

2 Turntables and a Microphone

Kurupt

All we do is smoke weed, bang oldies, make money
Nigga you can't forget about the money
Oh oh I couldn't forget about makin the money
Hell nah
What's crackin I'm DJ Crazy Toones
This another motherfuckin blog
What up mister Chad Luke
And we'd like to say nah nah straight up
Of course this is real hip hop
Check it out y'all
Make some noise for Kurupt Nigga Nigga
Kurupt Nigga
I flipped the style up and DJ'd with it
DJ crazy Toones bringin you hip hip hop
Kurupt
We are Hip Hip Hop

Millimeters, two 9s, doubles a couple chevys
Heavy duty on my hood duty
I'm packed up and ready
Eh! Toones tell em quit it
Forget it before they feel it
Murder mashes loose in the building
Nigga feelin like
Hacklers get to hackling
Card hacklin, jackle ass niggas
End up receptacles let us go
If you wanna get technical nigga let us know
Caz technically, unexpectedly, we injecting ya pride
I don't need a tech to me sticking nigga like techno shots
It take two to make a thing go right
You ain't never lied
Serial murder mind set, I set off the time
More time in space eclipse wait concentrate

[R:]
Hello I am DPGC
Rock tha house, Kurupt young Gotti
Hello are you guys ready for some lyrics
Yup, yup, check yo self

We ain't all about gang banging
Hang, slanging, remaining a mental cell
Disdained frame of explaining my mental dwells refraining from acceleration
Unable to excel to please me it takes more
It takes more banging's too easy
5 niggas around me 7 niggas that hound me
Hard to get around seeing 10 or 12 following me to fail
Following men that fail
Following the minute fails
Now can you pay attention long enough for intervention to settle
In, to a whole nother infinitive level
Or should I get the shovel out early
And start shoveling opening up a space
For all ya homies to settle in
Maybe it's just the fact that me and Toones is over it
We ready for that next level we full over bubbling

The party just popped is that where it's crackin
Put Toones on the table and let's just see what happens
5 seconds later Kurupt is ready for action
Poisonous poetry, positive satisfaction
Happens every time Kurupt is filling these rhymes
Either these rhymes are too far fetched to catch at times
Or you just can't catch up or you either just ain't try'n
Either way I gotta explain mines
Line for line
It's hard to comprehend, meditation, concentration, immobilization
It's hard to move up outta the way rhyme spray like cade
The hold sound barrier's caved in
Trust me don't play mind games or try to touch me
I'm lava, I'm magma
I don't need a magnum
Revolver my problem solver's up in cabin
It's 2 turntables and a microphone
Don't rush me trust me rhymes pierce the mind like chrome
Check it, classic rosetta james
And cadillac records but we still hood
We'll break ya jaw if you disrespect us
So the best thing to do my nigga is don't disrespect it
Caz life is short like Newport, cancer infected
Hit this nigga up top a the head
They all
Wait hold on mayne, these niggas ain't ready

[R]