Way 2 Fonky

DJ Quik

Oh yes Im new and improved, and to a funky-ass groove
My name is Quik and Im smooth, and Im makin yo ugly bitch move
With the streets you cant 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?
Im runnin' the underground, so fool, youre crazy
And you better step, fore I beat you with a switch
And tie you up and make you watch, while Im fuckin' yo bitch'Cause Im 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 youre missin' a nose
And umm, I dont 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 cant check me
But gotta respect me, 'cause Im Way 2 FonkyFonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I cant stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I cant stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I cant stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, yeahNow 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 dont 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 inMaybe a cutlass or two, but still the same ol shit
And me unclever? No never, Ill have this talent forever
The producer get funky down to the last ounce
And Im creative too so I dont need mo bounce
But to you suckaz in my city claimin' I got a def wish
You should try again fool, you aint 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 aint fonkyFonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I cant stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I cant stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I cant stop
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, yeahNow when you records aint that funky then its easy to disrespect this
'Cause you know that when I hit I didnt miss
Just like that Im born and raised, you wish you could fade

And when you picked up that album cover you knew I was paid, Tim
Cause we aint goin' out and we aint stuck in that old school shit
That boring flavor that just dont hit
Cause this is ninety-two, and yes yo style is through
And if your record aint sellin' well fool I thought you knewThat this is straight Bronx Killa, straight Bronx Murda
Yeah yo citys a dump, and fool yo shit dont bump
And member the jack the rapper? yeah, your punk ass sat
Thats 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 aint movin' shit on the streets
Get off the nuts of my city with them wack ass beats that aint fonkyFonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I cant stop
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