

# Born And Raised In Compton

DJ Quik

Now everybody wants to know the truth about a brother named Quik  
I come from the school of the sly, wicked and the slick  
A lotta people already know excatly where it's at  
Cause it's the home of the jackers and the crack  
(Compton) Yeah, that's the name of the hometown  
I'm goin down in the town where my name is all around  
The suckers just be havin a fit, and that's a pity  
But I ain't doin nothin but (claimin my city)  
See, my lyrics I'm doublin up and provin to suckers that I can throw  
I'm passin a natural ten or four or six or eight before I go  
Yes, I'm definitely freestylin, all the while still profilin  
Never a trickster, DJ Quikster steals the show  
So now that's how I'm livin  
I do as I please, you see  
A younger brother that's up on reality  
Cause everybody knows you have to be stompin  
If you're born and raised in Compton

(Born and raised)  
(Born and raised)  
(Born and raised in Compton)

(Where you from, fool?)  
(Compton)

Now Compton is the place where the homeboys chill, you see  
But then I found that it wasn't no place for me  
Cause way back in the day somebody musta wanted me to quit  
Because they broke in my house and cold stole my shit  
They musta thought that I was gonna play the punk role  
Just because my equipment got stole  
But I ain't goin out like no sucker-ass clown  
They found they couldn't keep a dope nigga down  
So here's some bass in your face, muthafucka silly sucker-  
Ass clocker, now you're duckin, cause you can't stop a brother  
Like the Quiksta, because I'm true to the game  
You're lame, and things ain't gonn' never be the same  
Cause a nigga like the Quik is takin over  
I really don't think I should have to explain  
It, oh yeah, I'm a dog, but my name ain't Rover  
And I'm the kinda nigga that's feelin no pain  
Sometimes I have to wear a bullet-proof vest  
Because I got the 'Cpt' sign written across my chest  
A funky dope brother never ceases to impress  
My name is DJ Quik, so you can fuck the rest  
I'm comin like this, and I'm comin directly  
Cause suckers get dain-bramaged if I'm doin damage quite effectively  
Rhymin is a battlezone, and suckers have no win  
Cause I'm a veteran from the C-o-m-p-t-o-n  
Kick it

(Born and raised)

Hell muthafuckin yeah  
Funky dope for the nine-ace  
DJ Quik is in the muthafuckin house  
Yeah

(Born and raised in Compton)

Yo, check this shit out  
Right about now  
I'd like to send a shout out to my buddy Teddy Bear  
What's up nigga?  
What's up KK?  
My buddy D  
We got AMG most definitely in the house  
What's up Pretty Greg and Big Baby Brian cold chillin  
Talkin about the Armstrong Pack  
Straight got my muthafuckin back  
To my buddy No Way what's up, fool  
Roche is in the house  
My buddy Donzelli  
You know what's happenin, fool  
What's up Itch  
And Tony Lang is chillin  
To my nigga Gangsta Wayne  
And my engineer Joe gettin busy on the flo'  
And last but not least I'd like to thank Shabby Blue  
And we out  
Peace