

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]