

Born and Raised In Compton

DJ Quik

Now everybody wants to know the truth about a brother named Quik
I come from the school of the sly, wicked and the slick
A lotta people already know exactly where it's at
Cause it's the home of the jackers and the crack
(Compton) yeah, that's the name of the hometown
I'm going down in the town where my name is all around
The suckers just be having a fit, and that's a pity
But I ain't doing nothing but (claiming my city)
See, my lyrics I'm doubling up and proving to suckers that I can throw
I'm passing a natural ten or four or six or eight before I go
Yes, I'm definitely free styling, all the while still profiling
Never a trickster, DJ Quikster steals the show
So now that's how I'm living
I do as I please, you see
A younger brother that's up on reality
Cause everybody knows you have to be stomping
If you're born and raised in Compton
(Born and raised)
(Born and raised)
(Born and raised in Compton)
(Where you from, fool?)
(Compton)

Now Compton is the place where the homeboys chill, you see
But then I found that it wasn't no place for me
Cause way back in the day somebody musta wanted me to quit
Because they broke in my house and cold stole my shit
They musta thought that I was gonna play the punk role
Just because my equipment got stole
But I ain't going out like no sucker-ass clown
They found they couldn't keep a dope nigga down
So here's some bass in your face, motherfucker silly sucker-
Ass clocker, now you're ducking, cause you can't stop a brother
Like the quiksta, because I'm true to the game
You're lame, and things ain't gonn' never be the same
Cause a nigga like the Quik is taking over
I really don't think I should have to explain
It, oh yeah, I'm a dog, but my name ain't rover
And I'm the kinda nigga that's feeling no pain

Sometimes I have to wear a bullet-proof vest
Because I got the 'cpt' sign written across my chest
A funky dope brother never ceases to impress
My name is DJ Quik, so you can fuck the rest
I'm coming like this, and I'm coming directly
Cause suckers get dain-bramaged if I'm doing damage quite effectively
Rhyming is a battle zone, and suckers have no win
Cause I'm a veteran from the see-o-m-p-t-o-n
Kick it
(born and raised)

Hell motherfucking yeah
Funky dope for the nine-ace
DJ quik is in the motherfucking house
Yeah
(born and raised in Compton)
Yo, check this shit out
Right about now
I'd like to send a shout out to my buddy teddy bear
What's up nigga?
What's up kk?
My buddy d
We got AMG most definitely in the house
What's up pretty Greg and big Baby Brian cold chilling
Talking about the Armstrong pack
Straight got my motherfucking back
To my buddy no way what's up, fool
Roche is in the house
My buddy donzelli
You know what's happening, fool
What's up itch
And Tony Lang is chilling
To my nigga gangsta Wayne
And my engineer Joe getting busy on the floor
And last but not least I'd like to thank shabby blue
And we out
Peace

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