

DJ Quik "Luv Of My Life"

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I'm looking for the luv of my life
What I'm drinkin' on?

I'm looking for the luv of my life
Lil drank, lil stank, that's the luv of my life
Not looking for a hussy tryna be my wife
Said I'm looking for the cash, that's the luv of my life

I'm looking for the love, the luv of my life
Lil drank, lil stank that's the luv of my life
Not looking for a broad tryna be my wife
Said I'm looking for the cash, that's the luv of my life

Now with a driver, I can drink like I'm off the bottle
Martini glass filling, that's off the top
Don't like the talk shop, I'd rather shop and talk
I treat the tags like I treat them clubs, pop 'em off

A lot of players got the game distorted
If you have to ask how much it cost, you can't afford it
Plain and simple, cut and dry, right to the chase
'Cause sometimes you gotta put them ig-ums in they
place

Everybody can't make it to the pros
Some rise to the top, others down low
Some ride in the drops, others just drove
That's the way the water flows, if it ain't froze

Look at the brain on the man, quick as the dame
Get the game from my mind to the pin through my
hand
Then to the streets from the speakers to the mike
That's why I'm so materialistic, I'm tryna buy the love,
right?

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Not looking for a broad tryna be my wife
Said I'm looking for a whip, that's the luv of my life

Panamera Porsche, Maserati copy painting
Diamonds from Chris Aire, too awesome, ain't it?
Middle finger in the air for the disses
And Tiffany jewelry for the misses

Orange bottle champagne, tilt green blue
Clicko and Dom Perignon, we too
Turn the music up so loud, it bleed through
The bangin' that's exactly what he do

He get his style from the city of Compton
Fuck the doorbell, he get to knockin' on something
Whip out on these haters get the blockin' on something
Take my girl home and get to locking on something or
something

Yeah, that's my ghetto mentality
I made it reality and it made me a salary
So I know just why you haters so mad at me
My life is a strategy, while your life is a tragedy
That's why I'm lookin'

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I'm looking for the new luv of my life
Bein' CL6, skin all tan
And with the insides, color of beach sand
It's such a beautiful sight, just like Amber Rose
The way she sits at the light, hit a pose

I let her pause for the cause, camera shows
50k watch just so the [Incomprehensible] go
Jury go bananas so they go apes
I'm making love to the money like a sex tape

I travel onward, on to the next state
Makin' that big cake but no wedding day
I'm so hood rich and love to cash out
And tear malls down, yeah, spaze out

And throw it in the bag and bring bags out
Full throttle whips, yeah, smash out
Newest space for my house, got another house
I gotta make money

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