

Quik's Groove

DJ Quik

You see I wake up in the morning, grab my blunt and pull my dick up out this bitch mouth
I'm feeling like making this bitch iron my clothes or something
Multitasking, cooking breakfast, making a nigga wanna (smack that ass)
See, I met this bitch on Crenshaw, she told me give her a ride
I said "If I do that, you gotta give me head while Ray Charles drive."
'Cause I ain't, for, the tricking, no I ain't
I'm with my main bitch and my side bitch, I'm feeling like Saddam
They had the bomb, and if her baby daddy tripping fuck that nigga
I push that nigga hairline back like he LeBron make a nigga disappear like J-Kwon
Body found by the Swans, nigga missing both of his arms, I ain't playing
I'm with the rat-tat-tat-tat, shoot a nigga if he do or don't die, he ain't never coming back
Now it's one, two, buckle my shoe
Padded leather Giuseppes nigga, watch what the fuck I do
It's the P-I-R-to-the-U
And I put that on my momma I'mma ride for you baby boo
Yay yay, I said I put that on my momma I'mma ride for you baby boo I hope you giving head today
'Cause I just wanna put this dick all in you (So I can bust a nut)
Baby we gon celebrate (Celebration)
You bring all your girls and I'mma bring my crew
(Let me be the one you take home at the end of the night babe)
Let me be the one (I only want you to myself babe)
Let me be the one (But you know I'm always open to suggestions)
Let me be the one (Down for you, should never be a question babe)
To blow your mind
To blow your mind
Don't waste my time baby
To blow your mind Yeah, Quik is the name
With The Game, its a goddamn shame niggas can't see that we to blame
For putting Compton to flames, ignite it up
Haters knotted up, when you trip, with canker sores in your whip
That's what I do, to protect my party
My goons snatch you out by your Ed Hardy, then its back to shawty
All the ladies drink free, all the players grab a tab
That's how that's supposed to be, drinking Casamigos
Fucking faster than grand national regals, I'm in it in the pussy doing kegals
I'm so Fred Segal right now, she so spread eagle right now
Ain't nothing but the clothes going down
I'm in the game and the fires the same
My music is infinite like even before my fame

I wrote about a thousand 16-bar verses
And I'm still coming off like this my first here I hope you giving head today
'Cause I just wanna put this dick all in you (So I can bust a nut)
Baby we gon celebrate (Celebration)
You bring all your girls and I'mma bring my crew
(Let me be the one you take home at the end of the night babe)
Let me be the one (I only want you to myself babe)
Let me be the one (But you know I'm always open to suggestions)
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To blow your mind
To blow your mind
Don't waste my time baby
To blow your mind Now DJ Quik got a bitch from the Bay
Say she wanna fuck his lil homie, got her sipping on that Alize
You ever had your dick sucked to Mausberg before?
And had a Mossberg pump leaning on the front door?
Treat my dick a newborn, hold the head
I told a bitch "Pimpin' ain't dead, hoes are scared
So stop that bickering," I got a bitch from the Nickersons that got a fucking bounty on my head, uh ho I'm
rhyming with Chuck Taylor too, he doing something new
Something more comfortable for you to just bang your shit to
So lady, go on and work those hips
Like them inmates work those divs
And when I get there baby work your lips
If it don't make Dollars don't holler
It's DJ Quik in any year Impala
And if it don't make Sense then don't flinch
What you hear from a bull that don't chew no grass? No shit I hope you giving head today
'Cause I just wanna put this dick all in you (So I can bust a nut)
Baby we gon celebrate (Celebration)
You bring all your girls and I'mma bring my crew
(Let me be the one you take home at the end of the night babe)
Let me be the one (I only want you to myself babe)
Let me be the one (But you know I'm always open to suggestions)
Let me be the one (Down for you, should never be a question babe)
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Songwriters

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