

# Live On The Mic

Kurupt

Yeah, this is what you would call somethin' like  
One of the things that, you know, when you meet your goal  
You get to the top of the game, and the dream come true  
Kurupt and KRS-One freestyle

Yes, yes y'all!  
yeah yeah y'all! (uh)  
KRS y'all, uh huh, uh huh (uh)  
yeah Kurupt, y'all  
Time to check it out, uh huh  
Prophecy, y'all yes yes, yall (yea)  
KRS, y'all, uh huh, like this y'all (yea)  
you know what's up comin' through like that! (haha!)

I laugh at that, your whole premise is off  
I'm blastin' that, somehow my foot is exactly where yo ass is at  
abusin' it, you know for 86 produce 77  
i'm doin' to you on the other hand still kind of new to it  
I spit lead into better men  
you a veteran, aint no tellin'  
what i send to get them yet another one  
My voice-box send shocks of adrenaline so you sweat again  
(unintelligible)

Then again i noticed that everybody  
Think they can fuck with us  
But luckily i noticed  
Everybody want to be close to us  
Tryin' to bust when they bust  
I seen them they ain't treacherous and they ain't fuckin with us  
My style's out this universe  
Words that serve all these emcees  
They hear pre-verbs i break them down to nouns and verbs  
They know exactly what i do, i run through crew for crew  
KRS, it's on you, baby

True underground, Boogey Down got them runnin' around  
Comin' to town breakin' them all the way down  
and makin' them frown, true underground  
not a class clown  
copy, guilty ass, papi  
I roll with the mash out posse  
The beatdown posse, terror squad, you'll find you was never hard  
When the clip loads, and i yell FLIP-MODE!  
My faster, fresh blows, give my foes death blows  
The best nose, goes live at breath shows

See i heard it before, word it before  
Worded it before, before, every emcee tried to serve it before  
Be Kurupt the raw dog hog servin' all y'all  
Fuck around with us the top dog  
Murder all y'all, my minds incredible  
I'm out this mind state, lookin' at me, oh my goodness!  
What rhymes he creates!  
"Is he the best?", wonderin', nah, aint no best  
It's only me and KRS we dont need no vest, mothafucka

Uh! like that!  
Yeah uh huh! like that!  
Uh! (we gangstafied Kurupt and KRS-One on the mic)  
(Yeah!)

Comin' through in the studio live, KRS-One, yeah i'm still on Jive  
But i represent emcees now out in..

Yeah, no doubt  
I Be kurupt the raw dog and i'm droppin  
every emcee from here to Compton  
Raw dog, assassin when you see me comin' through, blastin  
Don't matter no harrassin, they won't lastin'  
The last round, the last nigga knocked down  
Provocative sound, droppin' off round for round  
and pound for pound, i be from the Dogpound  
It's me a Kris, nigga you can eat my dick  
I break them down so quick, you can't fuck with this  
The lyricist poltergiest is way nice  
Break and take them in freezers just like ice  
Fuck around with me, O.G  
Yo, we so precise

You know the teacher's agenda  
We will be here forever  
You plottin' to surrender  
Action start, you start -- tremor  
Never lose my temper, when my temple member  
You know the center of the dope beat, remember

Yea yea! haha!  
raw dog assassin style  
KRS and kurupt!

Yea yea y'all!  
uh huh!  
like this, like this

Yeah we make them bounce  
I make them bounce  
we make them bounce  
Yo, i make them bounce  
Yo, i blaze a ounce  
Yeah, i blaze a ounce  
I'm gonna bounce to the ounce  
When the homies come through  
Dogpound we surround like we bustin' at you  
I leave ya flat, homie  
You wonderin, you lookin' back, homie  
I leave you all alone, in the danger zone  
Lookin' at Kurupt and didn't notice it was on  
My homeboy, slittin', spreadin', begin the spreadin'  
Niggas, who don't bust rhymes, niggas start beheadin'  
Me and Kris, we do it just like this  
Lyricist, niggas can't FUCK with this

Thats right y'all  
You heard what the man said  
KRS-One styles could never be dead  
Thats why we still in-in the studio  
Chillin' it's about three o'clock And we representin' real hip-hop  
Now you know what time it is we got the camera in our face  
KRS-One, all up in the fuckin' place

You know what time it is  
We got to come back again  
I got my friend, i cant remember his name again  
But i'm gonna keep flowin' gonna keep showin'  
Remember the skills that out the box,  
we be blowin', like that, yo Foxy you on the track  
Come and get some'a that pass it right back  
Now my man, Kurupt, on the mic like this  
Now come back and represent beside the Kris

Clap your hands, get it all together then  
See me come through, me and Kris  
Tougher than leather and every emcee who come through  
Be better than you, Claimin' they better than you  
But we start severin' -- heads  
Everybody lookin' at me i flows from the head  
Leave them all dead, nigga, you heard what i said  
Punk ass niggas, don't realize the game  
Despisin' the game homeboy televisin' the game,  
Seen the game, so im televisin the game  
Surprisin' the game, oh no, im risin the game  
They shook down they took down, shook like clowns  
See me rockin' i be rockin all around  
Don't you know it, oh yeah, the poltergiest poet  
Throw it, i show it, homeboy just don't blow it  
Sit on the couch, with a joint in my mouth,  
Gettin' as high as can be, even though, they despisin' me  
Realizin' i be makin' more money than Spike Lee  
And that's my homie, O.G to me  
Yo, Kris (Yeah?) we gonna do it like this  
Drop them down, quick, and they can eat a dick

Boogey Down, Boogey Down,  
Boogey Down, Boogey Down  
Boogey Down production,  
Boogey Down, Boogey Down,  
Boogey Down, Boogey Down, ha-ha! ha-ha! (Byatch!)  
Yo we out, dog (Bitch! gangsta life, me and KRS-One on the mic)