

# Ghetto Rendezvous

DJ Quik

[Intro]

Rendezvous, I Guess It's Time For Another  
Awwww Look At What You Muthafuckas Done Did  
Y'all Done Pissed Off  
Yeah What Up Sis, I Hear You Out There  
You Know You done Fucked Up  
I'm Glad Y'all Set It Off

You Prolly Mad Because You Can't Eat Off Me No More  
Don't Wanna Hear You Crying Or Offer You No Dough  
You Tried To Make My Life Shabby  
With The Zodiac Sign Of The Cancer You Crabby  
Plus You Got Away With Murder Twice (Nice)  
Just Like That Nigga That's On Thin Ice  
(I Think It's Time For Another Ghetto Rendezvous)  
I Hate You So Much It Shows  
I Hate You More Than Michael Hated Joe  
And Your Son Looks Like A Fuckin Al Qaeda  
I'mma Call Him Whop Daddy Cause His Chin To The Side  
Now That's The Mark Of The Beast  
You Had A Game In 1977 To Say At Least  
Your House Is Full Of Mole  
Body Full Of Yeast  
I Bet You Baking A Loaf Of Bread Down Between Your Cheeks  
You Stanky Little Rodent  
Yeah Bitch, You Molded  
You'll Never See Your Brother  
That's Why Your Love Carroded  
Emphysema All In Him  
You Can't Hold Nobody  
Ain't No Toxins In Your Venom  
You Just A Grand Momma In Denom  
Looking For Some Little Kids To Put Some Shit Up In Them  
(Maybe It's Time For Another Ghetto Rendezvous)  
The Problem Is You Ain't Have No Fuckin Loyalty  
And The Only Thing You Wanted Was My Royalties  
You Stole A Car And A Bike From Me  
Looking Back I Was The Caretaker Of A Dummy  
And That Husband Of Yours, You Dumb Witch  
Was Still A Husband Of Hers You Stupid Bitch  
You Never Acted Your Age  
You Only Came To Embarass Me Out In Public For Days  
That's Why Little Clarity Pays  
You Got The Boot  
Now I'm Chipping Like Frito Lays  
Rest In Peace To My Niece At Least  
When She Was Lying In State  
She Had A Grin On Her Mouthpiece  
Now What That Tell You About You  
You Disturb To The Curb  
And It's Better Without You  
(I'm Coming Strapped To Another Ghetto Rendezvous)  
Fat Boy Know You Really Been Dummin  
Going Over Peewee house showing off your Triple Stomach  
With A Strap In Your Waist  
Now What You Gon Do When You See My Face, I Doubt It  
I'm Tired Of Playing With You Cocka Roaches

I Gave You Bitches Life And Trust And You Studders Broke It  
Cause You A Muthafuckin Sex Offender  
Put Some Honey On Your Dick And Put It In A Blender  
They Caught You Fuckin On Your Sister's Daughter  
That Some Setual Shit, Get The Holy Water  
Compton Alumni A-No Go  
Nigga You Really Passer For Robos  
Upstate in Y.A. Without Your Homeboys  
Cheeking Each Other Butts Making No Noise  
(I'm Taking Off When I Hit The Ghetto Rendezvous)  
If I Bought You Equipment And Sold It, That's On You  
Help You Get Into A Home And Lose It, That's On You  
You Niggaz Acting Like Babies  
You Feeling Entitled To Another Man's Money, That's Crazy  
While I Get Sane, And Schizophrenia  
And Struggles With Love And Money And Happiness You Get Plenty Of  
While I'm Staying Fly Like Laguardia  
I'm A Guardian, I'm The Ardista  
I'm The Flyiest MC That You Ever Heard Om The Norman Microphone, Muthafucka  
That's Word  
Now Give Me The Mic And Let Me Be Heard  
Cause I Be Quitting Surely, I Am The Shep-erd  
Now What You Know About My Lyrics And Style  
I Got A Clico Backwash Fly We Wild  
(I Think It's Time For Another Ghetto Rendezvous)

[Outro]