

# 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 no 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 knew That 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 fonky 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, fonky, you know I cant stop  
Fonky yeah, fonky, fonky, fonky, fonky, you know I cant stop

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