

Keep Tha "P" In It

DJ Quik

Ay, ay [Incomprehensible]
Ay man, what is it man?
Who own the record man?
Man, who the hell are you man?

Walkin' up on me man, lookin' like you so broke, man
If it cost three cents to shit, you'd have to throw up
You know who own the record
Man, why don't you sit your ignorant ass down, man and listen

So is it my turn again? Yeah, nigga it's yours
Oh, I done kick a funky verse for the P-funk? Of course
Well, count down nigga to end for these fakers
Bet we hit this time and we fade no takers

Who thought the funk was despondent out the Westside
Not be along for the ride but it's only for the trees
That's right, so peep the shot
And if I get it hot, baby, I'ma rock the twat

'Cus ain't no party like a party in the Penthouse suite
And you know how we do it, baby, yo Tree
So if the mack of the smack brings fear
To them perpetrators right, when they was cowards right from the very start

Pretendin' theys the ones that true
But pimp who is they foolin'? Not me or you
Fools confused, thinkin' we's on a decline
'Cus we kicks the P's and tell 'em about the funk this time

Nothing has changed
(Nothing has)
Got to have the funk
Nothing has changed
(Nothing has)
Got to have the funk

Nothing has changed
(Nothing has)
Got to have the funk
Nothing has changed
(Nothing has)
Got to have the funk

Comin' at that ass again, it don't stop
Bust a lean in yo 64 shift, take a hop to the top
Where the hustlas hang out
Endo remains to sprout, [Incomprehensible] knows what I'm talking about

And gets host from my block to your neighborhood
Tell 'em Quik, when you know it's back to no good
I wish you would 'cus I'm true to this gangsta shit
Now take a Tic Tac and bust 'em like a hoe in the hood, bitch

Took my endz ho
They say it's never enough you know
I gots to have mo' but I'ma shake the spot infact

I just jacked his trick and his fo' so I can crack-a-lack

And straight P-funk anytime
It's only right you peeped the rhyme, I got to take mine
Check yo ass with the shit that stank
'Cus 2-Tone came to the game, ain't a damn thang changed

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It's the 1 to the 9 with the 9 to the 4
When I thought you knew the drill but you still don't hear me though
Kam and Watts up, from The Grass Roots
No daisy duke shit, knockin' crazy ass boots

Nigga please, we kick it like G'z
Puttin' down work when I lurk don't even sneeze, fuck the Goldies
That's just the Eastside way of getting chips
When your raise up chillin' with the dogs and the rips

New cars get tagged, ridas get wrecked
Niggas caps get peeled back and chins get checked
Don't expect no love, boy, no apology
Kids ain't fallin' for yo child psychology

In 9 and 4, mindin' yo business is the best bitch
Screamin', ?Watts riot?, we ain't even made a mess yet
Ya shouldn't speak with a weak heart
You got to finish everything you start
And ain't a damn thang changed

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(Nothing has)
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Now niggas transform like deceptive cons
We'll slice your ass up like Jeffrey Don
Quik drop bombs on the P-funk tip
Even though a nigga rap, you'll still get that ass whipped

Please don't slip, ain't a damn than changed
Numb yo ass up like some nova cane

Have you all fucked up like you smoked some loot
Hi-C still sippin' pussy like soup

We got Kam, Hamm, New D and Quik
And me myself, Mista Big Dick
No I might not know which bitch that I want
But I know on thing, I got to have the funk

From ya speaker and not from ya ass
'Cus some of y'all bitches just won't take baths
Hand picked niggas, just can't me tang
'Cus we true to the game and ain't a damn thang changed

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(Nothing has)
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Nothing has changed
(Nothing has)
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Nothing has changed
(Nothing has)
Got to have the funk
Nothing has changed
(Nothing has)
Got to have the funk

Can ya tell me? Who that nigga flipped?
Goddamn muthafucka, it's the Gangsta D
Kickin' shit for these niggas and all these bad necks
'Cus I got the dope shit for each and every set, next

Up on line, it's that black ass K
I could never switch it for ya 'cus I'm still the same way
Me and D can flip the shit, kick down a funky flow
We represent the P-Funk, you know what it stand for

Now back up in yo ass again, it's mista Quik and I clown
I got the shit that shake 'em down
Break 'em down, take 'em down and now that I'm
Chillin' with niggas mista 2-Tone, 2nd II None
Playa Hamm and Kam well, goddamn

Doin' it like we do it, ain't nuttin' but trues to it
Rollin' with the funky 'P', I thought you knew it
'Cus it's nothin' but the best for the trues from the West Side
'Cus ain't nuttin' changed and you know that's right

Yeah, this is General Jeff, bringin' up the rear
Lettin' ya know we representin'
With a all-start line up for that ass, peep this out
We got Quik, 2nd II None, Hi-C, Playa Hamm

2-Tone and that nigga Kam
If that don't move your ass, I don't know what will
But no matter what, you gots to keep the P in it
That's mandatory, baby 'cus ain't nuttin' changed