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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