

Speak On It

DJ Quik

Hey!

You got that see through style that I can stare through (right through)
Produce a track on you, I don't care to (I won't do it)
But I'm sympathetic to your needin'
'Cause it ain't me your wife keeps turnin' down
While she's tellin' you she bleedin' (she's lying to you)
It ain't my fault I'm lookin' 23 and twenty-fo'
All day long hottest tracks rockin' any show (true)
Notorious for making bitches horny
While you lookin' old walkin' through that corn lookin' corny (look at that nigga)
And it's more than obvious that you're jealous
But don't hate my style, don't hate my money, don't hate my fellas
We do what we gotta do to get where we're goin' for us
To be where we need to be at...believe that
Stop beggin' for a beat you can't afford it (uh uh)
They hotter than them pretty red Dada's I be sportin' (uh huh)
'Cause I got the home court and when I'm rappin'
On my own tracks mothafucka I feel like Jordan!

Now what lack that I'm the realest
On top of game you fuckin' my vibe off with them homosexual ways
Me and my nigga...we on some new improved shit
Makin' you groove shit, get paid and move quick
Nigga you gettin' mad 'cause I'm shakin' my belly
In a stretch navigator makin' moves on the celly
Talkin' to Stan, Tone and Quik on a conference call
Get ready dogg, you ponc 'bout to take off
Took the crown back, tucked it and ready for war
Bustin' over 2 cars, a house note and probably more
I wanna see the Madd Rapper step in my hood
So I can take him fo' a shit and all them coward niggas good
Love madrestra, Kam and Crunk Dogg
Respect a nigga who done been through war
Sportin' a battle scar
But there's a lotta fake niggas, sportin' a fake crown
Straight up out the swapmeet, bustin' on wack underground

Yeah, uh

I been around the whole damn world in a day
Partied wit players and haters, told 'em the rules of the game
Some in the vein, like this shit is a drug
You can catch me in the new 500 on dubs
I'm up in the club
Wanna get naked and smoke
Notice, you never see a nigga there when he broke
UH UH!
Somebody told me these hoes wanted to hold me
If a real player dress like Goldie, y'all niggas throw in a oldie
SHIT!
Niggas wanna clown, clown, clown
You can find me at down, down, down
Dot com, bring ya mom (uh huh)
She wanna see too, cartier see through
Poppa in the beat
Oh shit, it's a thrill
Tonight a couple of mill

When we party in the grill
Livin' life's like a skill
Too much, cruder name
But baby I betcha
Fuckin' wit this money here, oh c'mon man I gotta getcha