

Dj Quik

"Total Auto"

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[DJ Quik]

I've been closer to death than pallbearers
Mutual disrespect is the sum of all terrorists
I'm smarter than Maxwell, you'll get 86
Then 99 is not a problem, she's my bitch
Baby mama named S--, she got a foul scent
Get swiss cheese like 50 but she won't get a Cent
I'm sayin' different shit that you niggaz ain't used to
The shit you can fuck, smoke, and drink the juice to
In South Cali, from Watts up to the valleys
I'm a Manhattan a lot, shoppin' in the alley
And I didn't really get the props a player deserves
Cause I'm a country talkin' city boy with balls and
nerves
who - swerves in a sports car, two seats, no friend
Two feet on the gas pedal, burn the whole street
Police line-up, mugshot with a jheri curl
Bad since the '80s, fuckin' all the ladies
Sometimes bare-back, sometimes with a rubber
And my dick still works, I'm a lucky motherfucker
Let the top down, shut the shop down
Pull up to them stupids that hate you and just clown
All the way around, hit the block on three tires
You ain't gon' be here that long nigga so set a fire
Roll that blunt up, put that gun up
Party like you dyin' and you tryin' to get done up
One last time, every night 'til the sun up
If livin' keeps you livin' have a drink, keep the fun up
Cause life is shorter than a nipple on a midget
So I'd rather be mackin' shorties, gettin' and smidgin'
And pimpin' I was helpin' niggaz like it ain't shit
Now that a player want his money back these niggaz
wanna split
But you dirty niggaz is cursed, you under a spell
I could give more of these tapes away than Suga Free
sells
What the hell, that's dirty water under the bridge
I just hope the pimp ain't out here havin' ugly kids
I forgive you dirty niggaz, yeah fuck what you did
You wasn't shit to begin with, that's what I'll end with
I got this other homie, I'ma call him Napoleon

A born loser, fuckin' groupies all in the colon
I can't give you nothin' 'cause you lie like a perm
And you ain't black, you be passin' for the tequila worm
A don said he rule, a true Piru?
Can't nobody fuck yo' baby mamma like he do
Bootlegged "All Eyez On Me" before it came out
Then Lip socked you in yo' head, all yo' bitch came out
Niggaz wanted you stuck, Jack tryed to warn me
You wasn't my homie, you was only out to harm me
You wanna preach God sellin' weed on the side
You just a has-been gangsta hitchin' a ride, you bum
I ain't name droppin' just for keepin' the hustlin' poppin'
I ain't ass kissin' and I ain't on a crash mission
I just ain't bout bein' burnt, chillin' on the oceans
current
Keepin' away from niggaz who say they down but really
weren't
The only nigga in my family with talent
I'm a prince and I'm dope 'cause I'm funky and gallant
Gallant meanin' I like bitches and like fuckin' with
fashion
Lookin' for jeans with pockets deep enough for my
cash, man
I'm legendary, I ain't bitin', I empathise
Nothin' I can despise more then a hater, faggots die
I do what I wanna do, you do what I want you to
Now beat it nigga, before I give you what's comin' to
you

"I want what's comin' to me"

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