

## Intro For Roger

DJ Quik

Cause stuff I seen it was inevitable I'd be a business man  
I knew that I would get some assistance whenever I took the stand  
Now this is how yo' street works, everybody all hates each other  
Until they in each other's face, and then they be cousins brothers  
and loved ones, it's all just a race  
To see who can grab the most nuts and get back to the house in one pa  
yce  
You niggaz wanna be on squirrel time, I'm around the world time  
Until I gotta come back for court, talk to my kids and they're fine  
This is my intro, I'm scratchin Chingy, comin blingy this time  
I'm showin off my hands and freestylin, showin you through my mind  
This is for Roger Troutman, he helped me when I was so blind  
To see that y'all would freak out me at an opportune time  
I shoulda seen it comin

Niggaz tryin to talk me outta this shit  
I'm tryin to put this nigga outta this bitch  
You fuckin with my chips I gotta resist  
I'm tryin to put this nigga outta this bitch  
Niggaz tryin to talk me outta this shit  
I'm tryin to get this hooker outta this bitch  
She fuckin with my chips I gotta resist  
I'm tryin to get this hooker outta this bitch

I live in Los Scangelous, California  
It's the most beautiful sunset 'til cowards run up on ya  
And then it's curtains you hurtin for what yo' mob done been blurtin  
When you don't love who you squirtin cause she just might be workin  
I ain't sharin a fuckin thing, I'm a rider for certain  
Shake the homies with self-esteem problems, give 'em some Jergens  
Bitch problems weaken the love for the homey seekin to suffer the hom  
ey's tweakin  
Do drugs not now homey heat just be lurkin  
My best friend's dead, my heart is a stone  
My soul ain't even mine to own, they say it's alone  
And I feel sorry for any nigga that diss me in song  
I'm comin with pencils pistols and Cristals you gone  
It's premeditated now nigga

Man I done seen the nigga go through some shit  
Family messin with him, gangbangin, man  
Get his drink on, for a long time  
Trippin, gettin on motorcycles man, and standin on 'em  
Losin and fallin, scandalous-ass baby momma  
Lettin homies, so-called homies fuck  
Tryin to make my nigga look bad  
Then they end up in Atlanta, got hit with some hot ones  
That's what they get, keep on pushin Quik