Broken Down (feat. Suga Free & Tweed Cadillac)

DJ Quik

No. No. The name stays on

The name's got my daddy's blood on it

The name stays on got my daddy's blood on it

The name stays on She can have half of itI'm a give a hand gesture

The one that I make

When I give my thumb and other three fingers a break

When I give my thumb and other three fingers a break You get the One

No, It's not random, it's not a mistake
You get the One, yeahMan, ya'll rap cats funny
I'm Fred G. Sanford, ya'll big ole dummies
And I ain't about to spit up on your verse
If you can't pull a little somethin' somethin'

Out your purse I'm a vet, not a pet

So Cal Intellect, grants me a much fatter check So, oh shit! I'm back up in the booth again This time no looky loos gettin' in Please. See ain't no reasonin'

Your bland. Your pimpin' needs seasonin'
I'm one of the best from the West
My name's still tatted on my Ex-wife's chest
And I don't have Jungle Fever

Neither do I need a rapper rapping with me either

Ya best realize who you're dealing with

some 93 point Tweed Cadillact don't understand vall night

I'm on some 93 point Tweed CadillacI don't understand ya'll niggas

And I know ya'll don't understand me

But if I have to clown ya'll niggas Just to light a little fire

Well I guess that's just what it's gonna have to be

Yah see, I don't comprehend ya'll suckas

Opinionated, you're dumb and OG

You couldn't keep up with the city

So you moved out to the desert

And you want to blame your drama on me

Keep it Broken DownYou see the gift

Now find the gab

To each it's reach

If I don't cop, it ain't mine to have

I'm tryin' to be as clean as a?

But in the back of my mind, I'm like get the fuck away from me

Why do you want to try to stress a muthafucka?

If I throw you a P at you, nigga, catch the muthafucka

Here's the dearly and there's the departed

The only time I like to fuck you

Is when I'm off that narcotic

You know I'm no good

I get my money in the hood

TattooOh yeahHey Quik! Blow a trick out

Ain't it fucked up when a bitch coughs while your fucking and spits your dick out? Money Give me more. Aye

Quik I'm serious

Ain't that the same nigga that choked a bitch out with a gray unicorn?

Holy fish scale!

You mean to tell me, you'd rather save this bitch than save this whale?

It's mighty skeptical

Quik, all these years and you ain't gave me a Pee, nah, I'm talkin' about the vegetable

And she knows it's me when I'm pullin' up

Cuz my car goes Vroom Vroom

And her daddy's easy to talk to because the whole conversation be Um-hmm

Now buckle down for the backlash

Why they call Dj Quik Dj Quik? that fast! I don't understand ya'll niggas

And I know ya'll don't understand me

But if I have to clown ya'll niggas

Just to light a little fire

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Keep it Broken DownYou niggas buyin' Meth, I'm buyin' cookware

I'm tired of being a muthafuckin' pall-bearer

I think I'd rather be Geraldo Rivera

And tell the people what's really going on with you squares

How could I lose my identity?

How could we become our own worst enemy?

Even at the park, we don't party whatever

Not familiar, because we are hardly together

Cyber gangbangers, Internet gimmicks

How did all my fans get replaced with critics?

Went to sleep and woke up in a world full of limits

And being humble is synonomous with being timid

Niggas annoy me, so I frighten them

They stalk and hunt me down, 'til I enlighten them

And then they sex play me, sounding fruity

When you call me bitch ass nigga
Is that a female dog shaped booty? I don't understand ya'll niggas
And I know ya'll don't understand me
But if I have to clown ya'll niggas
Just to light a little fire
Well I guess that's just what it's gonna have to be
Yah see, I don't comprehend ya'll suckas
Opinionated, you're dumb and OG
You couldn't keep up with the city
So you moved out to the desert
And you want to blame your drama on me
Keep it Broken Down

Songwriters
Rose, Morgan / Lowery, Clint / Connolly, John / Walker, Butch / Witherspoon, La Jon / Hornsby,
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