

## Step Up

Kurupt

Aw yeah!  
Right about now it's time to get busy  
Huh, straight out the box, nonstop  
Kurupt the kingpin, xzibit, crooked i

(wait a minute, um)

This is the art of, manslaughter  
When i'm rockin' i'm more shockin' than droppin' a boom box in bath water  
You entered the wrong scuffle  
You catchin' a chrome buckle  
I uppercut niggas hard enough to break my own knuckles  
Deliver the sick verbals  
My shotty spit a round, before you hit the ground,  
Your body spin around, in six circles  
Diminishin' infamous menaces  
I'm waitin' to get dicced, if not, i'm a start finishin' innocents  
Lyrics (lyrics), i'm breezin the region  
Freezin g's in your legion  
Freakin' ancient techniques when i'm speakin' phoenician  
It's all about crooked  
These bitches shout crooked  
I'll make you say the west coast aint shit without crooked  
I own a vicious label, niggas'll get disabled  
When i'm spittin' rhymes written on project kitchen tables  
I load this 4-5 and let slugs dive at ya  
Now that's for crooked i, the scrap happy, mic snatcha

Motherfuccers can you dig that, huh?  
Can you fucc with this?  
Let's get kurupt the kingpin to fucc y'all niggas up  
Y'all don't wanna see none of this west coast mc shit  
Yeah, how you like me now motherfucker!?!

Terror starts, in the midst of your heart, starts  
The storm, my vocals float like arts  
In the mystic state of mind, when i create a rhyme  
My microphone massacres every year the same time  
With audio amputations, vocal thoughts of a loud talker  
Up against the microphone night stalker  
With a tendency of bashing mcs, like ten of me  
As you can see i continue mashin' mcs  
Caboom, the room gets cleared as my views get clearer  
Extra-terrestrial microphone terror  
In effect, get infected  
Tell me what the fucc you expected  
These venomous injections  
I leave whole sections, and sections full of injections  
From these poisenous melodies and selections  
I select the methods of slow anguish  
I mangle shit with my language  
Tell me, have you ever seen one elope  
With the microphone  
In a scandal like abilities to make mcs explode  
Baboom, alone in my own zone  
So don't compare me to none  
Not one's nearly

Severe, cuz i severely, impare mcs  
Near me, oppose and fear me, i got plots and theories  
Sincerely, i could have the spot locked  
Niggas get stoned for touching microphones  
With no knowledge on how to rock

Yeah, back in effect, it don't stop  
Turn your speakers up, dj battlecat on the table  
We fuckin' it up like this and like that, yeah  
Got my homeboy xzibit in the motherfuccin' house  
Alkaholiks!

When i was enlisted  
I came to the table double fisted  
Sadistic, heavy artillery, for all my enemies  
Bust shots up in the sky screamin' obsenities  
Make niggas sport cackies and chucks from hear to italy  
It'll be, a cold day in hell when you see xzibit fail  
Act like a bitch on bail, tuck tail, and run  
See we do it how it can't be done  
I'm the rough cut, plus how the west was won  
Or direct descendant of the gatling gun  
Don't test me son, you fucc around and catch you one  
That aint a threat, that's a promise i can definitely keep  
You can't compete wit' 25 niggas wit' heat in the street  
Ready to repeat, round after after round at you  
All hell break lose when the whole pound come through  
I found that you and yours, can never fucc wit' mine  
I own shit but gimme some more like busta rhymes  
Cross the line, now you gotta pay the piper  
I'm the alkaholik sniper, that be keepin' the crowds hyper  
It's ashes to ashes and dust to dust  
Can't stop till me and my niggas is platinum plus  
My dogg kurupt

Yeah, no shit  
Yeah, y'all can't fucc wit' that

That's what i'm talkin' about  
West coast, we been doin' this shit for years  
Aint nothin' happenin' wit' that  
Battlecat  
(don't step up)  
Right, right  
(don't step up, unless you wanna get hurt)  
Huh, huh, huh

(get get get get hurt)  
Whatcha say  
Motherfuccas that be hangin' in the battle  
(get hurt, get get get get hurt)  
That's what i'm talkin' about  
Daz dillinger  
(don't step up, unless you wanna get hurt)  
Break it down, break it down  
Huh

Motherfuccas can't fade this shit