

## **Cypress Hill F/ Kurupt**

### **"Me in Your World"**

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[Intro]

Yeah, give it up

Dogg Pound Gangstas, Kurupt and Daz

We all about nothin' but bitches, money and cash

You talk shit we just might blast

(Dat Nigga Daz back in yo' ass once more

Fuckin' it up like you know we do)

Always talkin' shit, well here we have -  
another situation, where we gotta mash  
These niggaz know nigga what we hatch

[Dat Nigga Daz]

If I did it, then I done it, then a battle just started

And I'm gunnin', for niggaz, who ain't down who I ride  
for

Dat Nigga Daz, Kurupt, Dogg Pound, Death Row

Here we go, Blood or Crip, it don't matter

I blast and outcast those who separate me from my  
goals

Without a doubt, kill 'em and turn 'em out

Notice the way that I shake, rattle, and roll

And like your mamma cryin', enthusiastic as two nines

KABOOM! We mash to the extreme as a team

Scope you out and cut you down like a guillotine

I hung a string of MC's who thought foolishness

Schoolin' this whole rap game, we rulin' this

We doin' this, persuin' this major

Stackin' major paper, with my dogg street behavior

I caved ya chest in, bruised ya ribs, with a blow of skills

Like Tyson, knockin' your ass out like Bruno

You know I bring death towards your whole fuckin'  
camp (camp)

Get in your skin, kill anything that lives

Sure enough I never thought, that your ass could come  
rough

Call your bluff, comin' with skills to smash your stuff

You know it's hardcore, you know it's raw

You know it's hardcore, I'll break your jaw

Too many times with rhymes I combine and blow minds

With the ways I design (hey Daz) too many fuckin' times

[Kurupt]

The author of authentic (that's me)  
When I was young I played games with skirt  
Hide and go get it, 'til I was laced in a clinic (uh huh)  
Learned quick, to always keep a leash and hat on my  
dick (slow down)  
I know you're trippin' off me and what play I threw  
But I ain't trippin' off you and what you say I do  
It's time for war, man, they all runnin' again  
Empty clip, reload, start gunnin' again  
I remember - "Kurupt, you'll never get that far"  
No matter who you are, I found you can shine like stars  
I used patience, and the planet of my sight  
To the corner of deuce-five where it's lot like life  
I'm put in a position where I thinks  
And I'm 'bout to beat MC's purple, blue, and pink  
Take what's yours (yours), break down your doors  
(doors)  
Hardcore radical, rough and raw  
When you come talkin' what you talk (talk)  
It's me, I'm 'bout stalk, and I rock it from L.A. to New  
York  
On to the city of Phil', where all my niggaz at keepin' it  
real  
All we in sharin' here  
To the South, to the East, to the North  
Kurupt, grabbin' it about to rip it off  
I rocks the West, so tell me who rocks the best  
I rocks the spot without glocks and homicidal shots  
I leave the scene like a quake 'cause I leave 'em shakin'  
They all shake tryin' to take the money that I make  
You'll never get past three rounds  
Three rhymes, three MC's in three towns  
I came to put it down  
And lay all three of these motherfuckers down on the  
ground, now

[Chorus: Daz + (Kurupt)] - X 2

(You know, it's me in your world, Daz)  
It's about the bitches, (nah, it's about the cash)  
Move quick, (move fast), the real again  
(Leave a motherfucker stranded like Gilligan)  
Kill and I kill again  
I got money on my mind, (postin' at the Palms)  
Sittin' in my room with a pad (writin' rhymes)  
(Dimes on the nickels), nickels on the dimes  
(To quarters), thousands, (to million dollar bonds)

