

## Dj Quik "Dollaz + Sense"

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Now let's get down to business, bitches  
'Cause it seems like y'all just keep on tryin' to diss this  
Nigga that you know that's been down for years  
I've clowned for years, and y'all could never fade my  
peers  
One two three four five six seven nine, ten, Eiht you  
can't win  
'Cause all the way around nigga I gets respect  
And youse a nigga that can't even get no props in your  
set  
Tragniew Park you say huh

Wanna be rippin', but now it's time to do some set  
trippin'  
So listen close, 'cause I don't want y'all to miss  
That I'm bout to break it down for this bitch, check it  
Acacia, Poplar Maple Spruce Cedar Elm  
West side trees sprayin' all the fleas  
that's from the three and four hundred block P-Funk  
riders  
So niggaz watch yo' ass at that center divider  
Now Aaron Tyler, tell my why you seem so tame

When I caught you at the airport, shakin' like a crap  
game  
You looked up and you seen my niggaz comin  
And you looked like your bitch ass was 'bout to start  
runnin'  
But all I wanted to do was kick a little conversation  
And see if we can fix this little situation  
But would I fuck you up was what you wondered  
Yeah, that's probably why you changed your little pager  
number  
But bitches like you don't grow

You can't even look me in my eye, let alone go toe to  
toe  
And callin' me skinny, youse a clown  
I'ma call you Theo, 'cause you weigh ninety-two point  
three pounds  
Wack ass actor, movie script killer  
Fool don't you know, Quik is still the nigga

Compton psycho, boy you oughta quit  
Your records don't hit, and bitches don't jock your shit  
You need to stay down you Compton clown

And get off of the nuts of the niggaz with guts  
Because I'm down with the Trees, I'm down with Death  
Row

I'm down with Black Tone, and I'm down with the fo'  
So when we cross paths and I hope that's soon  
I'ma boot your motherfuckin' ass to the moon  
You need to quit bangin' under false pretense  
'Cause if don't make dollars, it don't make sense

If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense  
So don't kill game, let the pimpin' commence  
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense  
So don't kill game, let the people, commence  
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense  
So don't kill game, let the pimpin' commence  
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense  
Because you gotta give it up to the crown prince

Now I'ma swing it to the right and, right into the left  
hand  
Take a deep breath and, cook it like a chef and  
This is dedicated to the C-P-T  
No better yet T-T-P, or the niggaz that look up to me  
I make it my business, to be that true forever  
And whenever I can come clever well that's my  
endeavor  
So whether or not you understand, that there's only one  
DJ Q-U-I-K  
With no C still you can't be me  
Because I'm floatin' in my Lex and, depositin' fat  
checks and  
Gettin mad sex while I floss the NSX and

Doin' what I wanna, and youse a goner nigga  
For thinkin that you can catch me slippin' on a street  
corner  
Remember Compton's in the house, and Quik is in the  
hood  
Sippin' yak with all my niggaz 'cause it's tooted good  
So don't knock it till you try it, 'cause Eiht he tried to  
knock it  
But he's still walkin' round with my nuts in his pocket  
So put tha P in it represent and sip that Miller  
And for those of y'all concerned, this is still Eiht Killa  
Let me take a load off my scrotum little pest  
If it don't make dollars nigga, you know the rest

If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense  
So don't kill game, let the pimpin' commence  
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense  
So don't kill game, let the people, commence  
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Now I done sold my fuckin' soul to the shit that I kick  
While you groupie ass niggaz keep on ridin' the dick  
You oughta know that DJ Quik ain't your average  
Everyday motherfucker, slick like a snake 'cause I stuck  
ya

Now, I never had my dick sucked by a man befo'  
But you gon' be the first you little trick ass hoe  
Then you can tell me just how it taste  
But before I nut I shoot some piss in your face  
You fuckin' coward, tremblin' like a nervous wreck

'Cause when I caught your ass, you put yourself in  
check  
And when you left my presence, you left expedient  
You ain't no fuckin' killer, youse a comedian, beyotch  
Tell me why you act so scary  
Givin' your set a bad name wit your misspelled name  
E-I-H-T, now should I continue  
Yeah you left out the G 'cause the G ain't in you  
Remember that time you was rollin' on the West side  
And a little brown bucket pulled up on your side

Caught at that light in your Camry in the midst of a  
Real killer, tell me did you feel a little nervous  
You was in the shadow of death with two trey-five-  
sevens  
Pointed at your chest whatchu gon' do, where was your  
Niggaz that kill at you ain't got no killers so kill dat  
Holdin' up your hands and beggin' for a pass  
You lucky they didn't just to get to dumpin' on yo' ass  
'Cause this game you think is funny is some real shit  
So you need to be more careful who you fuckin' wit,  
beyotch!

If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense  
So don't kill game, let the pimpin' commence  
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense  
I'm through playin' with your punk ass  
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense  
So don't kill game, let the pimpin' commence  
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense  
Because you gotta give it up to the crown prince

Shouts goes out, to my well known road dog  
What's up Dozun Tru, they don't understand it baby  
They can't fade us out here on these Compton streets  
It's bigger than they can imagine to the whole entire  
Death Row family both sides, whassup niggaz  
And my nigga Big Suge, known for keepin' shit poppin'

To my nigga Big J, my little nigga Hi-C, little straight G  
And that little singin' ass nigga Danny Boy  
Y'all don't understand, y'all can't fade this  
I'm the first nigga that was "Bangin' on Wax"  
Yeah if you remember, nineteen eighty-seven  
underground tapes  
And it don't stop, and it won't stop

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