

Hi-C f/ DJ Quik, Fieldy

"Let Me Know *"

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* censored before initial release, so only radio edit exists

[Hi-C]

Here we go

Yeah

[Verse 1: Hi-C]

Now this is for the ladies and all my dawgs

Come on, get your ass up off the wall

All you had to do was give Crawf a call

And watch me come through and get it crackin', y'all

I'm still breakin' bricks with the homey Quik

We try to get it down just as far as it gets

Cause all I have to do is hop back and spit

And watch all the lil' mommas start havin' fits

When I slide through the city in my Escalade

I ain't worryin' 'bout {*shit*}, cause we extra paid

I'm tryin' to stay sharp as a razor blade

And you thinkin' 'bout now that we got it made

And I'm a take you right now, that ain't the case

Ain't nothin' like more chips in my safe

Stop skinnin' and grinnin' all in my face

'fore I cock back and show you how my {*pistol*} taste

Chorus: DJ Quik

If you're pimpin', let me know

Yeah

But if you're sympin', let me go

Hoe, no

Cause if you're flossin' just don't show

Yeah

And I ain't got no time for hoes

Don't wanna see you no more

[Verse 2: Fieldy]

Y'all didn't know that I was royalty

I bought my own island so I can call myself the king

Hop in my yacht, y'all come with me

I take you across the sea, to the land of the free

A paradise island, it's all about me

Got a castle in the sand, and my own currency
Fieldy's the man, when it comes to me
No reason for no plan
I'm livin' like a king
Drinks on the house for all my ladies
The party's don't stop when you out with me
Wherever there's fun
I gotta get some
I can't help myself
This is who I am
People feel deep when the weekend comes
It's time to act dumb
It doesn't seem right
Having all this fun
When it's right for me
I'm livin' like a bomb, if a bomb was a king

Repeat Chorus

[Verse 3: DJ Quik]

I'm a role model (Role model?)
I roll models in and out
Of my room at night
Lookin' guilty with they hole hollow (Oh!)
Now hit the light switch
And turn 'em back on
And take off them clothes
So I can see if you're a tight (Oooh, damn)
Be a sad day in L.A.
If I ain't ballin' (Yup)
Be no dubs spinnin', dudes drankin', broads callin' (No)
Cause I been runnin' up tabs since I was 19
And tryin' to spend the rest of my life with the right
team (Who that?)
Me and Cawf Dog (Cawf)
We been off y'all (Off)
Off with two dime pieces and playin' softball
They swallow golf balls (Golf)
They swallowed Cawf Dog (Cawf)
They swallowed me, and that's why I say we been off
y'all (Off)
At the sports bar
Drinkin' Chopan
And Mucal and Adios Mother, give me another
Cause I'm loaded
I dropped the bomb and her lil' drawers exploded
If you think we ain't mackin' miss
You moldy (You moldy)

Repeat Chorus Twice

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