

Dj Quik "Speak On It"

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[Dj Quik]

Hey!

You got that see through style that I can stare through
(right through)

Produce a track on you, I don't care to (I won't do it)

But I'm sympathetic to your needin'

'Cause it ain't me your wife keeps turnin' down

While she's tellin' you she bleedin' (she's lying to you)

It ain't my fault I'm lookin' 23 and twenty-fo'

All day long hottest tracks rockin' any show (true)

Notorious for making bitches horny

While you lookin' old walkin' through that corn lookin'
corny (look at that nigga)

And it's more than obvious that you're jealous

But don't hate my style, don't hate my money, don't
hate my fellas

We do what we gotta do to get where we're goin' for us

To be where we need to be at...believe that

Stop beggin' for a beat you can't afford it (uh uh)

They hotter than them pretty red Dada's I be sportin'
(uh huh)

'Cause I got the home court and when I'm rappin'

On my own tracks mothafucka I feel like Jordan!

Music cuts off

Music returns

[Mausberg]

Now what lack that I'm the realest

On top of game you fuckin' my vibe off with them
homosexual ways

Me and my nigga...we on some new improved shit

Makin' you groove shit, get paid and move quick

Nigga you gettin' mad 'cause I'm shakin' my belly

In a stretch navigator makin' moves on the celly

Talkin' to Stan, Tone and Quik on a conference call

Get ready dogg, you ponc 'bout to take off

Took the crown back, tucked it and ready for war

Bustin' over 2 cars, a house note and probably more

I wanna see the Madd Rapper step in my hood

So I can take him fo' a shit and all them coward niggas

good
Love madresta, Kam and Crunk Dogg
Respect a nigga who done been through war
Sportin' a battle scar
But there's a lotta fake niggas, sportin' a fake crown
Straight up out the swapmeet, bustin' on wack
underground

Music cuts off

Old man & young man Speaking

Music returns

[AMG]

Yeah, uh

I been around the whole damn world in a day
Partied wit players and haters, told 'em the rules of the
game

Some in the vein, like this shit is a drug
You can catch me in the new 500 on dubs

I'm up in the club

Wanna get naked and smoke

Notice, you never see a nigga there when he broke
UH UH!

Somebody told me these hoes wanted to hold me
If a real player dress like Goldie, y'all niggas throw in a
oldie

SHIT!

Niggas wanna clown, clown, clown

You can find me at down, down, down

Dot com, bring ya mom (uh huh)

She wanna see too, cartier see through

Poppa in the beat

Oh shit, it's a thrill

Tonight a couple of mill

When we party in the grill

Livin' life's like a skill

Too much, cruder name

But baby I betcha

Fuckin' wit this money here, oh c'mon man I gotta
getcha

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