

Kurupt "C-Walk"

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[Intro:]

Yeah, this for the west coast cd
Let me clear my throat
Check it out, check it out, check it out
We gonna drop it like this
This album is the best of both worlds
Kurupt, daz dilly, this for the westcoast side, young
gotti
Dont forget about tray deee, and snoop, this for the
westcoast one

[Verse 1: kurupt]

Saggin, nigga g'd up, sippin
Sip nigga, dip nigga, set trip nigga
Gotta grip nigga, getta grip nigga with tha gang
And rollin with tha alpine bangin
Homie whatcha got? a couple sacs to sell
Went from weed and dope to mics ta sell
Hit a switch nigga
Dont fuck around wit bitch niggaz
Im a money cash nigga
Cash gettin, hash hitten
Gang bang afiliate
Hit a stick real quick
And in a minute start killin shit real quick
Ima million dollar motherfuckin nigga (million dollar
motherfuckin nigga)
I thought you knew about it
Bout it bout it do ya got it
Now tha homies bout it, ima bout ta do this
Hit a lick they hit back wit some new shit
Then have a gangster reunion, the homie told me (wut
he say?)
Get cha' boogie on youngsta, c-walk homie

[Chorus:]

Get cha' walk on, c-walk homie, c-walk homie
Get cha' walk on, c-walk homie

[Verse 2: tray deee]

Yeah ima tell you like this kurupt, you know how it was

for me

Been regarded as the hardest since i hit the set
Young nigga with a rep, kept that gangsta step
Crocka sacs of blue cordiroy with house shoes on
Flawssin for the hoodrats gettin my groove on
Hangin in the park till all hours of dark

Tryna catch a mark slippin wit this thang that bark
Cry baby on the swamp got the exit locked
And aint no doubt comin out he gone wreck ya not
Pass me the satin locs so i can wet my throat
While i sag the blue khakis wit tha raoder coat
All the hoes really want is gangstaz just like us
Ruff and dont give a fuck aint that right kurupt (thas right)
Stay bangin on these niggaz on a regular basis
Big paper chasin, facin felony cases
Made it to be famous, livin hard and dangerous
Steppin on these bustaz wit my blue chuck taylors

[Chorus:]

[Verse 3: slip capone]

You know that ganstaz rock, gangstaz roll
Heres the gangsta shit, we on a gangsta stroll
Its gangstaz ride, gangstaz slide
Then the gangstaz rob with the gangsta glide
Cuz gangstaz move, and gangstaz groove
And most gangstaz got nuthin ta lose
Gangstaz live, and gangstaz die
Gangstaz form a gang and the gang multiply
Gangstaz give a fuck a g, dont ask why
Gangstaz dont snitch, and gangstaz dont cry
Gangstaz boogie, gangstaz don't dance
Gangsta pull the strap out cha' pants and blast
Gangstaz don't run, and gangstaz don't hide
Ima gangsta ass nigga from the sick southside
Thats how i know exactly what a gangsta do
Ya love the gangsta shit aint you a gangsta too?
Then c-walk homie

[Chorus (outro)]

C-walk homie
Slip capone, c-walk homie
O.g. tray deee, c-walk homie
Kurupt, that nigga daz, soopafly, now walk on 'em
C-walk homie, c-walk homie, now walk on 'em

