You'z A Ganxta

Dj Quik

Side, oh no, it's '98, y'all an' we got some new shit
What we say? Yes, ha ha
Fade the world in this motherfucker
That's right, oh, check it out
Fuck what ya heard, baby, I'm DJ Quik
Whether on TV or in these streets, I'm still the shit
I went from drinkin' eight ball an' makin' demos
To drinkin' Hennessey an' Chivas Regal in the back of the limo
Gettin' my issue in life you can't hate that
An' when I tell you about yo' self, nigga, you can't take that
'Cause y'all be cross fadin' if you don't understand
You got a side an' I got one
But you be crossin' over here to see what's in my hand
Yeah, but that's cool too
I gets my money on the double, that's what I do
Hittin' them brown bubbles an' avoidin' trouble
Hoes to choose with nothin' to lose
An' a million mothafuckas wanna be in my shoes
But you don't understand, beyond the parties an' cheer
I been broke my whole career, breakin' bread with my peers
Bought a '96 Impala, the new SS
Before the 20,000 mile mark, I gave it to Sid
I could never bust a new shoe if my nephews ain't got 'em
Fila, Jumpman, Cortez, yeah, I'm comin' out the pocket
For my homies in the hood, up on it when I'm around
'Cause there's a difference between bein' a thug an' bein' down now
Bang bang boogie da bang da bang boogie to da boogie
Bang boogie da bang fuck what you sayin', nigga?
You'z a ganxta, no, I'm not
Nigga, you'z a ganxta, no, I'm not
Nigga, you'z a ganxta
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Nigga, you a ganxta
Just 'cause I kick it with killers, don't mean that I do it
My occupation's a musician an' I'm stayin' true to it
I went from bein' a rider to bein' a provider

While I was straddlin' the fence tryin' not to hit the divider
Just an impressionable human being tryin' to do right
Every now an' then I get my manhood tested in fights
Like I used to have a beef with this cat named Eiht
An' his homies approached me at the club El Rey
What was I to do? I'm on stage an' I'm doin' my thang
An' this nigga's out in the crowd tryin' to hoo bang
Givin' it up for his homies an' set trippin' too
But he wasn't from Rollin' 60's, more like Tragney
I wonder what's his problem? What he tryin' to say?
Is this business personal or just 'Fuck Quik Day'?

I approached him like a man an' not like a nut
He turned around an' put his drink down an' straight knuckled up
In the dark club punches is flyin' all around
An' even though it was me an' him the rumors went 'round
An' said I killed somebody, now how that sound?
How could I stomp somebody to death that's bigger than me
An' I'm just a hundred an' fifty five pounds, tell me?
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See, some don't realize the power of lyrics
'Cause when you rap about death, you talkin' to spirits
You see you can say the things that can help us all ball
Or you can say things that make it bad for us all
Fix the problem, the only way is come to the source
Don't be a Trojan Horse, help us change the course
Everybody knows that it's bad in the 'hood
So check what you rappin' about if it ain't to the good
I did my part a long time ago I changed my views
Ain't no gang bangin' an' slangin', just hangin' with trues
Give it up to my Creator an' that you can quote
But mothafuckas still see me as a scapegoat
Yeah, like that night when Biggie died at Quincy Jones spot
Like 400 other people, yeah, I heard some shots
Broke away with the crowd nervous, obviously
An' the mothafuckas blamed it on me, what the hell?

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Check it out, this song is dedicated
To the two most prolific writers in rap music history
Tupac Shakur an' the Notorious B.I.G.
It's also dedicated to the little homie from 60's
That lost his life at that party, rest in peace, y'all
An' to MC Eiht, when you get yo' head together
Maybe we can do a record, feel me? I'm out

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