

I'm Back

Kurupt

One timers are ignored and suckers are banged on (bitch!)
Busters get popped in they mouth for nothing (bitch!)
Yeah, it's Kurupt Young Gotti, Against the Grain. Holocaust 92's started!
And why'all bitch ass niggaz gotta beat it. Just to let why'all know nigga..
. I'm Back!
Keepin' it real gangsta'd up... and bitches get banged on too... bitch

I'm Back!
Where ya at? Back home
Where ya headed? To the hood
What you up to? No good, motherfucker!

Llac's ain't never scraped like it
Hopped up jumped and ran away like it
Wrapped up in rope and yellow tape like it
Never was collected, never was respected
Never was ejected, just up and left it
Socked niggaz decrepit, nigga I'm Back!
Mini 14's selected nigga, I'm Back!
Select your selections nigga, I'm Back!
Mark up the sections nigga, I'm Back!
Napalm and auto, hell in Acapulco
Fuck international, I'm Death Row loco
With a trigger man and a Death Row logo again
And all permits are passed to go loco again
I can spritz, I can skitz and I spits like vipers
Gotti's a sniper, nigga I spits like gatlings
With a new Commander-in-Chief that appointed me Captain

A walking semi-auto, Ricardo the Great
Going bananas, bonkers as baboons and apes
I love the homies; just tell me whether the homies love me?
Positioning myself to a higher degree
Remember me? Calico Jerome, motherfucker
Teflon took the tone, motherfucker
See'mon lift your face, chest up, and your chin
Hold it steady, tell the homies, hold up
Don't slap them 'cause I'ma be the first one to throw bombs at em
And I'ma be the first one to throw a chrome in em
And I'ma be the first one to thunderdome with em
Nigga, this is Kurupt Young Gotti in case you don't know me
This ain't for the homies this is for my enemies only!

I'm in Vegas with Vegas, motherfucker
Gangstaz smashing through Vegas motherfuckers
Let me show you something that you never seen before
Gangsta'd up on the eastcoast with chucks on the floor, motherfucker
Yeah motherfucker, shut the fuck up let's go heads motherfucker
Oh you think the shit here is a game
Like the fire and torch when I spit the flame
Like the angle you're at ain't really your aim
Like when you see the mist this definitely ain't your aim
Like, I'm really sposed to interact with lames?
Young Gotti Against the Grain, motherfucker

And all you bitches, eat a dick. See me on the streets, ya dig?
(Young Gotti'll tell 'em)

You hoes, you hoes, you bitches...
It's Kurupt! Young Gotti, motherfuckers, Young Gotti
And why'all know who I'm talking to, I'ma see why'all...
I'ma see why'all at the next awards show, punks!