

## 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]