

Kurupt "Halacaust 3000"

Visit "[Halacaust 3000](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Kurupt]

Yo Eastwood (Yo what up Gotti?)
Niggaz act like bitches, wanna hear the truth?
Before I say another word, motherfuck Snoop
DoggHouse eat a big Dogg Pound dick
This Gotti, you ain't gon' pimp slap shit
I'm cool, calm, and I'm so collective
And you niggaz don't respect shit, nigga
They call you Soopafly, I call you Soopa-cape
Y'all niggaz bring the gorillas I done ate
They call you Soopafly, I call you Soopa-bitch
That love to eat a Snooper-duper super dick
Panties and a cape, little pink panties
I drink Hennessy motherfucker
And I'm somebody you don't wanna see motherfucker
I'm lookin' in the streets and I see you niggaz truant
And I'm ridin' without Simon's influence motherfucker..

[Eastwood]

I roll these streets with my mind on G's, and I keep a
glock tucked
Low-key on my body for niggaz that's tryin' to kill me
Shit, I'm out the hood too
From the Eastside to Compton to Inglewood too
I'm Eastwood (Who?)
One of the realest livin', existin', lyricist lynchin'
I'm competition brought to collision, I flow with
percision
Decision to end it, I spit with a vengeance
So pay attention homie, it's business
Can't die without my tickets
I'm ballin', boss hoggin', Snoop doggin'
I'm stompin' out your braids with my Chuck's
A outlaw with a thug ministry, chemistry, touched by
my memory
Hennessy, from here to Italy got niggaz feelin' me
Sun roof open, so I can feel the wind blow
Smokin' dodie, blowin' out my H2 limo
Ain't never had a demo, I'm choppin' up albums
Lock me in a booth, I'm a beast, turn up the value

[Young Ron]

Smoke a blunt with Mr. Cooper, super trooper, pop -
Snoop and Soopa
I'm so fly, I roam the block and I'm ready to die
Niggaz told me what happened but they never really
told me why
These streets is real, I've seen my O.G.'s cry
Bodies outlined with chalk, that's where a dope fiend
died
Soldiers who can't hold they own won't make it alive
I got a lot of talent, so I ain't hard to find
I'm on the grind, my squad ain't far behind
We mackin' dimes, in the club packin' nines
Sniffin' lines - that cocaine blow your mind
Fuckin' with mine, I'm bringin' mine
Bring yours nigga!..

[Gail Gotti]

Ease the beast, Gotti supreme
Gail posted in the back of the 'Llac on lean
Keep the heat stashed in the dash when we mash
Like livin' fast it's secondary to cash
Get your vest tested, your chest infected
Roll with Tha Row now my flow's respected
Gotti up and left, never was rejected
Ride 'til I die 'til the game's respected, bitch

[Kurupt]

I ain't said shit, done shit, fuck 'em
Bustin', bust in bustin', dumpin', fuck 'em - gangsta
What the fuck you really ever did? - nothin'
What the fuck you really ever done?

Visit [Kurupt](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.