

# Jealousy

Kurupt

Man, "Ante Up" nigga  
Make these niggaz kick in, punk-ass niggaz BANG on 'em  
Sheeeit... gotta get on these  
Frontin, funny, funny-ass niggaz

I can see it, youse a jealous, motherfucker  
It ain't really nuttin you can tell us, motherfucker  
Look me in my eyes you pathetic, motherfucker  
Cause shit only happens if you let it, motherfucker  
You out to get a grip but you're doin the wrong shit  
To get a grip you burn your bridge and sink ships motherfucker  
Fuckin 'round here might get you chipped, motherfucker  
The homies hittin lick after lick, motherfucker

The Crisis Center was just invaded  
Niggaz talkin 'bout Kurupt switched and traded  
People talkin 'bout they don't like me no mo', I lost my flow  
They liked me better on "Stranded on Death Row"  
Gangbanging's a terrorist act, like whatever we do  
they gon' lock us up wherever the terrorists at  
They so-called RICO act, applaud and clap  
Cause they applaud when niggaz get clapped, but look  
I can see it, youse a jealous, motherfucker  
It ain't really nuttin you can tell us, motherfucker  
Peep out the streets, you can't move without heat  
To keep your empire imperial  
From Pakistan to imperial, imperial mindframe  
Must center your circle, the circle, of your center  
Wisdom must control it's outer, and it's inner  
I got a small message for you funny-ass niggaz look

Young whippersnapper, dippin in my Acura  
For the young pistol packers, clip-slapper, click-clacker  
Chip-stacker, whip-jacker, crib-crashed, kidnapper  
Wig-basher, rib-cracker, ditch-digger, ditch a nigga  
Bitch nigga, y'all the ones that switched nigga  
So fuck y'all, now it's guns and clips nigga  
And y'all don't see it, you fuckin with the wrong two  
We movin units and you just been fuckin with the wrong crew  
And I can see it, youse a envious motherfucker  
My enemy motherfucker not no friend to me, no kin to me  
So it's simple don't be tryin to pretend to be motherfucker  
Repercussions consequences and penalties motherfucker  
I ain't never a punk, my beretta's in the trunk  
So whenever when it, jump, I'll be the first to dump  
Paranoid, I can't walk to the curb without my tec  
And it's so many murders that I regret, from jealous-ass niggaz

Yo, yo, it's the M dot O dot P, motherfucker  
The K-U, R-U-P-T, motherfucker  
Chin check nigga, it's 'bout to get hectic  
To all race and creeds, foreign or domestic (M.O.P. nigga)  
Now, tell me, if you wanna ride  
In the backseat of a Caddy, {?} brought you to a side  
Think it over for what it's worth  
Before you get yo' ass tossed into the big black earth

Oh! Live from the 'Ville, it's your boy Bill Digga  
Nigga will you get the fuck back 'fore we kill ya  
Y'all know what's up, we doin it with Kurupt  
The flow slow disco, nigga let's go  
We put it down like, sound like (NOW LET'S RIDE ON OUT)  
Still shake the ground like (NOW LET'S RIDE ON OUT)  
When there's a conversation about O.G.'s  
Make sure you motherfuckers remember the M.O.-P's