

## Dj Quik "Quik Is The Name"

Visit "[Quik Is The Name](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[DJ Quik]

You wanna see a young brother from the Compton tip  
check a grip  
well keep lookin, because the C-A-M-E-O track is cookin  
like a big ol pot of neckbones, we'll tend to fire up  
because a young brother like the Quik is gettin wired up  
You know my offbeat style is flowin all the while  
I'm showin suckers, they can't get none of this  
let alone some of this, I'm a musical genius  
And if you fuck with my roll {"Face, down, HUT HUT  
HUT HUT!"}  
I beat yo' ass as if uh we was playin Tecmo Bowl  
I'm a producer if a rhythm is dope I choose it  
and I hope you know I'd rather +BE+ dope than use it  
I was a Player in the Penthouse and now I'm uprooted  
A young scallion in them khaki suits and booted  
With a 40 in hand I'ma take a stand  
I'm lettin em know they can't fuck with the one man  
band  
And if a soft sucker wanna know who's to blame  
I let 'em know - Quik is the Name

{\*scratching and samples\*}

[DJ Quik]

Now can we get back on the tip of the real  
unadulterated funk  
This beat is gettin funky just like a skunk  
And the funk is that I step with the style I show  
Let's blow these motherfuckin nimrods doin low  
What makes you think that you can even try to step to  
me?  
I hold the dice without six on the tea leaf  
I know you wanna win some go on and try your luck  
Punk, put your money on the floor and get bucked  
by a pro-fession-al, rhyme hoodlum  
Hoochies all over my tip because I screwed 'em  
One-time can't lock me up, cause I elude 'em  
And bubblegum rappers can't fade me cause I chewed  
'em  
So suckers get at me I'm the "Q" in quotations  
and the C-P-T is the location

I won't talk in riddles cause you don't need the strain  
on your brain  
To make it simple - Quik is the Name

{\*scratching and samples\*}

[DJ Quik]

Yeah, I don't compare my rhyme styles to no gat  
cause to me that bullshit is SUPER wack  
I just remain plain and kick the facts  
bout how a nigga can't keep from gettin jacked  
You gotta hold your own at any cost  
cause if you don't boy you might get bossed and  
tossed  
by a sucker who claims he got more game than you  
Bein true is what you oughta do  
or you just might find some chrome pointed at your  
dome  
Think fast or you might not make it home  
See a nigga like myself ain't goin out like that  
because I found that it pays to pack a gat  
in the city where survival is a full-time job black  
and it ain't givin nuttin back  
The fo'-fo'll keep a motherfucker tame  
Behind the trigger yo, Quik is the Name

{\*scratching and samples\*}

Visit [Dj Quik](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.