

Hurt Someone

Twiztid

Kurupt: Dogg Pound Gangstaz! Yeah, nigga! Ride!

DJ Quik: I come from the darkness—the hardest place ever to mark this. Body outlined chalk-style. Look at the carcass. (Breathe with me!) As I walk you down the dimly lit, ever-tinted streets of Compton—a place where niggas throw grenades in the cemetery. I don't even get it. The hatred is pretty scary. And since everybody's with it, it tends to get into blurry 'til there's nothing right. Niggas out in this calm again, to the niggas on the porch smokin' bomb again! Now look at me in the suburbs. All them brightly painted curbs. Poppin' the herb and lookin' for somebody to swerve on. But no, it's back to the hood again...where an enemy's prospects look good again. Where the packs keep moving and the products got us all caught up and fuckin' our own lot up and having our own niggas shot up. It ain't us. Wake up. It ain't us. Wake up.

Jamie Madrox: From something to nothing is truly amazing, like whimsical brush-lines on Bob Ross paintings! but this is psycho art, meaning the portret will consists of body parts of unsuspected victims! A leg and an arm, a face and a mouth-hole becomes the canvas for us to recite the convo! Exchanged chains like Cinnabites and hooked flesh! Now you're covered in blood! my don't you look fresh! Picturing perfect just like a photo shoot! It hurts to search the product and spit it up in the vocal booth! A mellow-dramatic; an addict of wickedness! In essence that we ensue to take people like a sickness!

Chorus:

We just came here to hurt somebody! (Thank you! Thank you!)

We just came here to hurt someone! ('Bout to blast on buck, buck!)

We just came here to hurt somebody! (Thank you! Thank you!)

We just came here to hurt someone! Some...one! One...some!

Monoxide: You ain't even worth to download! We come in six different covers. You ain't even got a bar-code? I'm in the sold-out club rockin' the bomb show while you stand outside sellin' ya CD for survival. (That's real!) I'm a reviver of the wicked. You want the title? Come and get it! This and that and your sick est spit can't put a dent in half of what I can hit you with. And I bet in about 16 seconds, you'll be stealin' it. I'm into this with an interest to invent a new way to rid us of all your whack existence. For instance, fuck resistance! All who ain't down can get dealt with! It's business! (Huh?) I'll treat you tenders like a birth defect and kidnap ya pops and put ya old earth to rest. And I suggest another way to impress all the people in ya life that you call friends, Yeah!

[Chorus]

Daz Dillinger: We came here to bring the drama and fear! Clear it up perfectly! Willingly to see the veneer! I'm carrying like a ghost! I'mma have it the most! West Coast! Fuck ya! When I fuck ya, I leave ya comatose! Fresh out! I run this to touch! I run it to a T! Daz Dillinger, Dillinger! Nigga, D.P.G.! Old school! New school! Dicky acts a fool! We vicious wit the two! Break ya arm and bruise! Spray ya block up! Lock up the baddest bitch! Homie catch a hot one if you not payin' attention! This is Rider Two! You gotta pay the pumps! Niggas now realize I'm the motherfuckin' boss!

Kurupt: It's the flame that cause the inferno. Inflamate anything from ya neck to ya sternum. Kurupt D.A. motherfuckin' givin' 'em Zs and trees. Infantries of amazing decrees! There's too much turmoil. We could turn and toil. I got the special edition Chucks, specially made for Snoop, Daz and Kurupt! They call biscuits. The D-O-Double G-Y. Biscuits. The bitches love 'em. Wanna see why? Keep on yackin' and I'mma kick dat ride. Kick ya dad in his chest and buss 'em in his eye! I'm dumpin' all ya homies and ya tryin' to ask why, 'cause...

[Chorus]

Monoxide: I said...

[Chorus]