

**Kurupt & Roscoe f/ Tone****"End of the Road"**

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[Intro: Kurupt]

Death Pentagon like nigga, Gotti Sinatra  
War zone, it's happenin', it's over  
Yeah nigga, it's happenin'  
I've been on that internet watchin' these niggaz right?  
Y'all got so much to say right? It's happenin'  
Nigga we 'bout to smash on you busta ass niggaz  
Oh, y'all want somethin' from Kustapo nigga?  
Oh we gon' show y'all niggaz  
Y.A. - Youth Authority  
First-round up, first-round draft picks nigga  
Whole squad massive, movin' on these busta ass  
niggaz  
What's up Tone?

[Tone]

We lookin' for a city bitch, one that I can get it wit  
Move in and move out wit, I'm lookin' for a bout it bitch  
One to cook the powder quick, that's my kinda bitch  
Let's address the topic, come on let's get it poppin'  
I've been hot since niggaz was pop lockin'  
Break dancin' and beat boxin', been had the block  
poppin'  
Nigga I'm a young prophet, young and had to weigh his  
options  
This is big business, this is big Benz's  
And my game's official, I ain't playin' wit you  
This is war time and you ain't got no more time  
And I got my niggaz on the way, bringin' more .9s

[Roscoe]

Yeah, fury and phrases, from furious phases  
Murder and anguish, we mercilous gangstas nigga  
Burners and bangers, we turn 'em and tangle 'em  
We drinkin' on syrup nigga, we aimin' for sturnems as  
curtains  
Tuck your shirt in partner, let your pistol show  
Die like a man motherfucker, what you bitchin' for?  
California days is drinkin', blazin' in the sunshine  
Got a case, now I got a runaway devised  
Speed chases, I'm blazin' the one-time

My barretta on my waist and I never hesitate  
Pull it out when it's gun time  
My O.G.'s corrupted my young mind  
21 on the run with a gun  
Young, dumb, full of cum, tryin' to get my funds  
And I'ma ride to the fullest, duck and dodgin' the  
bullets  
Fo'-fizzle on my side, niggaz die when I pull it  
If I should get wasted, no sad faces  
Bury me basic, no jewelry, no Jacob  
Eyes blurry and blazed up  
And don't be worryin' for me unless I wake up  
And don't be pourin' no 40 for me, just drink up  
We not a bunch of sad, punk ass, sit around and mope  
ass  
no class cowards, with limo tinted windows on Eddie  
Bauer's  
Soft as flowers, all off to chowder  
We the killa click, nine millis filled with clips  
No time to chill with flips, my mind on the scrilla flip  
It's Youth Authority nigga, we shoot for arteries nigga  
With loaded Rugers, Lugers, and Cougars in the car  
with me nigga  
It's Y.A.

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