

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 doo
r
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

Can't go wrong, releasin' all my lost hood songs...
Don't give a damn on the real, I say just what I feel...
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