of hoesCould we put hoes niggaBanged out, this is
for the niggas who bangKurupt's the name, nigga you know the gameSnoop Dogg's the name, nigga you know
the gameDat Nigga Daz the name, you know exactly what we claimHeaters cocked back get scorched just like
flamesDope in the wind, indo and hairThe gang nigga(Chorus til fade)

Songwriters

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