

Dj Quik "Can't Fuck Wit A Nigga"

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Intro:
(voice-over)

Yeah motherfuckers
Right back on your ass
Right about now we about to let you know that
Compton's in the motherfucking house
I got my niggas Dre and ? in this motherfucker
And my road dog KK
We gonna put niggas to sleep in the
Four-hundred three
Check

Verse 1:
(DJ Quik)
Yeah motherfucker right back up on your ass
I hid in the bushes and I crept up through the grass
What you running for bitch? You fake Irish faggot
You got a big booty Everlast let me tag it
Cause you look like a Roman but you try to clown
I kicked you in your ass that's why you jump around
So don't try to fuck with a Compton nigga
And I'mma tell you who's Daddy fuck with a trigga
Now Daddy is the nigga getting head from your
Mommy
Daddy is the nigga with the gun like a tommy
Daddy is the nigga that you wanna be like
And Daddy is the nigga with your shit on his nikes
So don't be scared just be prepared
For when you dis a nigga that you won't be spared
Little white boy how the fuck you figure
No you can't fuck with a nigga

Chorus 1:

(You can't fuck with a nigga)
(Thinking you wanna fade me)
(Mark Killer)
(Fool you crazy)
(Can't fuck with a nigga)
(Motherfuckers just like you)
(You'd better step before I beat you with a switch)

(You can't fuck with a nigga)
(Thinking you wanna fade me)
(Mark Killer)
(Fool you crazy)
(You can't fuck with a nigga)
(Motherfuckers just like you)
(You'd better step before I beat you with a switch)

Verse 2:

(Hi-C)
Now there's a certain type of nigga that can make you
sick
Motherfucking booty and ain't saying shit
But you have to start to stepping you ain't got no style
Your white is showing like Belinda Carlyle
And the only way that you can be cool
Is if you jump your ass in the pool
Mr. Everlast went up to the Hill
To steal a style from the brother B-real
Then these no-talent fools out here getting breaks
Who the fuck better make these wack-ass tapes

The homie said squash it and just let it slide
But I gotta shoot 'em down in the middle of the ride
I heard your head was big but I can still crush it
Every check you lay you know we have to flush it
Fuck it pass me the brew and let me swig a
Uhh it's the funky white nigga

Chorus 2:

(No you can't fuck with a nigga)
(Thinking you wanna fade me)
(Mark Killer)
(Fool you crazy)
(Can't fuck with a nigga)
(Motherfuckers just like you)
(You'd better step before I beat you with a switch)
(You can't fuck with a nigga)
(Thinking you wanna fade me)
(Mark Killer)
(Fool you crazy)
(No you can't fuck with a nigga)
(Motherfuckers just like you)
(You're a punk motherfucker with a
punk mother fucking crew)

Verse 3:

(KK)
The black fool from the other side
Watch me when I who-ride

Creeping up on you from the blind side
Now here we go hoe yo niggas bring it on
Four dogs barking in a dawn
Hey watch em all catch all your homies when they fall
Nothing but bullet holes left in the wall
KA tripping never caught slipping
Throwing three fingers to the fools that's [censored]
Say nigga don't you know what's up?
Coming up on to get you fucked up
Knuckle or the belt-buckle which way you want it?
It really don't matter I'm a be all up on it
KK all the way from LA
Still the same nigga up to no good
I'm signing out D Quik and my nigga Hi-C
Yo you can't fuck with a G

Chorus 3:

(No you can't fuck with a nigga)
(Thinking you wanna fade me)
(Mark Killer)
(Fool you crazy)
(No you can't fuck with a nigga)
(Motherfuckers just like you)
(You'd better step before I beat you with a switch)
(You can't fuck with a nigga)
(Thinking you wanna fade me)
(Mark Killer)
(Fool you crazy)
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