

# Let You Havit

## Dj Quik

Yeah

Now this is for the g's who know we needs that gangsta shit

It's like the p-funk we funk so it's gotsta hit

And when you fire up that hooter pass it to the young g

The nigga mista quik, that's me from the c-to-the-p-to-the-t

And when I'm givin it up for my hood you can't clown

Cause when we lettin off you gots to duck down

And then we're rollin back to the spot where they hang

(Westside fo'hundred street gang) so it's a street thang

Makin that grip and stackin the chips high

Ballin never fallin I gots to stay fly

Whether they smokin up them beadies or rollin the joints fat

I gotta kick it with my niggaz cause it's like that

And you need to know I ain't for none, because I'm dumpin

The hollow point rounds that got everybody humpin

But niggaz they keep on mouthin, kickin up the static

But keep on talkin shit \*machine gun\* and I'ma let you havit

Yeah yeah

Huh, I'ma let you havit

Yeah

Check this

Somebody told me that you dissed me (bitch) in your video

But I ain't trippin cause I'm knowin you ain't nothin but a silly hoe

And yeah I said your monkey ass name in my underground tape

But if you peeped game you woulda heard me say

("To the top of the tree, for c-m-w see")

We wasn't dissin lettin you know the other side was on a mission

Comin up with the Quik-ness, now you know who's dick this is

Down in the throats of the Compton's most bitches

So take this shit back to your set if you got one

And I'ma be puttin the double oh bugs in my shotgun

And if you come back fuckin around I'ma take your life

Why would you come back to a gunfight, with a fuckin knife?

So there it is MC Eiht, cause you're wack

And mista Quik can beat the niggaz down with another sack

So keep on rollin in your Camry or your rabbit but

If I catch you slippin in my hood, gotta let you havit

Ahh yeah

Gotta let you havit  
Huh, I'ma let you havit

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