

## Dj Quik "No Bullshit"

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[2nd ii none]

All the way from the hood  
One chocolate nigga up to no good  
Yo I gotta watch my back, cause it's like that  
Too many fools on a mission  
Tryin to put in work for a hood they ain't even got they  
ass in  
Everybody got beef, with me and my crew  
But ain't nobody step yet (so what the fuck they do? )  
Talkin all day shit  
Runnin they motherfuckin lip worried about who a blood  
or crip  
Man, fuck the red and the blue team  
Fool, my color runs green  
And it'll stay as I choose  
And if my homies ain't down, they catchin the blues  
They wanna stab me in my back huh?  
But soon as they do, I'm comin back at cha  
The same go for a bitch  
She wanna fuck and be good, til the money maker  
switch  
And then I'm out on my limbs  
Be got a grip on myself, and kicked the bitch to the  
wind  
Cause my trust goes to no one (yup)  
And sometimes - I can't trust my damn self!  
It's a God damn shame  
Ain't no reason to blame, one fool or one game  
But it's life and a nigga gotta deal with it  
Man, I'm just tired of the bullshit

[dj quik]

Now if the gangsta shit is what you're cravin for  
And the funky ass tape is what you're savin for  
Then look no further, cause I'm the brother  
And i'ma break it down and kick the shit once more  
Now the niggaz tryin to disrespect the q they get  
knocked out  
Niggaz tryin to disrespect the crew they get drug out  
Niggaz tryin to catch a nigga slippin get snuffed out  
And bitches tryin to set a nigga up they get carried out  
And yeah that bucket that you ridin in, when the glock

roar

That's the same motherfucker you'll be hidin in  
Fifteen holes, flat tires and you're windows gone  
Now what's really goin on?  
From denver to phoenix and even st. louis  
Everywhere we went, fools tried to do us  
And to the suckaz thinkin that a nigga wouldn't steal  
How your jaw feel, and is your nose healed?  
Somewhere along the line they musta heard the rumor  
Of my underground days mixed with bangin and  
humor  
And when I got on stage, they all jumped in my way  
Shoutin, "whattup 'cause? " just to see what I'd say  
But I ain't trippin, just checkin a grip  
I ain't crippin or even ruinin blood'n, just smokin a  
bud'n  
Gettin bent, so if you wanna see me throw a full fit  
Then come up in my face with that bullshit

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