

Ladies & Thugs

DJ Quik

Let's go Quik

I wanna, punch them niggaz sayin gold don't rock
And I wanna, rape that bitch that told a lie on 'Pac
I wanna right some wrongs before I put my coast on lock
So when you see the glock bastard don't you go into shock
If the hood hates me I'll buy your enemies guns
and have 'em clappin on you shermheads, takin your funds
Scarin you motherfuckers to death, give you the runs
You better nice up, before you leak and warm the ice up

I wanna murder the sniper that shot at Martin Luther King
Then get rid of the Viagra cause I'm strictly ginseng
Campaign in the hood if you want progress
Take all the gangs, put 'em up in Congress
Quik is so quick, listen to the ba-bum ba-bum
Brooklyn Zoo, California, with guns the size of
elephant trunk, trunk trunks, ladies shake your hump hump
Get your "Flashlight" cause we crunk like P-Funk

Ladies - I know you feel me
If you up in the party let me see you shake your body
like you got no bones and you tipsy off the Henny
Thugs - easy with the slugs tonight
I'm tryin to meet my wife tonight, make love tonight
You don't wanna see yo' body on ice, right

Now if I snapped, it was just a matter of time
before I turned into the Mad Hatter, splatter your bladder
On the morning after, you can't refute the disaster
Cause body parts get musty in plaster (ew)
Don't try to call a truce cause I'm still comin after you
I don't like your kids but I'ma spare 'em; maybe later
add 'em to my harem, and share 'em with the niggaz you like the least
That still got it out for yo' ass when you swiped the piece

Yo, ever since "The Score" Quik these rappers just bored
So I ain't rap no more; I wrote songs for
Whitney Houston you could catch me with Santana
Bandana on tour, DipSet'n like Santana
We don't sell like we used to sell?
That's cause they live in America, we get worldwide sales
I'm on tour half of the year, you can't see me cuz
And your career gon' be as long as Britney's wedding was, ya heard?

California, knows how to party
when I land in the L-A-X
Quik picked me up, four freaks in a stretch
Big California chronic, me nah smoke sess
But it's all buddha bless from the East and the West
Throw up yo' set, I don't say this often
But we gotta keep the peace, too many in a coffin
Pour some liquor for my cousins out in Compton

I'm not a kingpin, I'm just a wing man
Strapped to the teeth with a blunt, and a green can
A-B-C-D-E-F no G

Hennessy and Olde E, we run so deep
86 your concubine, he's just an old creep
You're so weak nigga and your hoes is so cheap nigga
You can't even get a prop on your own street
I'm at the Lake Park and Meridian if you wanna speak

[Chorus]