

## Dj Quik "Dollaz Sense"

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Mmm

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

?Trag new 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

Westside 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 \*gun  
blast\*)

Now Erik Titer, 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 coversation (yo  
whatup)

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 (punk ass)

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

\*chorus\*

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 til you try it, cause Eiht he tried to  
knock it  
But he's still walkin round with my nuts in his pocket  
(beyotch)  
So put tha P in it represent and sip that Miller  
And for those of y'all concerned, this is still Eiht Killa  
\*gun blast\*  
Let me take a load off my scrotum little pest

If it don't make dollers nigga, you know the rest

\*chorus\*

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

(hah) 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 Westside

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 (hell  
yeah)

You was in the shadow of death

With two trey-five-sevens pointed at your chest, hmm

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!

\*chorus\*

(line 4) I'm through playin with your punk ass

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  
(beyotch)

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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