

Pet Sematary

DJ Quik

Man Quik, what they talkin' 'bout?
Man they talkin' 'bout R&B music and Gangsta Rap is dead
What!? Damn
Aye, we need to go bury both of them muthafuckaz in the pet semetary
Take them to Compton and Watts then
I hit the liquor depot, on Crenshaw
Where all the working class G's go
Around the corner from Greg house
On the next block
Knocking something down
Cause South Central got the best cock
And the flyest bitches live in ran down spots
That's why them niggas be Piruin' and Crippin'
Tryin' to protect that ghetto pussy they hittin'
And you know what you goin' get when you buy you a Quik beat
And you know what's goin' happen your bitches and Quik meet
And I know that she goin' kiss and tell
She can't keep it quiet, can't help it when the dick is swell
Have to admit it
It's just good
She's gotta laugh
Like a parent, I put a whoopin' on her bottom half
I'm a player from the Himalayas
Niggas don't agree, then them niggas' haters
I'm just tryin' to be the R&B savior with the instrumental
Or goin' down like JFK in a Continental
The most underrated, so mothafu*kin' hated
Anything I do for music is never celebrated
Ya'll killin' the game like pesticides
But, DJ Quik is unpasteurized
My music is flawless, my lyrics is lawless
Your hood wouldn't be eatin'
I'm the reason for all this
Ya'll tryin' say I got my jaw broke in Compton
What kind of fake gangsta movies ya'll be watchin'
That's some cowboy sh*t, this some now boy sh*t
When them rounds hit your car, that's as loud as it's goin' get
Handle my lightweight, get him embalmed [?]
So don't fu*k with the great

You're much safer on skates
On thin ice
With lead plates
I'm 'bout to reboot, go in and recoup, come through and shoot, make 'em scatter like shooooop
So all that don't like me, you can suck a dick or somethin'
Turn over on your stomach, take a dildo 'til you vomit
I know you niggas crampin', I know the real you
You keep fu*kin' with me, and I'm goin' kill you
Now what they want to go and cancel Arsenio Hall for
Now we got no place to kick it, That's so uncalled for
I'm a bad motherfu*ker, cause my Glock says so
But my wallet says Gucci, I'm a fly killer yo
Jewels on your ass, pullin' tools on your ass
Recite a scripture before I put these on your ass
I'm a [?]
Put that in perspective, it's about a half oz of the OG
Gettin' low key
Rollin' more trees than a hatchback
Chillin' like it's '79
My lyrics so wicked, nigga, go and rewind
So, one more time, I'm from the world's most dangerous city
Back on the scene with no cracks on my screen
I'm like an addict gettin' back on that thing
If R&B is dead, nigga, Rest In Peace
But I'm still goin' write the stuff that make the stress release, Preach
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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