This One's For U

Kurupt

[kurupt talking (kurupt talking in the background)]*sniffs (2x)* *coughs (4x)* *sniffs (2x)* (ahh shit) *sniffs (2x)*
Yo! yo man! *sniffs (2x)* *puffs on a joint* *coughs (4x)* (? ? ?)
Yo! yo I got a message for all y'all motherfuckers mad at shit
'cause now I'm mad at shit
Got niggas smokin' a whole motherfucken' dope-sack of some doja
Y'all know what I mean?
Shippin' motherfucken' shipments of some bomb-ass weed
Yo check it! fuck all y'all fake-ass, mad 'cause nobody don't love y'all
Secretly dingy-ass, 500,000 sold-ass, bitch-ass, funny style-ass
Goofy, dusty, dirty, punk-ass motherfuckers
Gangster nigga! (*laughing*)
To all the homies (for the gangsters, for all the homies)
No bitch-ass niggas allowed (no, uh-huh)
No bitches allowed (we goin' do it like this)
Kurupt, young gotti (nigga), check it out
[verse 1: kurupt (kurupt talking in the background)]Gangster, gangster, I'm a g from the d,
That's what the riders see (uh-huh)
I'm a get a quarter-mil, quarter-inch with the deal
Come through, grey and blue, I'm a show you what I do
Where I hang the shit, dogg pound gangstaville
In the cut, nigga what
I'm a slip through, if you trip, I'm a trip too
Get a bitch to strip till the homie's dick through (oh, come on now)
Got my nigga slip too (what up slip!?)
And I got a whole eighth of weed,
And that's all we need (*puffs on a joint* *coughs*)
Till we hit the next spot, 'cause when I flew in
(what, what?), I knew it's 'bout to be a g'd- up reunion (gangster!)
Ain't no words to express this song
'cause one day you're here, and the next you're gone
This goes out to the homies (? ? ?),
And this is straight from the heart and true
And this one's for you
[chorus: woman singing (kurupt talking in the background)]This one's for you! yeah!
This one's for you, ohh!
This one's for you! (and this one's for you!) wooahoo!
This one's for you! (give it up nigga, give it up fool)
[verse 2: kurupt (kurupt talking in the background)]Hollered at one of the homies the other day,

He said someone's approachin'
And then he looked the other way (ay yo, ay yo, oh my goodness!)
Turned back and draw (come on nigga!),
And all you saw (oh shit, what the fuck?),
Was a vision of himself, he choked in the ? ? ? (oh!)
I just paused the lab, that's some familiar shit,
'cause the other day I dreamt up some similar shit
So I tell him I love you and stay safe (dogg), then I skates,

To a whole different hood where different shit takes place
(alright dogg) I been g'd, since the age of eighteen
When I first ran into heaters, nine-millimeters
Get the cash and sprunt, all the homies mash as one
Took the bong and smoke, these a hundred spokes
Holler at the big homeboy c-style (what up c-style!?)
Haven't seen him in a while (yeah)
So I pops the stash,
And pull out the orange-blueberry shrooms and hash
(blaze! *puffs on a joint (4x)* *coughs*)
I don't think niggas could last,
'cause ain't nothin' with kurupt and daz
(uh-ah, no way, no how, ? ? ?)
[chorus: woman singing (kurupt talking in the background)](overlaps the last four words of verse 2)
This one's for you! ho-woah!
This one's for you-oo! (aye!)
This one's for you! (this one's for you!) oowoah! (uh-huh)
This one's for you-oo, yeah! (check it out! you know what?)
[verse 3 - kurupt (kurupt talking in the background)]I feel a 'woo' comin' on 'cause (woo! (5x)) (2x)
There I was, when I talk about history, or psychology, or biology (what?)
We talk about d.p.-ology, geology, a g-senology (what?)
G's in rare form, c's in rare form,
I gots visions, ammunitions load up a ? ? ? storm
Stack up the cut just like busters, heaters cocked back for all you
Motherfuckers that's trying to touch us (check it out)
I got licks to hit, put that ass on crutches
(I'm a) conceal the glock, pancakes stop and drop
Blown, hold up, what's goin' on? (what's up!?)
My man capone within a whole different zone (right)
Hoppin' in fours (zzz, zzz),
Slammin' cadillac doors wit a gang of hoes
Could we put hos nigga, foes nigga
Banged out, this is for the niggas who bang (who that?)
Kurupt's the name, nigga you know the game (check it out)
Snoop dogg's the name, nigga you know the game
Dat nigga daz the name, you know exactly what we claim,

Heaters cocked back get scorched just like flames (*burning flame*)
Dope in the wind, indo and hair (*puffs on a joint* now)
The gang nigga
[chorus: woman singing (kurupt talking in the background)]This one's for you! haay-haay! (gang *coughs (3x)*)
This one's for you-oo! hoah! (you don't know?)
This one's for you! ooo-ohh!
This one's for you-oo!
This one's for you! yeaah!
This one's for you-oo! ohh!
This one's for you! ooo-ohh!
This one's for you-oo! ohh-yeaah!
kurupt coughs

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