

Oh Well

DJ Quik

It's all I fucking here
"Stay positive, stay humble, stay the way you are"
Tsh, bitch, positive shmositive aint no muthafuckin money in being positive
T'Fuck am I thinkin about?
Shit...
Yeah, just call me the evil stepson of the West Coast
And I'm on one
Mausberg, Suga Free, Black Tone
Now if I broke my leg, tell me would I get carried? (Huh?)
And would you still buy my records if I got married? (Would you?)
Or would I make the shots even if I was hurried? (Can I?)
And will I still be remembered even after I'm buried? (Would I?)
They got me waking up in the mornin and getting loaded
Got me worrying so hard sometimes I'm feeling like my brain bloated
But I'm a break it down, fix it and re-roll it (Break that down)
And let these haters know WE control it
I'm in this for something so different that you couldn't imagine
The style, the flyness and the beautiful hoes (Uh-huh)
The pile, the highness and the pitiful lows (Okay)
That keeps a muthafucka like me up on his toes
No not quite; I want my props on the merit of the hands
That I used to make these beats that bounce around ya Van
I'm just a little grain of sand under my Dog
The one who keeps me humble, keeps me up and working hard, hear me y'all
It's alright to be in love with yourself
But when she locked up on the pussy, nigga put her on the shelf (Lose her)
Shake that cocaine clean yo system on up (Yeah)
Shed that bullshit and come bounce like us (C'mon)
We trying to have fun from Japan to Comp-tan
Spendin twenty grand, smokin Bud-dhan and nigga you can
But I never went back to something that burned out
And I ain't never did a party I didn't turn out, nigga
Yeah, I'm back and G'd up
Things that a ghetto-nigga used to do
(I'm still doin, and I keep it G'd up)
Places that a ghetto-nigga used to go
(I'm still goin, but I got it G'd up)
Thangs that ghetto-nigga used to see
(I'm still seeing it, but I keeps it G'd up)
Get yo shit right nigga!
I got ten on it
Yeah inflation's a bitch
Just like these people tryin to get me to switch
I aint no damn role model, I can't stop cursin bitch I'm grown
I can say what the fuck I want, get on
I'm a rebel, I gotta keep my shit on this level
Until the day you pat my dirt with a shovel, Hello
Because I'm real wit it, and y'all gotta deal wit it
Put some money back in these ghettos and will quit it
But till then you gotta make me understand
Why it's so hard on a hustling class man
Higher y'all's taxes all my life
Why the fuck I gotta pay y'all just as much as a wife
That's some bullshit, look the tool shed, grab some cool shit
Go on in Will's she'd with your homies
Don't be pouting, keep a cool head (Wait)
How many different directions can you pull me in?

And how many courts of the law can you sue me in?
For sayin "Fuck y'all!"
I'm back and G'd up
Things that a ghetto-nigga used to do
(I'm still doin, but I keeps it G'd up)
Places that a ghetto-nigga used to go
(I'm still goin, but it gotta be G'd up)
Thangs that ghetto-nigga used to see
(I still see it, but still it's G'd up)
You need to: Get yo shit right nigga!
Now I'm just tryin to do my best whether it's work, play or either
And I ain't trying to be no preacher cus they ain't perfect neither
Some of the coldest entertainers that y'all done seen yet
With the skill to rock these niggas and keep these hoes wet
But there's a method to the madness that we suffer from
Making the hardest dudes tremble and even tougher run
It's called the spirit and it's fly, and it's making me bigger
Keeping me from stressing out and puttin hands on niggas
Ain't religion for me unless it's all to the plus
Whether in the front of the five-hundred to the back of the bus
I'm tryin to keep these little YGs out the line of the fire
Even if it means I'm a take the hit, leak and expire
Now I see what Top was saying before he left his hole
Devil's shine like glitter, my nigga, but keep your soul
Don't give another nigga control of your gold
Share your parties with the world and watch you get swoll, nigga
Yeah, but keep it G'd up
Things that a ghetto-nigga used to do
(I'm still doin, but it gotta be G'd up)
Places that a ghetto-nigga used to go
(I'm still goin, but now I'm G'd up)
Thangs that ghetto-nigga used to see
(I still seein it, but it a gotta be G'd up)
Ya need to: Get yo shit right, nigga!
And you aint gotta gang bang nigga, just keep G'd up
Things that a ghetto-nigga used to do
(I'm still doin, only if it's G'd up)
Places that a ghetto-nigga used to go
(I'm still goin, but it gotta be G'd up)
Thangs that ghetto-nigga used to see
(I still see it, but now I'm G'd up)
(Talkbox)
Right back to square one
NY call me son if ya feel it (If ya feel it)
Louisiana call me wody if ya feel it (If ya feel it)
Oakland slap a broad if ya feel it (If ya feel it)
Dallas rock the fronts if ya feel it (If you feel it)
Sacramento hit the park if ya feel it (Can ya feel it?)
Detroit rock a fir if ya feel it (If you feel it)
Shocktown mack a broad if ya feel it (They feel it)
Hotlanta bite the peach if ya feel it (If you feel it)
Albuquerque call me papi if ya feel it (Can you feel it?)
Compton head up if ya feel it (Oh, head up)
Stop shootin, head up can ya feel it? (Stop shootin)
Source mag, one mic if ya feel it (One microphone)
Staten Island make it wetter if ya feel it (Staten Island)
Brooklyn keep it hustling can ya feel it? (If you feel it)
L.A. throw a party if ya feel it (Get Loaded)
Humble keep it comin can ya feel it (Can you feel it?)
St. Louis keep it cool if ya feel it (St. Louis)
Pheonix keep it cool it if ya feel it (If ya feel it)
Pomona town keep it pimpish if ya feel it (keep it pimpish)
Corona, San Bernandino they can feel it (Do you feel it?)

San Diego keep it Damu it and seal it (San Diego)
Long Beach eastside it if ya feel it (Long Beach)
Suga Free, gorilla pimp her if ya feel it (Stay Ready)
And Mausberg stay The Realest can ya feel it? (Compton)
...feel it, huh?