

Gimmewhutchagot

Kurupt

Yo Barshawn
Gimmewhutchagot nigga
Come and drip into the realm of the X-files
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Get your position correct
Get your ammunition correct
The tactful tech technician effect (Bitch!)
I got a quarter-key
You wanna to try to stick me for it?
Put the loot up, the shoot up, and hit me for it?
Niggaz hang for, do the same thang for it
Penetrate like, uh, poor the gas, blast and then bang for it
Y'all supposed to be some type of raw doggs, nigga
Fuck around and get your shit spit like laws, nigga
Fantasies never formulate
So when you get the formula to format
Restructure and reshape
Relax or we take all
We make sure we shake all
We shake tame or aim or flame all
A bitch tried to play me like nothing's really real
Like I ain't really real and I ain't really got skills (Bitch!)
I make you hot like ten tons of lava rocks
The Juggernaut crackin niggas like cinder blocks, nigga

Gimmewhuthcagot nigga
Get blazed, get shot nigga
We make it hot nigga raw
My nigga Barshawn
Kurupt with the auto-metal cock and draw
I ain't got time to see what you saw
Beat back mothafucka before I crack your jaw
This ain't about nothin but life and law
Niggas killin me
What you ice-grillin me for?

Now how you gonna let my looks deceive you?
My raps is lethal
I kicks shit that would amaze you, they daze you
Y'all think my rhymes is voodoo
For the first time comin through
Ain't been a minute yet
Already, cats wanna eye-screw
Plottin to pop you
You don't know me duke
The one that shoot
You all mad cuz I'm spendin loot
That you all broke ass niggas been tryin to scoop
See I done paid my dues
Don't be fooled by the pretty boy image
Cuz you'll get blasted up in less than a minute
It's Barshawn and Kurupt, y'all gonna feel it
Cuz when I bless a track, I spit venom in it

So how you wanna do it, rappin or gun-clappin
Either or, it could happen
Kurupt, move the glock to his mouth for they gappin
I bet next time you stay in a child's place
This is Rome folks talkin, you don't relate
If you can't hold the weight, then don't debate
Pushin crates, headed upstate with chrome plates (check it out)

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You all fiend, daydream for cream I've seen
Eyes gleam for the drop-top I be in
You wanna end my life, my niggaz ain't seein
If so happen you did that
Where the fuck you expect the rest at?
We got that too comin through a quarter to two
Blazin they duct-tapin you and your boo
All at the revenue stand, we was once a crew
Mad tight, but that's life
I learned the game
Same cats that you roll with will split your game
See I'm in it for the cheese nigga
Fuck the fame (nigga, fuck the fame, mothafuck the fame)

I play the nickel-plated position get penetrated
Popes just pause, I rise with my doggs
And collar clothes impact and enthrone
Gone, zone the dome and then blown
I heard raw before I saw raw before
Mack milli's, mack 11's and four-four's
Me and my nigga Shawn
What you got weight on your shoulders
The freons gettin colder
Me and my nigga Deion's hittin corners
I got a beam on you chest-high
Fuck around and get your fuckin chest right
I spreads like bad news
Bitches get played like the blues
Blowin dicks like whistles
Launch like missiles
Pop like pistols
And confuse, misuse, enthuse, abuse, buy the twos
Cuz I refuse to chill like EP
I prefer to get high live with the DP
You ain't raw nigga You more like subtle
Fuck you and your rebuttal You laid in a puddle
It's a storm, form reform your label form
Keep calm or keep drippin in the twist of the swarm

Kurupt, young Gotti
West Coast, East Coast nigga
Raw doggs

Gimmewhutchagot nigga

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