

Dj Quik "Get Down"

Visit "[Get Down](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

(feat. Chingy)

[DJ Quik]

(Shoot back) I'm hard and I'm flossy and I'm all that

You talk a lot of shit, where yo' bodyguard at?

I got a pocket full of money, where the mall at?

Where the quads at, where the drinks, where the
broads at?

(Shoot back) Niggaz fightin over bitches need to
squash that

You shouldn't be disgruntled cause you didn't learn to
posh that

It's black pussy and I'm still tryin to wash that

Rinse it up, lip to butt, right between the center gut

(Shoot back) Sit in my lap, and look at my snaps

Drop a 20 and watch these troublemakers fightin for
scraps

My drawers so clean, my nuts are so powdered

Don't stress me out, just eat your clam chowder

Tryin to stick my honeybee into yo' flower

If you like this record then make the shit louder

(Shoot back) It's so terrific out on the Pacific

Green plants and dancin make you feel lifted

I'm DJ Quik and I'm so fuckin gifted

That you didn't even feel when the momentum shifted

(Shoot back) I turned the pocket around

And slowed it all the way DOWN, I'm a musical cop now

[Chorus]

Get down on the ground, spread your legs, put your
hands behind your back

Get up and walk backwards towards me

You under arrest for them big-ass breasts

And that ass made me think you had a strap, pick your
ass up

Get down on your face, spread 'em wide, where your
ID?

Why you tryin to lie to me? You've got the right to
remain

Either you can ride the big-ass bus

go to jail or go home with us, I need backup

[Chingy]

Excuse me miss, I'm pullin you over
Cause your ass is extremely too fat
You need backup Quik? I'm the right nigga to get
My picks are thick stallion, I'm slangin the dick
Still bangin the bricks, with the 'caine and the 6
Remain in the mix, because I'm famous and shit
(Shoot back) Let the guest in, doors open, my
entourage walked in
Let's get some whore scopin I'm open for more pokin
On my wrist is 50 tokens, buy that chump
Sold a show out for a mill', try that chump
I'm on the boat still listenin to, "Way 2 Fonky"
Park that ass right hurr chick and make that monkey
talk for me, when ya walk I see
a clear speech come and get it I got some for each
Now I'm bumpin on the radio and put it on repeat
Play it loud in the streets, go out and get yourself a
freak
The, moral of the story is we hoe-hoppin police
Know your rights, put these cuffs on, you locked in
these sheets

[Chorus]

[Chingy]

Okay - incenst cologne, women be attracted
Got the best sex c'mon, it's somethin 'bout the action
When they flex wet and bone, a model or a actress
I attach this note, before the script get wrote
(Shoot back) She see the list, text you're gone
I tap it make it happen stress there's eggs at home
A captain be reactin to the sweat as you moan
Hold up give me a second
I think Quik got somethin else to say before we end this
record

[DJ Quik]

This beat is for your uncle and aunt
It's old enough to be dope, but young enough to be hot
Dedicated to everybody been beat by the cops
Just tryin to get to the party and pop tequila in shot
The legendary incendiary resentment for authority
figures
From the most vocal of the local niggaz
California to death, bringin Compton to life
Makin beats that'll snap yo' neck and have you writin a
check
You need to

[Chorus]

Visit [Dj Quik](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.