

# Skiless

## Dj Quik

Pow, pussy ain't nuttin' but a hole  
And most bitches ain't nothing but hoes  
So what I'm gonna do right here  
Is kick it to the man left rear  
Run that shit  
And a one and a two and a three  
And you got the nigga AMG  
And a four and a five and a six  
On my left hand side is DJ Quik  
We got 2nd and None in the house  
We got my man Hi-C in the house  
And all the niggas who disapprove you tryin' to bust a move  
You can get a dick in ya mouth  
Yo, you can't fuck wit a nigga, I'm holdin' my piece  
I'm bailin' down to Kren's with my Khakis creased  
A lick on my neck and a bitch on my dick-so  
I put a beeper card on the bitch front window  
I'm that nigga who can service well  
Then bloody up the sheets at a raunchy motel  
Yeah I'm a treat ya, 'cause I'm a feed ya  
Take you to McDonalds then I leave ya  
Live, via satellite on Rolls [Incomprehensible]  
We got my boy DJ Quik in the house  
And he's gonna take you on a mission  
And show you how the real jackers jack  
Yeah and now I'm takin' off my belt so I can sag  
I keep the 44 Mag in a duffel bag  
And in the G-ride I'm rollin' in the rain  
And don't let me catch you slippin' on the turning lane  
I creep up to your quarter panel and I pause  
We 'bout to fold up to your nose and make you shit your drawers  
Now I don't want your money or your hoes  
No, all I want is your muthafuckin' Renzo's  
Now, let's take a ride down to Kren's  
I'm rollin' with a muthafucka with do do in his pants  
And a nigga like you can get me work  
Because I know you got them birdies that don't chirp  
Aww, too bad you didn't make it to your 9  
So forget about your fento 'cause it's mine

And to you niggas that be trippin' watch your trunk and don't be slippin'  
'Cus the Quik will take your hoofty every time, muthafucka  
Once again it's the muthafuckin' D  
You wanna be my bitch, well you gotta pay a fee  
You wanna get quoted, get your ass in the circle  
We'll whoop your ass nigga till your eye turn purple  
Ayo Crawf my name is the Crawf  
The C-R-A-W-F-O-R-D, the poet Hi-C  
I got your fat pregnant bitch in my water bed  
And I'm about to bust a nut on your little baby's head  
The shit you be talking, I label it 'caca'  
Move your fat ass and pass the vodka  
Pour half a cup, fill it up with socko  
Bitches tryin' trip, you might get socked ho  
"I love you though" that's what I'm screamin'  
Just to get some pussy I'll be fiendin'  
Boyfriend always talking 'bout doggystyle  
Wait a while, I can do it froggystyle  
Stop that darn cussing, my children are listening  
Eat a dick, ya bitch

Lyrics provided by  
<https://damnlyrics.com/>