

Fleetwood Mac F/ Sting

"Kurupt Freestyle"

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[Kurupt
Drunken Master]
"Yo, I'ma do this like as if my mothafuckin' homeboy
Rakim
was standin' right in front of me right now- Y'know-I-
mean?"
"Drunken Master"
"Our freestyle's like, you know,
wit' a big, fat blunt in my hand
and some beer in my other hand"

G'd up, nigga- O.G.
Yeah, nigga- G'd up, nigga- O.G.
Drunken Master
G'd up, nigga- O.G.
Dogg Pound
Yeah, check it- Check it
Put it on

I could flip a style- Break 'em down, flip a brick a mile
Let 'em know I leave bodies in piles
Too versatile, I could even blurry the clouds
and makin' all visions blurry- Everybody worry like
'Oh, no! He's bustin'!' Then I bust in the flurries
And they don't know about me, homeboy, and observe
Get all served on the top of the curve and break 'em
down
all the time, tryin' to bust a rhyme
You just a bitch by nature, snitch and I hate 'cha
Break 'em down all the time, I'm the earthquaker
Bring somethin' to the door you never saw before
like a 44 sawed-off in my Impala
My homeboy's about to pop two in your collas
Lay these niggas down, homeboy, make 'em holla
You don't know about a gangsta, homey
Comin' through, just a pranksta, homey
Flip it up, get it right- Ignite mics,
twice as nice, cold as ice- Oh, so precise
It be Kurupt, youg Gotti- Headlinin',
break 'em down in the potty- Can't nobody
do it like me, homey, and I know it

Fuck wit' me, nigga, I'm the Poltergeist Poet
When it comes to styles, I got 'em by the dozens;
just ask my momma, my fatha and my cousins
They'll tell ya the same- Know 'em by name
Run through then spit flame
Homeboys, I hit 'cha dead on your terrain
They don't wanna fuck around,
they don't got enough money to challenge my
campaign
These rhymes, make 'em flow like champagne
Drive 'em down all the time then never, ever remain
Substain, substanstula, Dracula,
break 'em down Blackula, tarantula.
You don't know about styles, homey
I make 'em backflip, attack shit, I rap shit
Free shit, M.C.'s don't know I come through and speed
shit
You know, fuckin' blaze-the-weed shit
You just a bitch, homey- You just a bitch
Bustin' a rhyme, you just a bitch!
Bitches is all I know 'cause that's all I see
when I look at your camp, claimin' that you amped
Homeboys get vamped and silent
I bring it all, homeboy, violence
They don't know about me, don't make me get violent
'cause I make you leave the whole place in silence- It's
silent
Huh, yeah, yeah
Wh-what-wh-what!
Yeah, yeah

"Check it out"
"Let me take a toké"
"Yeah, yeah, let's blaze this weed,
you-know-what-I'm-sayin'? Drunken Master and
Kurupt!"

[Drunken Master]
Pop the champagne, blaze the weed
Professional Chedda Chasers got what 'chu need
Ya don't stop, uh,
ya don't quit
Pop the champagne, blaze the weed
Professional Chedda Chasers got what 'chu need
Ya don't stop...

[Instrumental switches to "It Ain't My Fault"'s
instrumental]

[Kurupt]
"For my niggas down in the South, Atlanta

Check it out"

I heard you had somethin' that I want
I heard you was in the back, I was in the front
So what I'm gonna do besides switch up
and get 'em in the side- See 'em, make 'em bitch up
Punk, you don't know me, nigga
I heard you talkin' before, know you walkin' for
the side like you 'bout to escape but I'm 'bout to make
sure this whole place is draped in yellow tape, homey
And I want the money first- Get 'em right,
disperse one rhyme, hit 'em wit' one verse, nigga
Neva, eva would you say it again
or I'ma come through one time and spray it again,
mothafucka
This party is mines, rhyme for rhyme,
line for line, genuine dime
Break 'em down like Napalm explodin'
On they block on the drop of a dime, I'ma come
through and rock
I serve 'em like rocks non-stop
Shake the whole spot, they lookin' at me like 'What I
got?'
Nigga, I'm lookin' at you like 'Nigga, what you got?'
Claimin' that you gon' come through and bust it like
Tupac
Homey, that's my nigga- That's my homey
You don't know nothin' about it- Nigga, I doubt it
If you ain't him, then you just a wanna be
Somethin' like, you-can-grab-it like, tryin'-to-be like,
see like, crip like- Nigga, come through, twist like
you from Twin like you ain't, punk
When it comes to rhymes, I can do what I want
Break these niggas down quick from the back to the
front
Pull out my pistol- I let it whistle like whistlin'
Homey, then if you 'bout to do it then start pistolin'
If not, nigga, shut the fuck up then
or I'ma come through, nigga, start bustin'!
I got D-A-Z, I got the S-S-
S-N-double O-P, I got the D-
D-P-G to the C-
C. Nigga, you don't understand
what a real is, nigga. Punk. ("Punk, punk...")

[Record being stopped]

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