

Killer Dope

DJ Quik

How come y'all niggas bitter? Hatin' so much
You wanna be up in my hair, but you can't clean your brush
Shit evaporate, you just exacerbate
What makes my sex life great, you gotta masturbate
Your hair is fallin' out, my hair is growin' in
I put my hair in curls and put yours in a garbage bin
Then play piano on stage, live while I rhyme
And you niggas can't even bounce and rap all the time (I think I got it)
I bet Eazy-E is turnin' over in his grave, to see that some of y'all made gangsta rap gay (gay)
I got a brand new HK, and I sniper practice each and every day (okay)
My mama's conversation on the phone, short wit' me
I think she wants to have a heart-to-heart wit' me
I told her I would kill you niggas smartfully
I'm the star player; you can't start for me
Play that Quik shit, and get 'em all sparked
Everywhere from Aard Park down to Carver Park
I keep it avenue, I'm bringing brothers hope
Liquid change colours, that's that killer dope
The street never changes, only faces do
Every several years, it replaces you
I get the people loaded, when they can't cope
Put me on the burner, got that killer dope I be all precision like the Temptations men, before Paul Williams'
replacement stint
Or rehabilitation with the name is, my drinking situation is the same as his
Attention deficit cause I don't pay you none
I got the word before you came in, they say you done
Trying to fix your pockets with some broken tools
You run a broken school, full of broken fools
Now go and clean out your desk
Take your name plaque with you while they clean out the rest
I'm the new executive movement I'm beating my chest
And I'm a mess, I digress
That I'm too mature for the job I got, too young for the one I want
Two won when my cards go flop, give all my homeboys a blunt
'Cause the point is, two spliffs or double jointed
Now let's all go get high on my enemy's supply
I gotta be simply one of the greatest, one of the hardest
One of the smartest, one of the brightest
One of the ones who helped start all this

Some niggas eatin' simply because I chose to be an artist
Way back when I was homeless, way back when I was carless
Way back when my sisters used to kick me out their apartments
They back with their hands out, but they made me so heartless
I don't even put cans out, I ain't tryin' to donate
I ain't giving you bitches loans, this ain't no fuckin' bank
I ain't no house nigga, like-
If this is UAC music then what makes this so awful
I'm back with the strap in my lap, I'm back in the hood with the gat
I'm back with the drink in my trunk, don't think so I'll drink till I'm drunk
I'm back in the kitchen, slow roastin' a lesson
And I play my own piano, don't call y'all for no sessions
I'm a threat and a blessin', known to keep cowards stressin'
While I'm relaxin' at the shooting range releasin' aggression
Now tell me how you want it
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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