

U Ain't Fresh!

DJ Quik

I know you like to do ecstasy, and then forget where you are
Be up in a room with a stripper, and your homie Lamar
Now that's a nasty threesome, a straight mis-match
Instead of bangin' on the broad, you'd rather open his hatch
And start packin'... and get some dookie on your tip
Don't look now, you got a loogie on your lip
Next time video tape it, let us all see it
This is Sir Herb, I'll put you on the web - you pervert
The number 23 on the beats, 'bout to do ya
Mister Blake A.K.A. DJ Quik talkin' to ya
And I'll prove I'm proper and yo game is whack with 1 line
I'll never put my name on a track that wasn't mine
This hip-hip shit, is getting stupid again
These niggas gun-tottin', fightin', gettin' rutless again
There's a message in the Big Book, didn't you read it?
It say if niggas don't remember the past, they gonn' repeat it
So I'm into ???ated
That ground heart-stated
And we all made it
If you want a hit, nigga, call David
The first name basis, depends on how the pay is
50 under the table do it enough, don't need a label
'Cause I rob from the rich and I... gives to the ?floor?
The ground-level ground shovel diggin' up some more
So let's stay focused 'cause the chip is the prize
Now put your shit in first, nigga, and shift it to rise
And like Frank Nitti, ?We 2-degree?
And you haters trippin' cause I got the key to the city
Not a sissy but the hoes keep callin' us pretty
And you mad 'cause the bitch got me on her titty
Mr. Troutman talk me talkbox, do why diddy!
And I'll tell you to your ear, nigga, you sound shitty
I'll take your hoe up to the room and show her no pity
So call me DJ Meow Mix 'cause we gets kitty (meow)
Scratchin' all the fleas off of these
Stayin' high off of trees
Top villian, and enjoyin' the breeze
And the time I'm spendin' in yo bitch, a supreme blast
In the back of my S-500 playin' Dreamcast

You Ain't Fresh You a busta, nigga!
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Yo, yo, I'm into somethin' new, hoppin' through
Quicker than the Compton Crew, and Y too
Yo, what you wanna do? You ain't fresh!
No contest - we cook like Raekwon the Chef
And write for the skills, get set for the kill
And prep for the meals, after that we chill
The E-R-I-C-K is my name, I spell
Bring it back like '92, with clientele
And keep shit right, and make sure the sound excite
Nigga in affect, like flashlight
Quik and I do it 'til death
In the house 'yall, blackin' out like Red & Meth
Thick-boned women, in jeans and linen
Yeah (whew!), make a nigga wanna go fishin'

And when I walk by, girls singin' a song
Like E... is like a phenomenon
Ugh, al around the world they be bumpin' to E
Shuttin' it down, right in your company
I blow through like a gust of wind, through doors
Tearin' down the roof, rippin' the floors
'Cause rap's no game, I pack heat, ain't afraid to pull it
For what packs, I packs full of bullets
Stop when I come through
Big, Black, motherfucker fresh for '99
You suckas!

You Ain't Fresh You a busta, nigga
You Ain't Fresh You a busta, nigga

Kam got get-back
So get up off my dick, rat
Nigga, that shit whack
You want a hit track?
Where Quik at?
Knick, knack, patty whack
I only bone dimes
How you tight? You don't even write your own rhymes
It's been a long time
Since you last heard from me
Like Bill ass Hillary, "what's up?"
Still love me, pretty young thang?
City I'm from bang
What's up, nigga?
Real G's don't wear titty and tongue rings
You's a fruity-o, you make the most excuses
And keep a studio full of ghost producers
Young boss heard
You was tryin' to floss, nerd
Hollerin' "which side is the realest?"
Who you steal that from? (Mausberg)
The street slang thief is your chief employment
You live a life full of grief after brief enjoyment
Fake gang bangers, when you see us, tuck all rags
Adios, buenos dias, fuck y'all fags!

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