

Can't Go Wrong (feat. DJ Quik & Butch Cassidy)

Kurupt

Advisory - the following lyrics contain explicit language:

The reason that I'm here, I'ma drop 'til it's clear
Let all, G'z to front, middle and rear
Switches couldn't switch like these switches a day
Just to sit and sippin' and dippin' all over the waysThat they ears and chairs, dis on this years
Cokes dippin' off juice and gins
As a matter of fact, takes mathical fact
And you can't de-grade, y'all get played like a saxTrumpet to trombone
Too shotty Young Gotti, millennium bone
If she raggedly, I'm sendin' 'em home
Puttin' 10 in the chrome, lettin' all killin' it's onIt don't quit, it don't stop
Let the beat knock, beat knock
Pull up at the spot, pull up at the spot, in a drop top
Gettin' what I got, I justCan't go wrong, releasin' all my lost hood songs
Don't give a damn on the real, I say just what I feel
No matter whatchu say, I'll never stop my bust style way
No time fo' da game, I do it my wayKurupt, what upI'ma drop 'til it's clear
And these re-beams and pumps is Vietnam time
Tossin' C-notes, the, 'Magnificent Magneto'
Dippin' through, comin' like ayDon't expect nothin' less, these gleam on the tray
All night and all day, it's the best in a 2001 S S
It's the prince of the West, I ain't tryna do much
Tryna do too much, I ain't even really trippin'It's just me, Snoopy and Quik and someone like you
Wit' the biggest mouth to put a dick in
Most of y'all malfunction like faulty equipment
Shifted, drifted, different, up liftedKurupt Young Gotti, just call me fall beaty
With the skirts from Tahiti workin' at the mall
With young Roscoe, you fool in high school
I just tuck my Roscoe, dump fossils, colossal, ICan't go wrong, releasin' all my lost hood songs
Don't give a damn on the real, I say just what I feel
No matter whatchu say, I'll never stop my bust style way
No time fo' da game, I do it my wayYes, 1, 2, fuck wit' my crew
And we won't stop poppin' 'til ya body turn blue

3, 4, look at that whore with the fat ass

But without the cash, hit the doorThe reason that I'm here, Kurupt done bought the beer

I'ma lush, lookin' fo' the cush, lookin'

Fo' the bush to push and mush back

I'll hump the ho if she ain't been needin' a Dusch bagNo, must've been the Gucci, wit' hair that's pushed back

In a bun lookin' fun gettin' silly, wit' my celly from Billy

Brought to you by way or two buns

We smugglin' in and out of the place, our two gunsNotice, see the Q U I, Dogg Pound collabo', yup

We stab hoes in the bladder actin' bad wit' the mad hoes

Get out, yeah, look here, we started this pussy shit, no shit

And these the mothafuckin' hoes we get, c'monCan't go wrong, releasin' all my lost hood songs

Don't give a damn on the real, I say just what I feel

No matter whatchu say, I'll never stop my bust style way

No time fo' da game, I do it my wayCan't go wrong, releasin' all my lost hood songs

Don't give a damn on the real, I say just what I feel

No matter whatchu say, I'll never stop my bust style way

No time fo' da game, I do it my way{Aight, y'all this a mothafuckin' public service announcement

From Mr. X to tha mothafuckin' Z Xzibit

My homeboy Kurupt, to all you half ass mothafuckas comin' around

Pussy ass niggas, tryin' to see what's up wit my homeboy}{And see what's up wit me, nigga is he this, is he that

Nigga I'm a mothafuckin' killa and it's like this nigga

If I had a dollar fo' every time you bitch ass niggas

Came around and didn't do shit, I'll be a billionaire right now

Put up or shut up mothafuckas, it's like this, it's on, onsite}

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