

DJ Quik f/ B-Real

"Fandango"

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[10 second instrumental to open]

[DJ Quik]

You might find me in the Century Club
Fresh kicks, fresh cut, pocket full of dubs
Box of Altoids for my paranoid niggaz actin foul
Stop smokin if you can't be proud
Adult star night, not another bar fight
Inglewood players actin right in the spotlight
Me I'm righter than invisible set
I'm visibly wet, slurrin and I'm lookin for my pet
I pass to the massa with her whip on her, ask her
If she sippin wit'cha bird, if she not we move past her
And I ain't hatin I'm just diggin ya ass girl
Is that the collagen shot, is that what'cha momma got?
I'm so rugged, bullet wound in back
of the axe handle blunt force trauma kinda tuggin
And I ain't never been what the cat drug on
B-Real Quik's to keep ya mean muggin
California clownin, bounce to sundown
In the moonlight groovin, trippin off the saloon fight
We Fandango, the next day hangover
got me feelin like I hit a train with my Range Rover

[Chorus: B-Real]

Feel free to lose your mind, let'cha brain go
Fuck the tango do the Fandango
Triple step, right left, then you let'cha dame go
Spin around 'til you get a hangover
Take your doo rag off, let your brain grow
Fuck the tango do the Fandango
Triple step, right left, then you let'cha man go
Spin around 'til you get a hangover

[B-Real]

Watch me climb out the whip with the bird on my hip
She wanna set it off in the club, don't trip
We crack a bottle and all my fam take a sip
Any haters wanna pop at the lip, we come equipped
We get the paper and the savor the flavor
but never forget about the haters who constantly

imitate us
Homey we creators and players and rhyme sayers
for layers of words, let me say it in terms that you can
understand
So clearly, you feelin me fam?
She's on the floor cause of my homey Quik man
And she hits the mall but you don't really understand
Yeah I seen it before but now it's gettin out of hand
Mami's diggin for more, and she's posin for the cam
Little beef got the dancefloor slammed
No tango, straight Fandango
Birds flock to us like heads to Kangols, c'mon

[Chorus]

[DJ Quik]

I'm a master in disguise, movin swiftly to the thighs
Move faster than me, then I recognize
That I ain't really got nuttin to hide
But the bratwurst skinny girl second, fat girls first
And Compton is still on my mind
I remember when we used to get scared when they got
behind us
One-time sayin they been tryin to find us
But they got the wrong niggaz, never mind us
My tongue tumbles like I'm bumblebee stung
Rip out the stinger, you keep talkin shit I whip out the
ringer
How many times does it have to end
right before 12:00 A.M., why you packin a Slim Jim?
I gets down on the mic like I rode down on a bike
Road rash, skin peelin tonight
The club ain't never crackin 'til the haters be gone
We need to build the eliminator hater light, and put it
on 'em

[Chorus]

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