

# 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 madresta, 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