

## Dj Quik

# "Born And Raised In Compton"

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Now everybody wants to know the truth about a brother  
named Quik

I come from the school of the sly, wicked and the slick  
A lotta people already know exactly where it's at  
'Cause it's the home of the jackers and the crack,  
Compton

Yeah, that's the name of my hometown  
I'm goin' down in the town where my name is all around  
The suckers just be havin' a fit and that's a pity  
But I ain't doin' nothin' but

See, my lyrics I'm doublin' up and provin' to suckers  
that I can throw  
I'm passin' a natural ten or four or six or eight before I  
go  
Yes, I'm definitely freestylin', all the while still profilin'  
Never a trickster, DJ Quikster steals the show

So that's how I'm livin', I do as I please, you see  
A younger brother that's up on reality  
'Cause everybody knows you have to be stompin'  
If you're born and raised in Compton

Born and raised  
Born and raised  
Born and raised, born and raised  
Born and raised in Compton  
Born and raised  
Born and raised  
Born  
Compton

Now Compton is the place where the homeboys chill,  
you see  
But then I found that it wasn't no place for me  
'Cause way back in the day somebody musta wanted  
me to quit  
Because they broke in my house and cold stole my shit

They musta thought that I was gonna play the punk role  
Just because my equipment got stole

But I ain't goin' out like no sucker-ass clown  
They found they couldn't keep a dope nigga down

So here's some bass in your face, muthafucka silly  
sucker  
Ass clocker, now you're duckin' 'cause you can't stop a  
brother  
Like the Quiksta because I'm true to the game  
You're lame and things ain't gonna never be the same

'Cause a nigga like the Quik is takin' over  
I really don't think I should have to explain it  
Oh yeah, I'm a dog but my name ain't Rover  
And I'm the kinda nigga that's feelin' no pain

Sometimes I have to wear the bullet-proof vest  
Because I got the CPT sign written across my chest  
A funky dope brother never ceases to impress  
My name is DJ Quik, so you can fuck the rest

I'm comin' like this and I'm comin' directly  
'Cause suckers get dain-bramaged if I'm doin' damage  
quite effectively  
Rhymin' is a battlezone and suckers have no win  
'Cause I'm a veteran from the C O M P T O N, kick it

Born and raised  
Born and raised  
Born and raised, born and raised  
Born and raised in Compton  
Born and raised  
Born and raised  
Born born born and raised in Compton  
Compton, Compton, Compton, Compton  
Compton, Compton, Compton, Compton, Compton

Yo, check this shit out, right about now  
I'd like to send a shout out to my buddy Teddy Bear  
What's up nigga? What's up KK? My buddy D  
We got AMG most definitely in the house  
What's up pretty Greg and big baby Brian cold chillin'  
Talkin' about the Armstrong pack, straight got my  
muthafuckin' back

To my buddy, No Way, what's up, fool  
Roche is in the house, my buddy Donzelli  
You know what's happenin', fool, what's up Itch?  
And Tony Lang is chillin', to my nigga gangsta Wayne  
And my engineer Joe gettin' busy on the flo'  
And last but not least I'd like to thank Shabby Blue  
And we out, peace

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