Calico

Kurupt

Fire it up, nigga! Pentagon riders What's up Bootleg?
What's up, caz?
Kurupt, Young Gotti, Neil Paul, Vitti Stallone, what's cracking, biiitch?
Dogg pound Gangsters, we're going to bash on these busters

Look, first thing I do, is roll my coo
Swoop up, scoop, and hit it and dip too
Shine bright, move them bricks
Give me all the motherfucking money, you can get, bitch!
Let's make this a trade nigga
Paper or fame nigga
Let's make this a trade
For what?
Paper or fame!
Cough back the Thrust, bust the heater!
Separating everything I'm seeing I'm a fire extremist, chems are on all shel
ves
Spraying like emphysema, singing Calico clean-up
And I've got a talent that's singing
And I'ma pierce niggas, like needles and syringes!
I'm nothing but a fool
Let me show you exactly what I'm living for!
Doors, four double 4's
That I launch 20 missiles that fly like Concords!
Dog-pound motherfucking gangsters is what we ride for, nigga!

Cryp won't do it, what?
Gang-bangs do it, what?
Slang can't do it
This is some real murder music!
What?
Bust your guns forward
What?
Where's the money, show it!
And if you claim you're rapping, then
Bitch you better flow it!
I just want you to know, that DGP share a family
We be straight G's!
Killer, killer, killer!

Look, I've got a dangerous mind, strangers don't believe it
I never leave it in places, the FED dogs can retrieve it!
Fuck that nickel-plated, muffle up!
Murder any hustler, born Cocaine juggler, known to flip balls
When I'm down South, I'm known to pimp ho's
When I'm out in Cali, I'm rolling in six fours
I'm hitting switches, fucking mad bitches
Rolling on foes!
Mamma had a killer drug dealer
Look at what mamma made!
One less in juvenile, I dropped out of 8th grade!
Grass for my nigga, grass in the dog-pound!
Never put the guns down, representing Flint town!
Anybody that didn't know that I'm a problem
Somebody warn them about us, before we revolve on!
Always outnumbered, never outgunned
We're the realest niggas under the Sun!

Dayton Family!

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Hey bitch, you better call a coroner
Murder's ya'
You won't lose your life, dissing voices them Rasta's set their bugs
On my meager sack of drugs
You're in a peril, bitch, we've come
Don't talk, just pull them plugs!
Methyl left no Trust myself like emphasis
Mamma had a nigga, bitch I'm pulling at your residence!
Don't nobody know my name
Can't know me, don't know my game!
I overdose you, like them needles sticking in your veins
Diamonds in the fucking wood
In my hood ain't nothing' but shoes!
We don't give a fuck! We live for money or them open goods!
Crime ain't in the streets before
Killers say they'll never talk
You won't share the tyrannical life that a nigga stalks!

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Look, me and Shoestring, all blue shoelaces
Going down the highway, money by the briefcases
DPG; Dayton Family tree
Bootleg down in Michigan, where the G's be!
It ain't no future And this is what you punk motherfuckers need!
It's just a a little G shit for your ho's
Rolling down the streets from Calico!

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