

Kurupt "Bring Back That G"

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Ride, ride, rough, ride on, ride on
Roll on, roll on, what, what, what?
Ride on, ride on, roll on
Nigga, what, what, what, what? Ride on

This is the game you wanna spit to a nigga
Let a nigga know it's all right, cascades
And G'z stompin' on niggas like parades
Escapades and charades played when the stampede
stopped

And it continuously
Young Gotti seen so many bodies
Drop fours, hop classics and drastic measures
Principle's a pleasure and penal endeavors

Whatever the case, whatever case, it's caught on a
chase
When a chase, it began in the facial of race
Me and Fred, he make beats, I make rhymes
And Snoop, he controls and calculates

Impervious moves, the Pound Pentagon
Wit a pistols, I holla where the gangstas' at
Daz poppin' his collar, nigga, sweet and sour
Pop Chucks and collars
Rollin' through the streets in my '84 Impala

Holla, holla, if you wanna, we gon' run it from the co'na
It's the killa California, ya see
I do it to ya 'cause I know ya screw it, you do up, tryna
do us
But you can't because you lovin' this beat

We dump, dump to make you pump, pump
We comin' wit the heat to make ya trunk bump
Freddy said he had a whole a gritty down to go steady
And stick up Eddie for his fedy

And bring it all back to daddy
I want bread, cheese, now put it on the patty
Knick knack style, kick back and flip files

In the verge and now listen here, honey child

Bow wow, do ya now, how ya like it, doggystyle?
Smile and grinnin', sippin' on some gin'n
Roll wit a cap and y'all strapped in
Once ya back in, it's straight mackin', I keep it crackin'

This is how we all get down
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I know I slept you, kept ya, finna fetch you
Snatch you back too, slapped you and rapped too
The vacuum sat 'chu and rat packed you, act two
Now what must I do?

To get you back to the way is used to see
DPG C'ology
I'm not talkin' 'bout chemistry or biology
This G-ology, you feelin' me?

Niggas be killin' me and willin' me
Silly, he thinkin' y'all gon' smash on me
Blast on me, the audacity
I'll take ya back to the ol' school
And let ya cut class wit me

Get some ass wit me
Then get us somethin' to drink
And let you sip out the same glass as me
And now you feelin' like a killa
And it was all over weed and a tall can of Miller

Illa, kill a nigga like a flea
Big Snoopy D O double gizzle
Way off tha hizzle, my nizzle
I hit niggas and bitches if you fuck wit my mental
'Cause I'm a killa and stick release ya pop like a pimple

If you don't got my money, I suggest you run
'Cause the Gold Loc, he do you like a 20 or done
Ain't no fun the way I play, nigga, I plays fo' keeps
No details, you've just been swepted to sleep

Locations, directions, not even a trace

Bitch, I doubt it, if ya body get found like waste
In the alley, killa Cali 'cause Eastside is Crips
Never slip, set trip and smoke chronic dip, cuz

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Snoop Doggy Dogg is gonna do ya
Fredwreck got the reefers bumpin' through ya
Goldie Loc can put the G and the C
Wit Kurupt, Young Gotti from the DPG

Bitch, hey

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