

# Can't Go Wrong

Kurupt

The reason that I'm here, I'ma drop 'til it's clear  
Let all... G'z to front, middle and rear  
Switches couldn't swith  
Like these switches a day  
Just to sit and sippin' and dippin' all over the ways  
That they ears and chairs, dis on this years  
Cokes drippin' off juice and gins  
As a matter of fact, takes math-ical fact  
And you can't de-grate, y'all get played like a sax  
Trumpet to trombone...  
Too shotty Young Gotti, millennium bone  
If she raggedly, I'm sendin' 'em home  
Puttin' 10 in the chrome, lettin' all killin' it's on  
It don't quit, it don't stop, let the beat knock  
Pull up at the spot, in a drop top  
Gettin' what I got, I just

Can't go wrong, releasin' all my lost hood songs...  
Don't give a damn on the real, I say just what I feel...  
No matter whatchu say, I'll never stop my bust style way...  
No time fo' da game, I do it my way

Kurupt, what up

I'ma drop 'til it's clear  
And these re-beams and pumps is Vietnam time  
Tossin' c-notes, the "Magnificent Magneto"  
Dippin' through, comin' like ay!  
Don't expect nothin' less, these gleam on the tray  
All night and all day, it's the best in a 2001 S-S  
It's the prince of the West  
I ain't tryna do much, tryna do too much  
I ain't even really trippin'  
It's just me, Snoopy and Quik and  
Someone like you wit the biggest mouth to put a dick in  
Most of y'all malfunction like faulty equipment  
Shifted, drifted, different, up lifted  
Kurupt Young Gotti, just call me fall beaty  
With the skirts from Tahiti  
Workin' at the mall, with young Roscoe  
You fool in high school, I just tuck my roscoe  
Dump fossils, colossal, I

Can't go wrong, releasin' all my lost hood songs...  
(Just don't stop)  
Don't give a damn on the real, I say just what I feel...  
(Bounce them switches)  
Don't matter whatchu say, I'll never stop my bust style way...  
(Cause I'ma bust all day)  
No time fo' da game, I do it my way... (Yeah)

Yes

1, 2, fuck wit my crew  
And we won't stop poppin' 'til ya body turn blue  
3, 4, look at that whore with the fat ass, but without the cash, hit the door  
The reason that I'm here... Kurupt done bought the beer

I'ma lush, lookin' fo' the cush, lookin' fo' the bush to push and mush  
Back, I'll hump the ho if she ain't been needin' a Dusch bag  
No, must've been the Gucci, wit hair that's pushed back  
In a bun lookin' fun  
Gettin' silly, wit my celly from Billy  
Brought to you by way or two buns  
We smugglin' in and out of the place, our two guns  
Notice, see the Q-U-I, Dogg Pound collabo', yup  
We stab hoes in the bladder actin' bad wit the mad hoes  
Get out! yeah! look here!  
We started this pussy shit, no shit  
And these the mothafuckin' hoes we get, c'mon

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Don't matter whatchu say, I'll never stop my bust style way...  
No time fo' da game, I do it my way

Aight y'all this a mothafuckin' public service announcement  
From Mr. X to tha mothafuckin' Z Xzibit  
My homeboy Kurupt, to all you half ass mothafuckas comin' around  
Pussy ass niggas! tryin' to see what's up wit my homboy  
And see what's up wit me, nigga is he this, is he that  
Nigga I'm a mothafuckin' killa and it's like this nigga  
If I had a doller fo' every time you bitch ass niggas  
Came around and didn't do shit, I'll be a billionaire right now  
Put up or shut up mothafuckas, it's like this, it's on, onsite