

# You'z A Ganxta

DJ Quik

Siide! Oh no, it's '98 y'all & we got some new shit  
What we say? Yes ha ha fade the world in this motherfucker  
that's right oh, check it out

Fuck what ya heard baby I'm DJ Quik  
whether on T.V. or in these streets I'm still the shit  
I went from drinkin' eight ball and makin' demos  
to drinkin' Hennessey & Chivas Regal in the back of the limo  
Gettin' my issue in life you can't hate that  
and when I tell you about yo' self nigga you can't take that  
'cause y'all be cross fadin' if you don't understand  
you got a side and I got one but you be crossin'  
over here to see what's in my hand  
Yeah but that's cool too I gets my money on the double  
that's what I do hittin' them brown bubbles and avoidin' trouble  
hoes to choose with nothin' to lose  
& a million mothafuckas wanna be in my shoes  
But you don't understand, beyond the parties & cheer  
I been broke my whole career breakin' bread with my peers  
bought a '96 Impala the new SS  
before the 20,000 mile mark I gave it to Sid  
I could never bust a new shoe if my nephews ain't got 'em  
Fila Jumpman Cortez yeah I'm comin' out the pocket  
for my homies in the 'hood up on it when I'm around  
'cause there's a difference between bein' a thug & bein' down now

Bang bang boogie da bang da bang boogie to da  
boogie bang boogie da bang fuck what you sayin' nigga  
You's a gangsta!  
No I'm not!  
Nigga you's a gangsta!  
No I'm not!  
Nigga you's a gangsta!

Just 'cause I kick it with killers don't mean that I do it  
my occupation's a musician & I'm stayin' true to it  
I went from bein' a rider to bein' a provider  
while I was straddlin' the fence tryin' not to hit the divider  
Just an impressionable human being tryin' to do right  
every now & then I get my manhood tested in fights  
like I used to have a beef with this cat named Eiht  
and his homies approached me at the club El Rey  
What was I to do I'm on stage & I'm doin' my thang  
and this nigga's out in the crowd tryin' to hoo' bang  
givin' it up for his homies & set trippin' too  
but he wasn't from Rollin' 60's more like Tragney  
I wonder what's his problem what he tryin' to say  
Is this business personal or just Fuck Quik Day?  
I approached him like a man & not like a nut  
he turned around & put his drink down & straight knuckled up  
In the dark club punches is flyin' all around  
and even though it was me & him the rumors went 'round  
and said I killed somebody now how that sound  
How could I stomp somebody to death that's bigger than me  
and I'm just a hundred & fifty five pounds tell me

See some don't realize the power of lyrics

'cause when you rap about death you talkin' to spirits  
You see you can say the things that can help us all ball  
or you can say things that make it bad for us all  
fix the problem the only way is come to the source  
don't be a Trojan Horse help us change the course  
everybody knows that it's bad in the 'hood  
so check what you rappin' about if it ain't to the good  
I did my part a long time ago I changed my views  
ain't no gang bangin' & slangin' just hangin' with trues  
give it up to my Creator & that you can quote  
but mothafuckas still see me as a scapegoat  
yeah like that night when Biggie died at Quincy Jones spot  
like 400 other people yeah I heard some shots  
broke away with the crowd nervous obviously  
& the mothafuckas blamed it on me  
What the hell!?!

Check it out this song is dedicated to the two most prolific writers  
in rap music history Tupac Shakur & the Notorious B.I.G.  
It's also dedicated to the little homie from 60's  
that lost his life at that party  
Rest in peace y'all  
And to MC Eiht when you get yo' head together maybe we can do a record feel  
me I'm out

Bang bang ['til fade]