

Yessir

Kurupt

Now, why should I play around?
Lay it down like most of y'all and lay around?
I'd rather gather hollow heads and lay ya' down
But I'm a little too old to play around
You still bangin' Dr. Dre and Dogg Pound
Snoop is still the hottest motherfucker out
Yessir! We still around
Yessir! We still world renowned
I caught silence, I silence sound
I'm under the radar, stuff silent sound
I'm here, my dude, I am born again
We saber-toothed tigers, y'all Cornish hens
Y'all cornball ballas, we presidents
With presidential-acquired hidden residents
Yessir! We residents
And controllers of secret soldiers and regiments
Yessir! We ball out
Yessir! Till we fall out
We get high (get high), we don't have to try
We don't have to look and we don't have to buy
We don't have to make ends meet to get by
We don't have to try, I am that guy
Yessir! I am that guy
Yessir! I am that fly
I can't help it and I can't stop
And I won't stop and I don't stop
I'ma take the top and put it where the bottom drop
Then I'ma reverse it and make the bottom hit top
See this is what they all call the top spot
Then I'ma show the top where the bottom stop
I am everything that is anything
I can't sing a note so I let the semi sing
Send em out on a mission, see what the semi bring
Back home to your selected and newly-elected king
Now that's gangsta (5x)
See that's gangsta
Now that's gangsta
(keepin it gangsta wit'chall)
Now that's gangsta (gangsta)
Gangsta (gangsta)

Yessir! I am that guy
Yessir! I am that high
Rollercoaster, this whole movement's over
Givin' ya west coasters, the cold shoulder
I am ready, yes, I am here
I am back, Jack, the spinner of the year
Let's get one thing here real crystal clear
We reappear, their hopes disappear
Evaporate, dissipate, your folks disappear
And if you were smart you wouldn't be here
Now that's what I call a double whammy
I don't need the white folks, I get ghetto Grammys
Yessir! I get ghetto Grammys
Yessir! My women's eye candy
I can't help it and I can't stop
And I won't stop, that's why I don't stop

I'm similar to Biggie, similar to Pac
Similar to Snoop, similar to Doc
Similar because they all taught me something, ock
Firsthand, like cock and pop before a nigga talk
I'm airborne, you're grounded
Like you hid your report card and your mama found it
Yessir! I found it
My drrrr-ream to go far as God allows me
The sky's the limit
It's in my arm's reach,
So I'ma reach as far as my arms reach
Gangsta (Now that's...gangsta)
(Keepin' it...gangsta wit'chall)