Way 2 Fonky

Dj Quik

Oh yes I?m new and improved, and to a funky-ass groove
My name is Quik and I?m smooth, and I?m makin yo? ugly bitch move
With the streets you can?t lose, but if you still wanna choose
To be a sucka, I got a 380 punk, so duck her
And to you motherfuckers thinkin' you wanna fade me?
I?m runnin' the underground, so fool, you?re crazy
And you better step, ?fore I beat you with a switch
And tie you up and make you watch, while I?m fuckin' yo? bitch
'Cause I?m a low-pro nigga that you should not fol-low
Puttin' suckaz in the wind cause my voice is hol-low
Put the pistol to your grill and your punk ass rolls
You grab my shit and I pull the trigger now you?re missin' a nose
And umm, I don?t fear your crew because my back is got
Chasin' nothin' but the suckaz when we hit yo? spot
Yeah, straight Bronx Killa, mark ass niggaz can?t check me
But gotta respect me, 'cause I?m Way 2 Fonky
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I can?t stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I can?t stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I can?t stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, yeah
Now no sooner than I hit the fuckin' streets
People be approachin' me, all throughout the swap meets
Askin' me shit like, when your new album comin' out?
is it different? is it dope? Where yo? perm? What you talkin' 'bout?
I know you don?t expect that a nigga gon? quit
Bein' nothin' less than funky and bangin' out the dope-ass hits
'Cause DJ-Quik is a name that I take much much pride in
No ego's to hide in and no limos to ride in
Maybe a cutlass or two, but still the same ol? shit
And me unclever? No never, I?ll have this talent forever
The producer get funky down to the last ounce

And I?m creative too so I don?t need mo? bounce
But to you suckaz in my city claimin' I got a def wish
You should try again fool, you ain?t hittin' near this
Them wack ass tracks, make you sound like a monkey
Just a shot in the dark, from a punk-ass mark who ain?t fonky
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I can?t stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I can?t stop

Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I can?t stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, yeah
Now when you records ain?t that funky then it?s easy to disrespect this
'Cause you know that when I hit I didn?t miss
Just like that I?m born and raised, you wish you could fade
And when you picked up that album cover you knew I was paid, Tim
Cause we ain?t goin' out and we ain?t stuck in that old school shit
That boring flavor that just don?t hit
Cause this is ninety-two, and yes yo? style is through
And if your record ain?t sellin' well fool I thought you knew
That this is straight Bronx Killa, straight Bronx Murda
Yeah yo? city?s a dump, and fool yo? shit don?t bump
And ?member the jack the rapper? yeah, your punk ass sat
That?s when my homeboy d, was bout to flatten yo? cap
And you apologized to him, started kissin' his ass
Sayin' you only dissed Compton for the money
So he gave you a pass but you ain?t movin' shit on the streets
Get off the nuts of my city with them wack ass beats that ain?t fonky
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I can?t stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I can?t stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I can?t stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I can?t stop

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