

# I Call Shots

Kurupt

Yeah.. yo whassup my nigga?  
It's the big homeboy snoop dogg  
And y'know, the streets is a motherfucker  
D.p.g.c., y'know  
Representin to the fullest, like dat dere  
Y'know!

Organized madness  
The young godstra  
Ha hah, young frank sinatra, beotch!

I call, i call shots round here  
Tell who to pop and who not to pop round here  
Slow down down here, don't make too much noise  
You know who runs the blocks round here

Psychosomatic, automatic static  
Catatonic, supersonic, bubonic chronic addict  
Astrononimcal in the thunderdome center  
In the depths of the dungeon, dangerous, dastardly  
Catastrophes, metamorphosize into a pit  
Tyranno-don, crackin the bricks on the walls  
Camouflage, on the side of livest  
Bout to put somethin up in that could ride  
It's time for, world war three motherfucker  
You know me, young got-ti motherfucker  
I holds the microphone like a grudge  
In the 'llac laid back, so back the fuck up  
This might give you a heart attack  
It's real simple, can't get mo' simple than that  
Than that..

The tactical acrobatical automatic  
Automatically psychosomatics that got it verbally guided  
Visually you ride it super like the sonics  
Potent like gin and tonic being injected through the veins  
With double dosage of liquid chronic (what?)  
Columbian flake, the top rate  
Irate lost mental state  
Stallion i'm want about a million or more  
Of y'all fools to come back and get some more  
You can tell the gangs as soon as he come in the door  
He don't wear calvin klein, he won't wear valour  
He got some gortex or some converse on  
All-stars, g'd from the hat to the floor  
You can miss me, i'm probably chillin up in mississippi  
Or poughkeepsie or baton rouge guzzlin whiskey  
I'm a walkin franchise and i wanna get paid  
Get dropped, mopped and stomped like a parade  
Persuasion, phase three of the invasion  
I gots to break loose cause i'm feelin caged in  
Loose in the jungle, blaze a botanical garden up  
Nowadays, niggaz ain't hard enough  
To bombard and bogart, spots like these  
Renegade revolutionary infantries  
I'll bet a thousand to one, you're never gonna make it  
You're never gonna get it, y'all can't fuck wit us

Put it together, our squad 1999 mod squad  
Universal soldiers, i thought i told ya

I'm a chart smasher, the youngest gangster rapper  
Spectacular, chrome thirty-eight packer  
Money stacker, t-shirt cakalaka  
Verbal predator, fake rap attacker  
Gotti jawbreaker, roscoe the back cracker  
Money makin, we smart like computer hackers  
I came in this game with plans to get it maxed  
And my enemies, feel the wrath of my rapture  
No escapin without, instantaneous capture  
Don't be upset, when me and the homies jack ya  
Cause we straight jackin, if i say it's on it's crackin  
Young thugs, from y.a., we make it happen  
Swearin y'all can see me but that's just like seein elvis  
I grab to crick a back and crack a nigga 'cross the pelvis  
My rhymes is dangerous, hazardous to health  
I make a nigga murder twenty kids and cap his own self  
Who am i? the incorrigible lyrical miracle  
Is horrible yet hysterical the way i'll embarass you  
See me on the streets, walk by and i just stare at you  
Tough talk, when there's bullets flyin through the air at you  
Test your chest nigga? one less nigga  
Me and krupt share two gats and one vest nigga  
We astronomical, phenomenal, magical, mathematical  
Taking your first-born as collateral!  
I call, i call shots round here