

**Delerium F/ Jacqui Hunt****"Gimmewhutchagot"**

Visit "[Gimmewhutchagot](#)" on [MotoLyrics.com](http://MotoLyrics.com)

Kurupt:

Yo Barshawn

Gimmewhutchagot nigga

Come and drip into the realm of the X-files

Gimmewhutchagot nigga

Gimmewhutchagot nigga

Gimmewhutchagot nigga

Gimmewhutchagot nigga

Get your position correct

Get your ammunition correct

The tactful tech technician effect(Bitch!)

I got a quarter-key

You wanna to try to stick me for it?

Put the loot up, the shoot up, and hit me for it?

Niggaz hang for, do the same thang for it

Penetrate like, uh, poor the gas, blast and then bang  
for it

Y'all supposed to be some type of raw doggs, nigga

Fuck around and get your shit spit like laws, nigga

Fantasies never formulate

So when you get the formula to format

Restructure and reshape

Relax or we take all

We make sure we shake all

We shake tame or aim or flame all

A bitch tried to play me like nothing's really real

Like I ain't really real and I ain't really got skills(Bitch!)

I make you hot like ten tons of lava rocks

The Juggernaut crackin niggas like cinder blocks,  
nigga

Chorus:

Gimmewhuthcagot nigga

Get blazed, get shot nigga

We make it hot nigga raw

My nigga Barshawn

Kurupt with the auto-metal cock and draw

I ain't got time to see what you saw

Beat back mothafucka before I crack your jaw

This ain't about nothin but life and law

Niggas killin me  
What you ice-grillin me for?

Barshawn:  
Now how you gonna let my looks deceive you?  
My raps is lethal  
I kicks shit that would amaze you, they daze you  
Y'all think my rhymes is voodoo  
For the first time comin through  
Ain't been a minute yet  
Already, cats wanna eye-screw  
Plottin to pop you  
You don't know me duke  
The one that shoot  
You all mad cuz I'm spendin loot  
That you all broke ass niggas been tryin to scoop  
See I done paid my dues  
Don't be fooled by the pretty boy image  
Cuz you'll get blasted up in less than a minute  
It's Barshawn and Kurupt, y'all gonna feel it  
Cuz when I bless a track, I spit venom in it  
So how you wanna do it, rappin or gun-clappin  
Either or, it could happen  
Kurupt, move the glock to his mouth for they gappin  
I bet next time you stay in a child's place  
This is Rome folks talkin, you don't relate  
If you can't hold the weight, then don't debate  
Kurupt: Pushin crates, headed upstate with chrome  
plates (check it out)

Chorus:  
Gimmewhuthcagot nigga  
Get blazed, get shot nigga  
We make it hot nigga raw  
My nigga Barshawn  
Kurupt with the auto-metal cock and draw  
I ain't got time to see what you saw  
Beat back mothafucka before I crack your jaw  
This ain't about nothin but life and law  
Niggas killin me  
What you ice-grillin me for?

Barshawn:  
You all fiend, daydream for cream I've seen  
Eyes gleam for the drop-top I be in  
You wanna end my life, my niggaz ain't seein  
If so happen you did that  
Where the fuck you expect the rest at?  
We got that too comin through a quarter to two  
Blazin they duct-tapin you and your boo  
All at the revenue stand, we was once a crew

Mad tight, but that's life  
I learned the game  
Same cats that you roll with will split your game  
See I'm in it for the cheese nigga  
Fuck the fame (nigga, fuck the fame, mothafuck the fame)

Kurupt:

I play the nickel-plated position get penetrated  
Popes just pause, I rise with my doggs  
And collar clothes impact and enthrone  
Gone, zone the dome and then blown  
I heard raw before I saw raw before  
Mack milli's, mack 11's and four-four's  
Me and my nigga Shawn  
What you got weight on your shoulders  
The freons gettin colder  
Me and my nigga Deion's hittin corners  
I got a beam on you chest-high  
Fuck around and get your fuckin chest right  
I spreads like bad news  
Bitches get played like the blues  
Blowin dicks like whistles  
Launch like missiles  
Pop like pistols  
And confuse, misuse, enthuse, abuse, buy the twos  
Cuz I refuse to chill like EP  
I prefer to get high live with the DP  
You ain't raw nigga You more like subtle  
Fuck you and your rebuttal You laid in a puddle  
It's a storm, form reform your label form  
Keep calm or keep drippin in the twist of the swarm

(Chorus)

Kurupt, young Gotti  
West Coast, East Coast nigga  
Raw doggs

(Chorus)

Gimmewhutchagot nigga  
Gimmewhutchagot nigga

Visit [Delerium F/ Jacqui Hunt](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.