

Puffin' the Dragon

DJ Quik

To whom are concerned
Don't take me vain
I plowed a hard road for people like Little Wayne
I put it all in place
To have it taken away
And live in ridicule and grief, dismay
Before my face got stubble
My house burned to rubble
The party that I planned for the world got me in trouble
Journalists asked what I did with my money
I gave it to the needy
Not that greedy, I'm Quik
I do it like I wanna'
Something like the South of France
I want to hear the thunder
Now open up the ceiling, ask the valet
Pull the roof off
I want to feel the feeling
So let the raindrops kiss me on my Angelic face
I'm such a sport, had to ask the turtle
Was it a race?
And now I yield for the snail's pace
Cross town traffic in a haze
I love this place
I'm up and I'm at it
I guess I'm just a musical addict
I like it when my life is automatic
I'm summoning Magic
I gotta avoid it when its tragic
So call me when you need a new gadget
I'm puffin the dragon
It's fried chicken in back of the wagon
Mercedes, Lamborghini we draggin
On the Interstate 15 to Vegas
We drunk and we niggas
They pay us, We playasBetrayed to the point where i pop my trunk
But why me?
Go to prison and send heaven a punk
I was the star of the show

But that turns your friends against you
Hence, they'll never get another opportunity since you
 Salon shop talk now, Days are jaded
 They ask a thousand questions
 While im getting my hair braided
 Staring at me funny
 Counting one dollar bills
 Greed is a sin but ignorance kills
 And LA can be a very cold place at times
 Alot of different drugs
 No universal mind
 On the same page of alot of different books
 I swear that this could be as fun as it looks
 Cause when you ride em right
 You get the fun in the sun
 But if you stab the [?]
 Got one and your done
 On the surface its calm
 The naked eye can't see it
 But the undercurrents there
 To steal a body if needed
 So be it
 I'm up and I'm at it
 I guess I'm just a musical addict
 I like it when my life is automatic
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They pay us, We playasRose Hills filling up with all of my friends
 Emotions I can't show em
 Im just keeping it in
 Got alot of living to do
 Avoiding the laws of the land
 The grim reaper got the scythe in his hand
 So its party on the stage
 While playing everything
 Scratch the record
 Throw my hands up
 Make everybody sing
 Still the one man band

Still a Hip-Hop fan
A producer from Old Spruce
But with a mic and a band
Im not as passionate about it
But i hit now and then
Not naive to envy that fills the hearts of men
Im a G from the streets
But i need a new letter
One that announces my power and describes me better
Im a Q from a composition writer
I see it all in high lighter
From the perspective of a biter
So Drake I owe you a line and Diddy you too
Canada, New York and Compton lets get a brewI'm up and I'm at it
I guess I'm just a musical addict
I like it when my life is automatic
I'm summoning Magic
I gotta avoid it when its tragic
So call me when you need a new gadget
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Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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