

Mississippi Mass Choir

"It's All Your Fault"

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[Kurupt
Drunken Master
Both]
"Drunken Master. Uh-huh-huh-huh-huh."
"Yeah, nigga. Uh. Uh."
"You know what? Yeah, this Kurupt, young Gotti. Dogg
Pound-like gangsta
Assassin. Numba one."
"Drunkenstyle, baby. C'mon."
"Huh? It's like this, homie."

We don't stop. We pop glocks
We got nots. We clock knocks
I bust shots. I'm raw dog
Kurupt's a hog. O-G for the dogs!

"Uh! Uh. It's like that, ch'all!"
"It's goin' down. Let's get some freestyle shit in here."
"Y-Y-Yeah! It's like that, nigga."

All my gangbangin' homeboys throw it up. I'ma blow it
up
Make the spot flame. You don't know my name?
I'ma tell ya somethin', homie. You know the game?
I don't got no strain, no type of stress
I protects myself wit' the Smif-to-the-Wes
Westside, nigga. Rida for life!
Dogg Pound Gangsta, you know my wife
And d-dough, I come through and blaze the weed
though
Drop niggas down all the time. Dogg Pound all the time
When you see me bust a rhyme, believe it's nice
Ignite mics, homie. I'm cold as ice
and I'm percise like shots at point blank
These niggas wanna come through? They get ganked!
My homeboy Drunken Master said,
'Ayyo, Kurupt, you gotta bust 'em
Leave that bastard dead, nigga.'
So indeed I had to cock my heat
Bust two shots, lay him flat in his seat
Make his homegirl holla, then I bust her in bed

Everybody know I bust rhymes, I come from the head
I'ma leave 'em all dead and you heard what I said
Make 'em bleed 'til they bled, when you see me in red,
nigga, best believe I'm bleedin'
'cause the only color I blue is blue and you know it's
true,
it's true. And, nigga, what I do is I ride
Dogg Pound Gangsta, homicidal vibes, nigga
My heart pounds, everybody lay it down
You look around. Bustin' everybody on the ground
and if you got money, I'm in your pockets. Strip 'em off
I get it right. Bitches get it off
the sideline to ride. Homicidal indeed
Kurupt, I run through and I blaze the weed
Super Fire in the back and the D-A-Z,
and my homeboy, the S-N-double O-P
Now we don't stop. We pop glocks
"It's all your fault."
We clock knocks. Rock non-stop
"No hoe, no salt."
You just a bitch and bitches eat dick,
also you know that bitches ain't shit
See, I rock rhymes the drop of a dime
I'm one-of-a-kind. Line-for-line
A Dogg Pound Gangsta, you know me
K-U-R-U-P-T, D-P-G-C

[Drunken Master]

Check it out. Drunken Master in the house chasin' cash
wit' Kurupt and Daz
It ain't my fault if I blast on yo' busta ass
Drunkenstyle, nigga, time to put it down
Professional Chedda Chasers ridin' wit' Tha Dogg
Pound
Bustin' off shots, headed for the weed spot
On your block bumpin' underground Pac, nigga
Pissy drunk, don't make me pop the trunk
Ayyo, Kurupt! Put the weed in the blunt
so we can bring the ruckus to these gangsta hatin'
bitches
Drunken Master on the road to the riches
Snitches catch slugs when they ride down my block
Ayyo, Kurupt, tell these niggas what you got

[Kurupt

Kurupt's voice sampled]

I got sixteen mothafuckin' M-16's
Fifteen nine millimeters with beams
Fifteen mothafuckin' MACK-11's
and mini-macks too, nigga. Bitch little nigga
Punk mothafucka

B-Bitch little nigga. Punk-
punk mothafucka. B-Bitch little nigga
Bitch little-bitch little-bitch little nigga
Punk mothafucka. B-Bitch little nigga
Bitch little-bitch little-bitch little nigga

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