

Dj Quik

"U Ain't Fresh! (f. Erick Sermon & Ham)"

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(Verse 1 - DJ Quik)

I know you like to do ecstasy, and then forget where
you are

Be up in a room with a stripper, and your homie Lamar
Now that's a nasty threesome, a straight mis-match
Instead of bangin' on the broad, you'd rather open his
hatch

And start packin'... and get some dookie on your tip

Don't look now, you got a loogie on your lip

Next time video tape it, let us all see it

This is Sir Herb, I'll put you on the web - you pervert

The number 23 on the beats, 'bout to do ya

Mister Blake A.K.A. DJ Quik talkin' to ya

And I'll prove I'm proper and yo game is whack with 1
line

I'll never put my name on a track that wasn't mine

This hip-hip shit, is getting stupid again

These niggas gun-tottin', fightin', gettin' rutless again

There's a message in the Big Book, didn't you read it?

It say if niggas don't remember the past, they gonn'
repeat it

So I'm into ???ated

That ground heart-stated

And we all made it

If you want a hit, nigga, call David

The first name basis, depends on how the pay is

50 under the table do it enough, don't need a label

'Cause I rob from the rich and I... gives to the ?floor?

The ground-level ground shovel diggin' up some more

So let's stay focused 'cause the chip is the prize

Now put your shit in first, nigga, and shift it to rise

And like Frank Nitti, ?We 2-degree?

And you haters trippin' cause I got the key to the city

Not a sissy but the hoes keep callin' us pretty

And you mad 'cause the bitch got me on her titty

Mr. Troutman talk me talkbox, do why diddy!

And I'll tell you to your ear, nigga, you sound shitty

I'll take your hoe up to the room and show her no pity

So call me DJ Meow Mix 'cause we gets kitty (meow)

Scratchin' all the fleas off of these

Stayin' high off of trees

Top villian, and enjoyin' the breeze

And the time I'm spendin' in yo bitch, a supreme blast
In the back of my S-500 playin' Dreamcast

(Chorus)

You Ain't Fresh (7x)

You a busta, nigga!

You Ain't Fresh (7x)

You a busta, nigga!

(Verse 2 - Erick Sermon)

Yo, yo, I'm into somethin' new, hoppin' through

Quicker than the Compton Crew, and Y too

Yo, what you wanna do'You ain't fresh!

No contest - we cook like Raekwon the Chef

And write for the skills, get set for the kill

And prep for the meals, after that we chill

The E-R-I-C-K is my name, I spell

Bring it back like '92, with clientele

And keep shit right, and make sure the sound excite

Nigga in affect, like flashlight

Quik and I do it 'til death

In the house 'yall, blackin' out like Red & Meth

Thick-boned women, in jeans and linen

Yeah (whew!), make a nigga wanna go fishin'

And when I walk by, girls singin' a song

Like E... is like a phemomenon

Ugh, al around the world they be bumpin' to E

Shuttin' it down, right in your company

I blow through like a gust of wind, through doors

Tearin' down the roof, rippin' the floors

'Cause rap's no game, I pack heat, ain't afraid to pull it

For what packs, I packs full of bullets

Stop when I come through

Big, Black, motherfucker fresh for '99

You suckas!

(Chorus)

You Ain't Fresh (7x)

You a busta, nigga

You Ain't Fresh (7x)

You a busta, nigga

(Verse 3 - Kam)

Kam got get-back

So get up off my dick, rat

Nigga, that shit whack

You want a hit track?

Where Quik at?

Knick, knack, patty whack

I only bone dimes

How you tight'You don't even write your own rhymes

It's been a long time

Since you last heard from me

Like Bill ass Hillary, "what's up?"

Still love me, pretty young thang?

City I'm from bang
What's up, nigga?
Real G's don't wear titty and tongue rings
You's a fruity-o, you make the most excuses
And keep a studio full of ghost producers
Young boss heard
You was tryin' to floss, nerd
Hollerin' "which side is the realest?"
Who you steal that from? (Mausberg)
The street slang thief is your chief employment
You live a life full of grief after brief enjoyment
Fake gang bangers, when you see us, tuck all rags
Adios, buenos dias, fuck y'all fags!
(Chorus)
You ain't fresh
You ain't fresh...

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