

# 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 shelves  
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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