

# So Many Wayz

DJ Quik

Yo, this is DJ Quik  
And quite frankly  
I think we gotta be some of the baddest motherfuckers  
that ever fucked with rap music  
Cause this album right here is on some old cool shit  
If you don't believe me  
Just give me three and a half seconds and I'll show you  
You ready?

One, one and a half  
Two, two and a half  
Three, three and a half

Uh  
Yeah  
Got my niggas 2nd II None up in this bitch  
My nigga Peter Gunz  
That's right  
AMG, El Debarge, Playa Hamm, Hi-C, Suga Free  
Check this shit out

I'm like fries in a skillet  
Much too hot to hold  
I'm strong and I'm handsome and black  
Plus I'm bold  
A mental case  
Sometimes stressin  
But then I flip  
Because you got to go crazy on Hollywood for your grip  
And you know ain't no room in my mirror for your face  
And if I got y'all confused like Rubik then state yo case  
Yet creepshow suckas keep tryin to submerge mine  
But I can hold my breath for a long time  
I emerge with treasures and coins  
A thick sack  
And your life ain't mine to take  
Now kick back  
Cause if it don't make dollas  
Sucka you know the poem  
Cause either you pimpin this game  
Or you just hoin  
Now get up outta mine  
Nigga  
I'm the bomb  
Droppin heat on your homeboys  
And spreadin like napalm  
Cause I got more styles than your car's got miles  
And I  
Got more styles than a hotel's got towels  
Cause I kicks it in

So many ways (Uh huh and we can flip it in)  
So many ways (Cause we can rock a party)  
So many ways (Got bomb for everybody)  
So many ways (Now baby can you feel it in)  
So many ways (Cause you know we can deal it in)  
So many ways (And I can make your body numb in)

So many ways (Cause you ain't never heard a nigga come)  
So many ways (Ah hah, ah hah)

I'm chillin, mackin, stackin up these ends  
I gotta check and I gots no time for no friends  
I bust a trick  
Make her bounce like a low-low  
While I'm twisted off that bud  
Countin money at the mo-mo  
No flow so  
Ain't no need to tell the po-po  
Believe me bra'  
All the snitches get the fo-fo  
Now here we come again  
With a brand new twist  
On guard  
I rock the party like this  
With so many ways to get paid  
I hustle for days  
The tenth of the month I get my government aid  
And the used-to-be-crooks  
I'm puttin money on they books  
Cause satan got busy  
And many souls got took  
We shook up the world  
I did it with my partner for his sons and my daughter  
You don't have to be no baller  
To kick it with me  
See, I stay real G  
D forever feedin all you punk hoes misery

So many ways (I can get busy)  
So many ways (I gots to get the scrilly)  
So many ways (We can have a mardi-gras)  
So many ways (Cause I can rock the party y'all)  
So many ways (Tell me can ya feel it in)  
So many ways (I gots to make the dividends)  
So many ways (You know I keep it real in)  
So many ways

I was known for triple m shots  
And straight plottin  
But hitten em hoes had me wastin up a knot  
And all these figaros crow  
Waitin to get hot  
Now it's cool  
You got your spot  
Without that funky cock  
And that dramatic experience  
You and him went through  
Ain't got nothin to do with the K  
So keep cool little girl  
This ain't no Hollywood play  
Girls who wear reps  
And play them sucka games you play  
Catch the redline metro rail  
Blaze a trail  
I can feel you ain't real  
And I can tell  
From meetin different people  
Figures to throats  
Scandalous to the rich  
Goodhearted to the broke

And these young and old folk  
They like to hear good music  
If it's weak lose it  
But if it's bumpin choose it  
But don't abuse it  
And try to take it to the brain  
If you do you'll be caught up in a strain  
And be hangin on my thang in

So many ways (Now watch me put it down in)  
So many ways (You know I like to get my clown in)  
So many ways (We can flip the sound in)  
So many ways (K and D got it humpin in)  
So many ways (You know you wanna bump it in)  
So many ways (We can have a mardi-gras)  
So many ways (You know I rocks the party y'all)  
So many ways

So many ways [x8]

I walk three thousand miles for a taste of that gangsta shit  
Messin around with G-1  
And the DJ Quik  
Stick and move from east-west  
In vest like stocks  
I went from pushin Nikes to pushin drops  
Fuck around and go platinum quick  
Messin with Quik  
Nigga got hits like Swizz  
So watch your trick  
See me playin Avirex and the Pepe's  
No shirt on  
Your girl sweat me  
And I'ma hit it if she let me  
Backsides bangin  
Hangin  
All amazed  
She get this dick in (So many ways)  
Blow her back out  
Then I mack out  
Freak the keys to the Lex  
Or find me havin sex in my NSX  
I'm from the BX  
But we flex from east to west  
So while you niggas coast-trippin  
We'll be cashin them checks  
Peter Gunz  
One of the most in-credible ones  
G-1, Quik, we rolls thick  
And gets the job done in

So many ways (Cause I kick it in)  
So many ways (You know that I can flip it in)  
So many ways (And I can rock a party)  
So many ways (I got bomb for everybody)  
So many ways (Bring it from the Bronx in)  
So many ways (From New York to Compton)  
So many ways (We keep it pumpin)  
So many ways (Uh)

So many ways [x16]