

Kurupt f/ M.O.P., Roscoe

"Jealousy"

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Man, "Ante Up" nigga
Make these niggaz kick in, punk-ass niggaz BANG on
'em
Sheeeit... gotta get on these
Frontin, funny, funny-ass niggaz

[Chorus]

I can see it, youse a jealous, motherfucker
It ain't really nuttin you can tell us, motherfucker
Look me in my eyes you pathetic, motherfucker
Cause shit only happens if you let it, motherfucker
You out to get a grip but you're doin the wrong shit
To get a grip you burn your bridge and sink ships
motherfucker
Fuckin 'round here might get you chipped,
motherfucker
The homies hittin lick after lick, motherfucker

[Kurupt]

The Crisis Center was just invaded
Niggaz talkin 'bout Kurupt switched and traded
People talkin 'bout they don't like me no mo', I lost my
flow
They liked me better on "Stranded on Death Row"
Gangbanging's a terrorist act, like whatever we do
they gon' lock us up wherever the terrorists at
They so-called RICO act, applaud and clap
Cause they applaud when niggaz get clapped, but look
I can see it, youse a jealous, motherfucker
It ain't really nuttin you can tell us, motherfucker
Peep out the streets, you can't move without heat
To keep your empire imperial
From Pakistan to imperial, imperial mindframe
Must center your circle, the circle, of your center
Wisdom must control it's outer, and it's inner
I got a small message for you funny-ass niggaz look

[Chorus]

[Roscoe]

Young whippersnapper, dippin in my Acura

For the young pistol packers, clip-slapper, click-clacker
Chip-stacker, whip-jacker, crib-crashed, kidnapper
Wig-basher, rib-cracker, ditch-digger, ditch a nigga
Bitch nigga, y'all the ones that switched nigga
So fuck y'all, now it's guns and clips nigga
And y'all don't see it, you fuckin with the wrong two
We movin units and you just been fuckin with the wrong
crew
And I can see it, youse a envious motherfucker
My enemy motherfucker not no friend to me, no kin to
me
So it's simple don't be tryin to pretend to be
motherfucker
Repercussions consequences and penalties
motherfucker
I ain't never a punk, my beretta's in the trunk
So whenever when it, jump, I'll be the first to dump
Paranoid, I can't walk to the curb without my tec
And it's so many murders that I regret, from jealous-
ass niggaz

[Chorus]

[Lil' Fame]

Yo, yo, it's the M dot O dot P, motherfucker
The K-U, R-U-P-T, motherfucker
Chin check nigga, it's 'bout to get hectic
To all race and creeds, foreign or domestic (M.O.P.
nigga)
Now, tell me, if you wanna ride
In the backseat of a Caddy, {?} brought you to a side
Think it over for what it's worth
Before you get yo' ass tossed into the big black earth

[Billy Danze]

Oh! Live from the 'Ville, it's your boy Bill Digga
Nigga will you get the fuck back 'fore we kill ya
Y'all know what's up, we doin it with Kurupt
The flow slow disco, nigga let's go
We put it down like, sound like (NOW LET'S RIDE ON
OUT)
Still shake the ground like (NOW LET'S RIDE ON OUT)
When there's a conversation about O.G.'s
Make sure you motherfuckers remember the M.O.-P's

[Chorus]

[Kurupt ad libs to end]

