

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)