

Dj Quik "Intro For Roger"

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[22 second instrumental to open]

[DJ Quik]

Cause stuff I seen it was inevitable I'd be a business man
I knew that I would get some assistance whenever I took the stand
Now this is how yo' street works, everybody all hates each other
Until they in each other's face, and then they be cousins brothers
and loved ones, it's all just a race
To see who can grab the most nuts and get back to the house in one payce
You niggaz wanna be on squirrel time, I'm around the world time
Until I gotta come back for court, talk to my kids and they're fine
This is my intro, I'm scratchin Chingy, comin blingy this time
I'm showin off my hands and freestylin, showin you through my mind
This is for Roger Troutman, he helped me when I was so blind
To see that y'all would freak out me at an opportune time
I shoulda seen it comin

[Chorus]

Niggaz tryin to talk me outta this shit
I'm tryin to put this nigga outta this bitch
You fuckin with my chips I gotta resist
I'm tryin to put this nigga outta this bitch
Niggaz tryin to talk me outta this shit
I'm tryin to get this hooker outta this bitch
She fuckin with my chips I gotta resist
I'm tryin to get this hooker outta this bitch

[DJ Quik]

I live in Los Scangelous, California
It's the most beautiful sunset 'til cowards run up on ya
And then it's curtains you hurtin for what yo' mob done

been blurtin
When you don't love who you squirtin cause she just
might be workin
I ain't sharin a fuckin thing, I'm a rider for certain
Shake the homies with self-esteem problems, give 'em
some Jergens
Bitch problems weaken the love for the homey seekin
to suffer the homey's tweakin
Do drugs not now homey heat just be lurkin
My best friend's dead, my heart is a stone
My soul ain't even mine to own, they say it's alone
And I feel sorry for any nigga that diss me in song
I'm comin with pencils pistols and Cristals you gone
It's premeditated now nigga

[Chorus]

[Outro]

Man I done seen the nigga go through some shit
Family messin with him, gangbangin, man
Get his drink on, for a long time
Trippin, gettin on motorcycles man, and standin on 'em
Losin and fallin, scandalous-ass baby momma
Lettin homies, so-called homies fuck
Tryin to make my nigga look bad
Then they end up in Atlanta, got hit with some hot ones
That's what they get, keep on pushin Quik

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