

Yeah (yeah)

This is one of those when you put it together
you make gumbo (gumbo) you dig? (I dig)
I mean how can you go wrong?
DJ Quik on the beat, Kurupt Young Gotti on the mic
DJ Quik on the mic, I mean
How can you go wrong? Yes

I'ma hit you right off of the intro
I don't need rap, I'm a pimp
So I'm conflicted
Cause I can't put hoes on the track, that's contradictin
And even though I don't win no Grammys
I still get love in the streets, from the pappys and mammys
I'll be damned they ain't family
They treat me like I flunked out of Grambling
but they happy that I went on a scholarship, God damn me
I know you love me if you feel this
I'm not a rapper, I'm a realist
And I came back just to get you on track like metro
Set the stage on fire, gallon of petrol - get it all!
Patron shots got me gettin drunk, want to hit it all
Rap music filled with shock and awe
I know you love Quik cause I'm rockin y'all
Kurupt'll be here in 8 bars to spit at y'all

Yeah

This feel so Crenshaw right now
This feelin right here is kinda takin me back to 1995
Such a familiar feeling, glad to be here!

Ay I'm wit'chu big homey!
Me? I was born to be a G
Different situations bring out a different me
Soliloquies of get shit spit spastically
I put that on my life, my wife, my kids and the streets
I'ma rise; this shouldn't come as a surprise
Open up your mind body soul and your eyes
I improve, intertwine, improvise
Impatient at some times when I grind
When I (BlaQKout), my thoughts is my eyes
But I can see e'rything in sight like they lied
You might not like this, you might not care
I might tell you somethin you don't really wanna hear
I plan to take a couple of you niggaz on a journey
You can come with me willingly or leave on a gurney
Gargantuan, cannon cocker BLAKA BLAKA BLAKA
Motherfucker Kurupt a couple percussions
Passed around like "8Ball" when Eric was alive
Step up in the club, and take a look inside
And BlaQKout [echoes] out out out