Tha Proem

Dj Quik

"The following presentation is rated R."
Hi-C
Uhh! God damn! Yeah!
Hi-C
This my nigga DJ motherfuckin Quik
We gon' take this shit back to the Mixmaster days
and put it all in your jawmeat
and wiggle it around a little bit, hahaha
YouknowhatI'msayin? Party favors nigga
Ahh yeah, y'all need a couple of 'em
We ain't playin witcho' bitch-ass either
YouknowhatI'msayin? Niggaz try to walk the walk, talk the talk
But that bullshit ain't nothin man {*scratches*}
I said that bullshit ain't nothin man!
{*scratches: "aw, niggaz, niggaz.."*}
Niggaz can't do what we do {"NO"}
{*"Bullshit ain't nothin man!"*}
Damn; so what you need to do.. is.. {"stop stop stop stop STOP!"}
.. shut the fuck up and listen for a minute {"Listen!"}
Pay attention - might learn somethin {"Now LISTEN!"}
Don't you carry yo' ass in the studio fuckin wit dem boys neither
or they put knots all UPSIDE ya motherfuckin head with the beats!
That's my nigga Q.. I call him..
{"Quik, Quik-Quik, Q-Quik, Quik-Quik"}
Quik-a-lodeon {"Too Quik!"}
Yeah.. huh? Yeah.. {"Quik-Quik-Quik-Quik-Quik-Quik-Quik"}
Talk.. {"Motherfuckin Quik"} spit it
Yeah.. ooh! Haha, yeah
Now off of two-fifths of drank (drank drank)
They got yo' boy lookin for a bitch to spank (spank spank)
Baby you can kick it but ya sister cain't (nah nah)
Runnin 'round smellin like a septic tank (ewwwahh)
Girl you need to stop you know your ass is stank (stank stank)
Runnin 'round beggin all the baller for bank (bank bank)
Tryin to hit a lick but like that you cain't (nah nah)
Cause everytime your ass come around I faint (wooo!)
People get to passin out;
I'ma give you one more chance but yo' ass is out
Now don't you bring yo' ass back smellin like raw trout (trout)

Cause everytime I see you I'ma bust you out!
(Here she come, look out!)
And you niggaz with the demos (demos)
Man you just as bad as dem hoes (hoes)
Talkin bout your record comin out (out out)
But you need to put some gum in your mouth (hell yes)
Cause before I hear you rhyme or you get a beat from Quik
Shyheim Da Kid
Yo yo this Shyheim, and y'all can suck my DICK!
Son you owe me, fuck the dough I want it in blood
You was my homey, showed me nuttin but thug love
Put me on to the game, bought me my first chain
Let me ride shotgun, in your Benz and Range
I'm thinkin how this big nigga gon', go against the grain

Hit him up when it's foggy outside, about to rain
It's about to rain teflon cop-killers
But we ride teflon can't-stop-killers
I thought you was fam 'til you switched the love
Now you, rich and fuck, you forget the thug?
Heard you on the radio, but I ain't get no plug
And if you come around the way, I should get you stuck
I wish you luck, I'ma make you kiss the gun
And I ain't gon' stop until my justice done
What you wanna be labelled as, a coward or a duck?
What powder you cut, you wanted that building for what?
When you rep that building, what you said for that building
If it wasn't for me, you woulda been DEAD in that building
You don't know what it feel like to say I own that building
Get dough in that building, or control that building
You don't know that feeling, you ain't condone that killing
Cause when the cops came, you was like, "Shy in that building"
I remember the days when you was shook in them buildings
You in front of these buildings, frontin like you build them
When Scrams was home, you was on his dick
And you gave that bitch money cause you always been a trick
You know Shy Da Kid, I'm back on the block
Bought the crack in the spot, spit back in the block
Fuckin clap at the cops, if I'm rappin or not
Whatchu gon' do nigga? Shoot or get shot
I'm hot on the block like new glocks out the box
All y'all fulla dope, at the bow(?) .. what?
Talib Kweli
Yeah yeah.. yo
Kweli, I'm rock this body and so forth and so on

You can get the dick, one to grow on or one to blow on
Bet you Quik get his dough on, I spit kick the flow on
Got swift shit I throw on, cause I'ma leave what I float on
Plus I get my roll on like Baby and Mannie Fresh
After I go on y'all niggaz'll never bust like tantric sex
The universal nigga that represent the planet best
How I manifest from Brooklyn to Los Angeles - people!
We hold this down like wherever you're from
Got my name all in your mouth like you pierced your tongue
Pimped the game so hard we leave them whores numb
The more I come, Kweli, I'm bout to blow like George Young
I'm the Don Cheadle of rap, dope like arms and needles of crack
My lyrics attack and arm the people like gats
In Cali studios we rest the heat up on the console
Peep Hollywood niggaz who think it's sweet like Comanco
Claimin they gangster and street like they lookin for beef
But with a gun in they teeth they just MC's lookin for beats
Y'all don't want trouble, we pop bubbles and flex muscle
Niggaz don't respect the lyrics, they respect your hustle
The industry is like Kinko's, makin copies while you wait
And the people always scream for NEW SHIT, like Clue tapes
Y'all speed this in your face, slow down like Screw tape
Cause as long as you rockin with Quik, nigga you straight

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