

Dj Quik "Murda 1 Case"

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[patois chatta that can't be made out for 10 seconds]

Watch it! WAR-NING!

Aiyy-yo, aiyy-yo, aiyy-yo, aiyy-yo!

[more chatta talk]

[KK]

I had to figure out a way to touch 'em

Expose the money and hoes had to rush 'em

Six by nine Pioneers up in my Cutlass

So I can bump N.W.A., and my tape - fuck it!

Gots to work to add to my little paper

Need a boost, so I gots to pull me some capers

Circulate the dollar pull a broad I ain't the type to drape
her

She roll and she real - if not, I got to shake her

Or turn her mind to the next page (face)

Face fears fuck, drama let's get paid (paid)

Business first, then we'll crack a spot so we can play

In the cut somewhere with some drink out the way

Now KK is the name, no actin just mackin

Without runnin some game, together we can stack it

Y'all niggaz fuckin with the original raspy

Haters talk shit and they split;

Not knowin that they rolled right past me

[chatta Chorus]

[DJ Quik]

I ain't nervous - I'm lookin for plot for a debt that's
overdue

Hangin out the window of the rental, we dumpin over
you

We do walk-bys, skip-bys, bicycle-bys

Waterhose-douse-bys, bush-in-front-ya-house-bys
(yes)

Bein a rider is more than sound effects

With wires wrapped 'round ya neck, you know the
sound that's next!

{*gagging*} With a twist snap you fall

We duct-tapin your wrists, ankles, laps and all

We love that 'Goodfellas', 'Scarface', all that mafia
stuff

But a few volumes of 'Faces of Death' get you coppin it
tough

Look at the autopsy, where fly-swatters got mashed for

miles
Writin checks that they insides couldn't cash! (ewww)
Like raw steak, them vital organs they soft
Pharoahe Monch and K, like chrome they popped off
Chunky to wicked, and me yeah Quik did it
The murder, the mayhem, like 40 we Sic'Wid'It!
[chatta Chorus]
[Pharoahe Monch]
What the fuck do we have here?
Pharoahe Monch, let's make one thing clear
Forget the tiger, I admire the eye of the bull
Spit it for the critics and the undesirables
Quik beats bang like street gangs in inner city
I Bang- like -ladesh, plus bang like shit ain't shitty
Shitty, sell fake Gucci bags on eBay
So advanced when I rhyme that you need time de-lay
These three and up company like Jack Tripper
To get in Depp like Johnny but not Jack the Ripper
Tripped ya, the slumpture slasher
Will rupture yout whole team and abduct your church
pastor
You know you gotta get it from the incredible
mastermind
With disastrous raps hard to find or follow
The motto - DJ Quik shit
Hit mo' frequently than quick-pick lotto
[chatta Chorus]

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