

Broken Down (Ft. 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 it I'm a give a hand gesture
The one that I make
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, yeah Man, 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
I'm on some 93 point Tweed Cadillac 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 You 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
Tattoo Oh yeah Hey 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
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 You 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 gangbangs, 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 synonymous 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

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