

Catch 22

DJ Quik

[DJ Quik]

Ain't nothin like poppin the brains on a Corvette
With your pet in the passenger seat
Ass at your feet, askin if you can pass her the weed
(Faster please) California masterpiece
Recorded partially in New York
With a blue spark on a purple plant and I worked your aunt
(She loved it) primarily under the circumstance
Don't be mad, I was bad, she was better, sweaty palms
But I bet her and she told your moms and wrote a letter
Now they comin back to get off of the curb
because I swerved on her (beat it bitch!)
I ain't never been shit, that's what my mommy said
Now they callin to check to see if I took the gun from under my bed
She don't trust me, I don't trust me, my psychiatrist don't trust me
And I ain't called 'em back, I hope the cops don't come and bust me
I'm feelin lusty and my purple video tape is trusty
But I can't go to sleep with lotion on because I might get musty
I ride motorcycles and crash 'em on purpose
into a crowd of bystanders so my insurance policy won't be worthless

[Chorus]

Now quit that bitch shit, we gon' fuck you up mayne
We gon' fuck you up mayne, now get the fuck outta Dodge
It ain't gon' work mayne, we gon' fuck you up mayne
We gon' fuck you up mayne, don't make me pull the pump out the garage
And posse up mayne, we gon' fuck you up mayne
We gon' fuck you up mayne, you must be high on that sherm
But you gon' learn mayne, we gon' fuck you up mayne
We gon' fuck you up - WE GON' FUCK YOU UP!

[DJ Quik]

Bridget Bridget Bridget was a girl that I knew
But she's a dumb hoe, and baldheaded like DJ Pooh
Her saggy body tried to crash the party like Mobb Deep
With her elephant feet
I got a whole lot to say but it won't come out
Probably because I got this 38 in my mouth
And I'm pissed, I'm 'bout to nut up, fuck you nigga shut up
Like Mausberg, I'll leave your chest burnin on the curb
Hennessy to XO, crashed in the Lex-o
I make the bridge flex 'til these bitch niggaz let go
And I'm upset because I'm all alone
Homies don't play by the rules, fuck 'em then I'm glad they gone
Pluck 'em out the flowerpot, flush and make they shower hot
Blister and scour, I'm pistol-whippin with power, make 'em holla like chicks
Out in L.A. ain't nuttin good to talk about
Except dead homies, and how in '82 we had all the money
That's Freeway Rick and that C.I.A. shit
22 years later, it's just some ol' player hater shit
How many gangs can kill people under the age of 12
Get snitched on and go to jail, for another 22 years
And who gets recognized for pouring out the beer
And how many young blacks drink and smoke to cover they fear
It's fucked up

[Chorus]

[DJ Quik]

I made my momma a promise that I would make it home honest
She knew that there were no problems cause she could see right through it
She know I'm deeper than half of these niggaz, flyer than most of 'em
And that's as clear as you can see from off in your coast
And you niggaz don't understand these 16 bars from within
If being dope is an abomination then I am a sin
Cause I'm fly like the wind, and I'm high to the end
My enemies are my used-to-be friends, where do I begin
It's a sesspool of stress, you cowards drink from the well
Got no energy for haters, you suckers can't give me hell
Cause you whack and you stale, and you act like you bail
You talk that shit 'til you gotta prove shit, get smacked when you fail
In the midst of it all I'm just persistin to ball
While these haters tumble and stumble and bumble and fall
I'm the key to cut your meter off, I'll blow what you worth
And befo' anything else on this earth - YOU'LL GET FUCKED UP!

[Chorus]