

John Doe (feat DJ Quik/Hi-C/AMG/Swift)

Shade Sheist

feat. AMG, DJ Quik, Hi-see, Swift

* from the forthcoming "Informal Introduction" { *scratching* } [Verse: Shade Sheist]

Yo, it ain't nothin' new (ain't nothin'), just a change in the name

Sheist done came and changed the game unexplained

Ways for days show you how to wait for your pay

Cause when Shade fuck up your sales, all your checks delay

And now niggas mad cause Shade can pull up in a Jag

Hands free, chaperone all gettin' the door

And I ain't even interested in stealing your whore

So why these niggas actin like they want to marry the floor?

Like they ain't seen me breeze past all the gaurds at the door

Like I'm just wearin' this jacket to be hot

I flash the juice card, man this shit ain't hard

And It's the same thing at the same spot

What's my name? [Chorus] (2x)

[Vocoder Box:] It's John Doe

[DJ Quik:] 4-5's spittin' up outta the

[Vocoder Box:] Four Door

[DJ Quik:] No return fire cause they

[Vocoder Box:] Too slow { *gunshots* }

[DJ Quik:] What's the dilly?

[Vocoder Box:] Cause we kill for a living

[DJ Quik:] We kill for a livin' [Verse: Shade Sheist]

They want to know why I keep it so simple

I see that they just don't get it like my Nextel signal

Sheist on some other shit, Centinella gutter shit

Cards on the table, you can hit me or split

And see now I fucked around and got Quik on the shit

So just imagine how many hips break when they dip

And all the excessive paper cuts from counting the grip

And how my legs hurt from humpin' back and forth in the whip

At only 35, coverage is a bitch on a six

And I ain't even got my first plaque yet (plaque yet)

Sheist, will still run circles over niggas who want it

And we ain't even gotta make the bets yet

Nigga what's my name? [Chorus] (2x) [Verse: Hi-C]

Throat-choke a hoe, Big Giggolo

Pimp the world, handcuff your hoe

Twurk your girl, when I step into the atmosphere

Niggas strapped wit fear, uh!
Is he is what I said he is and all
When I pimp bitches all dick and balls
Shade Sheist nothin' nice, new to the game
Get your money homie, bitch what's my name?[Verse: AMG]
Hey-hey! we gon' hit these niggas where it hurt (uh)
Put the worm in your mouth like a perch (uh)
When I'm cum boo you gon' need a cert
Bust one, jump in the Monte Carlo and skirt (skirt!)
Give em naps, give 'em dap, then I holla holla back
"Hey nigga where you goin'?"
Boo I'm checkin' my traps
y'all niggas done shitted and stepped back in it
I'll fuck a nigga up all I need is five minutes.[Verse: Swift]
Swift, and I pimp hoes like it's a gift
I got game so you know I'm "The Answer" like Allen I.
Got your whole style shook like 'Quilles or Kobe Bry'
While money multiply you haters ask why
No you can't stop the pimpin' the pimpin' is too fly
Runnin' game on yo wife while you out flossin' your ride
But she said, "if you ain't busy, or close in the vicinity
Stop on by and come get the thighs." [Chorus][Chorus]
[Vocoder Box:] It's John Doe
[DJ Quik:] 4-5's spittin' up outta the
[Vocoder Box:] Four Door
[DJ Quik:] No return fire cause they
[Vocoder Box:] Too slow { *gunshots* }
[DJ Quik:] What's the dilly?
[Vocoder Box:] Cause we kill for a living
[DJ Quik:] And we hungry nigga { *gunshots* }

Songwriters

TRAMAYNE THOMPSON/ JASON LEWIS/ CRAWFORD WILKERSON/ KENYON MAXON/ DAVID
BLAKEPublished by

Lyrics Â© Royalty Network Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>