

Quik Is The Name

DJ Quik

[DJ Quik]

You want to see a young brother from the Compton tip check a grip
Well keep lookin', because the see-A-M-E-O track is cookin'
Like a big ol' pot of neck bones, we'll tend to fire up
Because a young brother like the Quik is gettin' wired up You know my offbeat style is flowin' all the while
I'm showin' suckers, they can't get none of this
Let alone some of this, I'm a musical genius
And if you fuck with my roll {"Face, down, HUT HUT HUT HUT!"} I beat yo' ass as if uh we was playin'
Tecmo Bowl
I'm a producer if a rhythm is dope I choose it
And I hope you know I'd rather +BE+ dope than use it
I was a Player in the Penthouse and now I'm uprooted A young scallion in them khaki suits and booted
With a 40 in hand I'm a take a stand
I'm lettin' em know they can't fuck with the one man band
And if a soft sucker want to know who's to blame
I let 'em know - Quik is the Name [DJ Quik]
Now can we get back on the tip of the real unadulterated funk
This beat is gettin' funky just like a skunk
And the funk is that I step with the style I show
Let's blow these motherfuckin' nimrods doin' low What makes you think that you can even try to step to me?
I hold the dice without six on the tea leaf
I know you want to win some go on and try your luck
Punk, put your money on the floor and get bucked By a pro-fession-al, rhyme hoodlum
Hoochies all over my tip because I screwed 'em
One-time can't lock me up, cause I elude 'em
And bubblegum rappers can't fade me cause I chewed 'em So suckers get at me I'm the "Q" in quotations
And the see-P-T is the location
I won't talk in riddles cause you don't need the strain on your brain
To make it simple - Quik is the Name [DJ Quik]
Yeah, I don't compare my rhyme styles to no gat
'Cause to me that bullshit is SUPER wack
I just remain plain and kick the facts
Bout how a nigga can't keep from gettin jacked You gotta hold your own at any cost
'Cause if you don't boy you might get bossed and tossed
By a sucker who claims he got more game than you
Bein' true is what you oughta do Or you just might find some chrome pointed at your dome
Think fast or you might not make it home
See a nigga like myself ain't goin out like that
Because I found that it pays to pack a gat In the city where survival is a full-time job black

And it ain't givin' nothin' back
The fo'-fo'll keep a motherfucker tame
Behind the trigger yo, Quik is the Name

Songwriters

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