

Dollaz + Sense

DJ Quik

Mmm

Now let's get down to business, bitches
Cause it seems like y'all just keep on tryin to diss this
Nigga that you know that's been down for years
I've clowned for years, and y'all could never fade my peers
One two three four five six seven
Nine, ten, Eiht you can't win
Cause all the way around nigga I gets respect
and youse a nigga that can't even get no props in your set
Tragniew Park you say huh
Wanna be rippin, but now it's time to do some set trippin
So listen close, cause I don't want y'all to miss
That I'm bout to break it down for this bitch, check it
Acacia, Poplar Maple Spruce Cedar Elm
Westside trees sprayin all the fleas
that's from the three and four hundred block P-Funk riders
(So niggaz watch yo' ass at that center divider *gun blast*)
Now Aaron Tyler, tell my why you seem so tame
When I caught you at the airport, shakin like a crap game
You looked up and you seen my niggaz comin
And you looked like your bitch ass was bout to start runnin
But all I wanted to do was kick a little coversation (yo whatup)
And see if we can fix this little situation
But would I fuck you up was what you wondered
Yeah, that's probably why you changed your little pager number (punk ass)
But bitches like you don't grow
You can't even look me in my eye, let alone go toe to toe
And callin me skinny, youse a clown
I'ma call you Theo, cause you weigh ninety-two point three pounds
Wack ass actor, movie script killer
Fool don't you know, Quik is still the nigga
Compton psycho, boy you oughta quit
Your records don't hit, and bitches don't jock your shit
You need to stay down you Compton clown
and get off of the nuts of the niggaz with guts
Because I'm down with the Trees, I'm down with Death Row
I'm down with Black Tone, and I'm down with the fo'
So when we cross paths and I hope that's soon
I'ma boot your motherfuckin ass to the moon
You need to quit bangin under false pretense
Cause if don't make dollars, it don't make sense

chorus

If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
So don't kill game, let the pimpin commence
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
So don't kill game, let the people, commence
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
So don't kill game, let the pimpin commence
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
Because you gotta give it up to the crown prince

Now I'ma swing it to the right and, right into the left hand
Take a deep breath and, cook it like a chef and
this is dedicated to the C-P-T
No better yet T-T-P, or the niggaz that look up to me

I make it my business, to be that true forever
and whenever I can come clever well that's my endeavor
so whether or not you understand, that there's only one DJ Q-U-I-K
with no C still you can't be me
Because I'm floatin in my Lex and, depositin fat checks and
gettin mad sex while I floss the NSX and
doin what I wanna, and youse a goner nigga
for thinkin that you can catch me slippin on a street corner
Remember Compton's in the house, and Quik is in the hood
Sippin yak with all my niggaz cause it's tooted good
So don't knock it til you try it, cause Eiht he tried to knock it
But he's still walkin round with my nuts in his pocket (beyotch)
So put tha P in it represent and sip that Miller
And for those of y'all concerned, this is still Eiht Killa *gun blast*
Let me take a load off my scrotum little pest
If it don't make dollers nigga, you know the rest

chorus

Now I done sold my fuckin soul to the shit that I kick
While you groupie ass niggaz keep on ridin the dick
You oughta know that DJ Quik ain't your average everyday motherfucker
(hah) Slick like a snake cause I stuck ya
Now, I never had my dick sucked by a man befo'
But you gon be the first you little trick ass hoe
Then you can tell me just how it taste
But before I nut I shoot some piss in your face
you fuckin coward, tremblin like a nervous wreck
Cause when I caught your ass, you put yourself in check
And when you left my presence, you left expedient
You ain't no fuckin killer, youse a comedian, beyotch
Tell me why you act so scary
Givin your set a bad name wit your misspelled name
E-I-H-T, now should I continue
Yeah you left out the G cause the G ain't in you
Remember that time you was rollin on the Westside
And a little brown bucket pulled up on your side
Caught at that light in your Camry in the midst of a
REAL killer, tell me did you feel a little nervous (hell yeah)
You was in the shadow of death
With two trey-five-sevens pointed at your chest, hmm
Whatchu gon do, where was your niggaz that kill at
You ain't got no killers so kill dat
Holdin up your hands and beggin for a pass
You lucky they didn't just to get to dumpin on yo' ass
Cause this game you think is funny is some real shit
So you need to be more careful who you fuckin wit, beyotch!

chorus

(line 4) I'm through playin with your punk ass

Shouts goes out, to my well known road dog
What's up Dozun Tru, they don't understand it baby
they can't fade us out here on these Compton streets (beyotch)
It's bigger than they can imagine
To the whole entire Death Row family
Both sides, whassup niggaz
And my nigga big Suge, known for keepin shit poppin
To my nigga Big J, my little nigga Hi-C, little straight G
And that little singin ass nigga Danny Boy
Y'all don't understand, y'all can't fade this
I'M the first nigga that was "Bangin on Wax"
Yeah if you remember, nineteen eighty-seven underground tapes

And it don't stop, and it won't stop