

Trylogy

Kurupt

Rainstorm the back of the bank, bustin loose like muggsy
Typhoons, kurupt calhoun
With a platoon of backwards ass buffoons
Ready to shoot anything that moves
Load to tunes from "the blue lagoon"
Mask on, khakis, ounced on house shoes
So i'ma start it off skitzin on the first nigga
Saul hit the stack, heard me, hear me?
Heard that, word don't pass the front do'
Before you gotta show em your heart and soul and desert eagle f
o'
Explode then watch em fold, the other niggaz froze
He knew better, mask in an all blue sweater
Two pumps ready for a riot
Full baretta, six hostages with a loss of oxygen
Wet as a river, sixteen bricks to flip
After i flip these bitch niggaz for they shit
I been down with the twist since eighty-six
Hyperactive with a automatic, snappin reaction
I'm sick of waitin, a thirty-eight, i'm jackin for daytons
Kick the door in for sure, double four's rammin
Hollow bandit, ready to knock him off if he standin
Position the cannons, telegraph the whole parameter
Paralyze anything that walks through perimeter
Cervical veins lacerated lost to missiles
Interrogated and i paraded posted with pistols
Time for war this is when the heart's exposed
Change up the game, cockin and sparks explode
I'm a marksman, touch of death, ten steps to draw
And that's all, end to anything before
In a world war, off like a concorde jet
But fool, d.p.g.'s the set
In a world war, this is when the heart's exposed
Change up the game, cock, sparks explode
Manic-depressive panic and then start skitzin
Not givin a fuck while all y'all bitchin
Dis is for all my g's, my ho-mies
Flippin birds and servin ki's
I'm with king t and tha liks, alkahol-ed it up
Like bitch, get the fuck off my dick!
I got pistols, pills, acid, bomb, crank
Crystallized coke and limes, i don't give a fuck!