

# That's It

Kurupt

Man it feels so good to be home that's right my niggas  
The Los Angeles Lakers  
Kurupt, Young Gotti, Dogg Pound, 213, G4  
We ain't went no where baby  
It's back y'all  
What y'all thought all we had was jeans and T-shirts  
Nah it ain't like that homie  
Yeah it's going down  
Yeah 2005, DPG  
Back in the house y'all  
So Kurupt, Young Gotti drop it for your homeboy Warren G

DPG, Gotti the awesomeness  
Kurupt neva gave a fuck about a dumb bitch  
We silencing all the talk  
Watch your cheap walks, semis and automatics  
Is automatically ready for trippin and extending clipping, dippin, chippin  
Listen words are piercers like arrows and needles  
Those are cancerous, horrific and dangerous  
Contagious like the mumps, chickenpox and measles  
Deadly like small pox, I'm sick of the chatter  
Caz everything you mumbling it really doe matter  
Next time you step into the zone a the mic  
Yeah in open water water or with a young great white  
Prepare to set sail, jaws the killer whale  
Got nigga pointing at you for your bling and spree wails  
How'd the monster get re-released, nah nigga it can't be  
I'm a fellow with bitches like Carmelo Anthony  
I play the game like the violins and cellos  
Terrorists, me and Warren G we keep it G as can be  
I'm just doing what I do caz that's all I know  
D.O. double G P.O. fire fly, you and D  
It's just you and me and God  
Imma ride, push all the busters aside  
Me and Baby Humpty we got a story to tell  
Runnin with the Nino Ross and next to Shells  
Nigga

Amma do what I do that's it  
Imma buy a new 64 chevy, throw the gainers at the bottom  
Not trip of your street talk  
Kick back with my riders DPG, C-Walk  
It's a lovely day, that's it  
Imma say what I say that's it  
Nigga Y.A. that's it  
Now we back in the studio nigga

Riders, goin ride  
Busters goin stay busters  
We goin have to show these mothafuckas how you flip the hussle  
You can either stay where you at or jump on the train  
My nigga Daf king of the independent game nigga  
Ever since we got back up on the swing of things  
Everything is beautiful, we don't really need a thing  
All you gotta do is do what you gotta do, don't matter if they mad at you  
Heat it or they hot at you

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If you got a question for me  
When I answer you can listen or ignore me  
I don't give a fuck homie  
Just me, big Nate and Snoop and that's it  
Sensational tactics, graphic, master formulas to making these classic jurassic hits  
I'm on the timetable caz I time the strike  
Anytime during the day or night prepare flight  
We seagulls but then we transform to hawks  
So just wait before you get taken away in the dark  
When darkness falls that's when the eye of the tiger gets pits to come in and start firing iron, I wrote the math  
Simple as all mathematics, I'm a mathematician, poetical sociopath  
Yearned and half spasmodic me and the homies blast addicts  
Niggas like targets aim and blast at it  
Me, D.A.Z, superfly and Big Pop  
AKA little Kurupt, bout to fuck these niggas up  
Baby Kurupt AKA young Roscoe Nigga  
With the nigga tech chopper and the roscoe nigga  
Just listen let me show you how it's done  
We on tour this is how the West was won  
Got thoughts that's aimed at the heart and lungs  
We for sure we never separate again we gonna keep on pushin on  
Am try'na tell you nigga

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