

## Get Down

DJ Quik

(Shoot back) I'm hard and I'm flossy and I'm all that  
You talk a lot of shit, where yo' bodyguard at?  
I got a pocket full of money, where the mall at?  
Where the quads at, where the drinks, where the broads at?  
(Shoot back) Niggaz fightin over bitches need to squash that  
You shouldn't be disgruntled cause you didn't learn to posh that  
It's black pussy and I'm still tryin to wash that  
Rinse it up, lip to butt, right between the center gut  
(Shoot back) Sit in my lap, and look at my snaps  
Drop a 20 and watch these troublemakers fightin for scraps  
My drawers so clean, my nuts are so powdered  
Don't stress me out, just eat your clam chowder  
Tryin to stick my honeybee into yo' flower  
If you like this record then make the shit louder  
(Shoot back) It's so terrific out on the Pacific  
Green plants and dancin make you feel lifted  
I'm DJ Quik and I'm so fuckin gifted  
That you didn't even feel when the momentum shifted  
(Shoot back) I turned the pocket around  
And slowed it all the way DOWN, I'm a musical cop now

Get down on the ground, spread your legs, put your hands behind your back  
Get up and walk backwards towards me  
You under arrest for them big-ass breasts  
And that ass made me think you had a strap, pick your ass up  
Get down on your face, spread 'em wide, where your ID?  
Why you tryin to lie to me? You've got the right to remain  
Either you can ride the big-ass bus  
go to jail or go home with us, I need backup

Excuse me miss, I'm pullin you over  
Cause your ass is extremely too fat  
You need backup Quik? I'm the right nigga to get  
My picks are thick stallion, I'm slingin the dick  
Still bangin the bricks, with the 'caine and the 6  
Remain in the mix, because I'm famous and shit  
(Shoot back) Let the guest in, doors open, my entourage walked in  
Let's get some whore scopin I'm open for more pokin  
On my wrist is 50 tokens, buy that chump  
Sold a show out for a mill', try that chump  
I'm on the boat still listenin to, "Way 2 Fonky"  
Park that ass right hurr chick and make that monkey  
talk for me, when ya walk I see  
a clear speech come and get it I got some for each  
Now I'm bumpin on the radio and put it on repeat  
Play it loud in the streets, go out and get yourself a freak  
The, moral of the story is we hoe-hoppin police  
Know your rights, put these cuffs on, you locked in these sheets

Okay - incenst cologne, women be attracted  
Got the best sex c'mon, it's somethin 'bout the action  
When they flex wet and bone, a model or a actress  
I attach this note, before the script get wrote  
(Shoot back) She see the list, text you're gone  
I tap it make it happen stress there's eggs at home  
A captain be reactin to the sweat as you moan  
Hold up give me a second

I think Quik got somethin else to say before we end this record

This beat is for your uncle and aunt  
It's old enough to be dope, but young enough to be hot  
Dedicated to everybody been beat by the cops  
Just tryin to get to the party and pop tequila in shot  
The legendary incendiary resentment for authority figures  
From the most vocal of the local niggaz  
California to death, bringin Compton to life  
Makin beats that'll snap yo' neck and have you writin a check  
You need to

[Chorus]