

## Dj Quik "Pacific Coast Remix"

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(feat. Kimmi J & Ludacris)

[Quik] Gotta keep it a secret (woo!)

[Luda] Ay man let me ask you somethin man

[Luda] You ever have one of them days where you felt like

[Luda] you mighta got rid of all the bad seeds in your life?

[Luda] Y'knahmean like you just got your paycheck

[Luda] Paid off a car note or somethin

[Luda] Just jumped out the shower feelin fresh than a muh'fucka

[Luda] Witcha good shoes on, y'knahmtalkinbout?

[Quik] You mean like, paid off a Cadillac car note?

[Luda] Like a Cadillac, like you ready to throw a party

[Luda] Like call e'rybody you know, don't even plan it, just do it

[Quik] In Compton we call that spur of the moment

[Luda] Well let's do it, spur of the moment, whattup?

[Ludacris]

Well you can bring the drinks a little mo' my way

More I say, on another hot sunny Cali-for-nye day

Just touched down, called up my 8-1-8

fo' a date with some other bust downs

And I cruised up the block, car losed up the top

I take the breeze, quick break the trees

Feel good as we flippin through the Robb Repo't

My baby momma ain't trippin on child suppo't

[DJ Quik]

Well my baby momma is, because she see havin kids

as a tool for gettin chips, that's with or without the dip

She told my lawyer she's a nurse but she can't spell school

Quite frankly she's a motherfuckin fool, idiot

Welcome to the city where you might see thangs

Like real threats, fake breasts, negativity hangs

over the city like a puppet string, pullin you up

You think they love you 'til the director yells cut

Now they packin you with ice and zippin you up

[Chorus]

It's on tonight, get licked, get gone tonight

[KJ] And for once, in my life, everything's gonna be,  
alright

G'd up, my mind is freed up

[KJ] From the day, through the night, everything's  
gonna be, alright

[DJ Quik]

Now on Arabian Spruce, Seagram's bumpy and juice  
We used to bag and then truce, we used to sag and get  
loose

Not the kind of cats that's out to steal your bag and  
your jewels

But we check your medication just to see if you cool

You can't be dyin on us, after you live off of hemp

We party hard, like Ludacris Kim and Shock and them

We in that sunshine state where the bomb-ass hen be

And hemp be the beats we flip thee and we pimps thee  
simply

[Ludacris]

So stay with me, and let's get tipsy

Rememberin the days on the block sippin whiskey

Runnin 'round grinnin, runnin 'round sinnin

Gettin lit, then I wonder why my head kept spinnin

But I'm all grown up now, less throwin up now

Record blowed up, so my hood throwed up

Now let's break loose cause your boy's around

And tonight we gon' celebrate bein alive, riiiiight

[Chorus]

[Ludacris]

It's just one of those days, without a care in the world

You ain't gotta look mean, I know you care for your girl

But she's lookin this way and I'm gonna come get her

Fresh haircut, so I'm feelin quite kipper

Can't nothin go wrong cause my strap's on my back

And if fools wanna scrap then my tool will attack

But forget the click-clack, ain't no need for the steel

Just a straight house party and some meat on the grill

[DJ Quik]

Now if it's Los Angeles, watch a boss handle biz

I'ma put this on my kids, stupid it's an outfit

If you ain't been around the world keep yo' mouth  
zipped

Or you'll be wonderin where yo' house went

You see I'm not normal and I'm not a homo

I'm mo' apt to shoot a porno with you in cornrows

And call it "More Hoes: Volume 5, Volume 6"  
And show 'em in the back of my truck, at the FreakNic  
Trick, what'chu workin with?

[Chorus] - repeat 2X

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