

# Down, Down, Down

DJ Quik

Had to get it out, yeah, c'mon

My name is Quik an' I be movin' fast like a race car  
But I'm top seed, number 1, like the pace car  
Whether you up on me or you chillin' way far  
You can tell almost immediately that I'm aced off

So listen, muthafucka, why you comin' off hard?  
My objective is to catch you off guard  
Get covert an' infiltrate yo' clique  
Crack yo' shit an' mack yo' bitch

Now, tell me could you conceive  
A nigga all up in her beaver givin' her the love fever  
For hours at a time before I take a breather  
An' when she tell me she loves me, I don't believe her

'Cause I rock in stereo or mono, hot like gonorrhoea  
Burnin' everytime you take a pee uh  
So when you see a nigga out with his girl  
Then, baby, play like you don't know me an' we'll keep in a twirl

Because I go deeper than the deep blue seas  
Baby, do you really wanna play the flute on me?  
I'll give you a sack an' take it back an' you'll die to get it  
Little punk 'cause I'm fly with it

When we come up we gettin' down, down, down  
Step in the club, they give us pound, pound, pound  
Lookin' for somethin' that be nice brown an' round  
DJ Quik an' AMG with a brand new sound

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I told her don't chase it but you can place it  
In between your jaws to taste it or leave it in the basement  
I be the riddler that's too familiar  
Get in the middle of ya an' then I diddle ya

Dick ya down 'til it tickles, smack the booty with no pimples  
caress ya back then rub ya nipples  
Baby, I'm a crack fiend, get the KY  
An' if I'm at a gigolo, baby, say, ?Hi?

Fly like a eagle in a Range Rover or a Regal  
Lookin' for the party people  
An' when I catch ya baby girl you should feel lucky  
We can make love but don't forget to fuck me

'Cause you got more bounce than Roger Troutman  
I don't know when it's in or out an'  
Soak me, baby, give me that good thang  
Ain't nothin' wrong with a coochie bang

'Cause Suga Free, Mausberg, Quik an' the AM  
Definitely knows how to play 'em  
'Cause we went from demos to Limos to luxuriosies  
To models from Milan on they knees

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Lookin' for somethin' that be nice brown an' round  
AMG an' Mausberg with a brand new sound

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Oh, you didn't know that I'm the bomb, baby?  
Well take a toke of this D I an' you gon' be feelin' flizie  
'Cause I be's Mausberg, the superior  
Steppin' through the club, pound, pound, so ya fearin' us

But don't trip we keep the vibe right  
Baby, buy me some Remy an' if yo' baby daddy trippin'  
Tell him beep me 'cause I be's Black an' Tone  
An' swift up on my toes, G'd up in alligate's an' steel toes

Can I get a pound pound? Pound, pound  
If Free the flyest who am I? You the realest  
Look into my eyes an' tell me what do you see?  
Oh, you jockin' my entourage DJ Quik an' AMG

Well, get yo' groove on 'cause I ain't hatin' on the homies  
When that 9 5th drop you an' yo' sister gon' be on me  
All I wanna do is slide up in an' slide back out  
Slap you in yo' face an' stick it dead in yo' mouth

You think I'm bullshittin'? Well, meet me after my show  
Bring yo' lips to that all white stretch Limo  
So we can ride, slide, dip an' glide, booyah  
An' do our thang 'cause my whole clique fly

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Lookin' for somethin' that be nice brown an' round  
Mausberg an' Suga Free with a brand new sound

When we come up we gettin' down, down, down  
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Lookin' for somethin' that be nice brown an' round  
Mausberg an' Suga Free with a brand new sound

It feel good don't it? It ain't no good if it ain't good enough  
To put the proper good on it  
Peep how I struck up bitch jump in the air  
Stay there until I tell you come down  
An' when you do, you shut the fuck up

She'll sell a nice dream, but bitch you'll have better luck  
Tryin' to find 2 Pac than me buyin' you somethin'  
Off the ice cream truck, Oxygen, you leave 'lone, leave me 'lone  
Before I lock you in that little bitty box again

Don't let up y'all just keep her soakin' wet up  
Playa, playa an' tell her when she need to shut up

Don't lighten up, naw, nigga  
You better, you better tighten up

Throw ya head back, back, back, back, lean it to the side  
Hey playas, tell 'em that we fly, catastrophe  
Bitch, rather slide down a slide of razor blades  
Into a pool of pimp piss, but this hoe had the audacity

To ask me for a dollar even though that's all I had left  
These greedy lyin' ass hoes'll fifty cents yo' ass to death

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Lookin' for somethin' that be nice brown an' round  
An' we come to hit the world with a brand new sound

When we come up we gettin' down, down, down  
Step in the club, they give us pound, pound, pound  
Lookin' for somethin' that be nice brown an' round  
An' we come to hit the world with a brand new sound