

Dj Quik "We Came 2 Play"

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Aiy, can you say gangsta shit? (Gangsta shit)
Say gangsta shit (Gangsta shit)
Can you say gangsta shit? (Gangsta shit)
Say gangsta shit (I ain't sayin no mo')

We bout to step up - and move on, y'know
We bout to step up - and move on, ha hah!
We bout to step up - and move on, y'know
We bout to step up, hmm..

Now I still be knockin bitches like it ain't shit (it ain't
shit)
Because I'm dynamic, I program it, and make a hit
Whether I'm in Dada jeans or crape silk slacks
Flyness be the reason that my shit cracks, cause
when I'm on the beats I'm fuckin all y'all up (all y'all up)
Then I get up on the mic and scoop up all your mutts
(all your mutts)
I make you so saditty bitches wanna shake y'all butts
(shake y'all butts) And you make you ballin niggaz
wanna grab your lux
Hangin with bangin niggaz that bring the heat for real
And if you ain't gotta make a chip on my beats no deal
Cus I negotiate everything with no fuss (fuss!)
Spend 20 G's on my record, it's gold - plus (plus!)
Fuckin every competitor on the stage - up (up!)
Then I come to your city and get laid - up (up!)
Give it everything I got to stay paid - up (up!)
And if you feelin a nigga then say whaaat? (What!)

Hook: [James Debarge]
As we mooove toward the light
With broads on our right (broads on our right)
And haters to the left we part the way (we part the way)
Put aside our prestige (prestige)
We're really M-A-D (lit up)
From the cage to the stage we come to play

[DJ Quik] AMG let 'em know

[AMG]
Wit more bounce than a b-ball, me and Q see-saw

Thick or slim, I clown hoes wit a hee-haw
Relax, the Roley's real
Cartier tank, platinum and steel
I'll buzz up in the club, now I'm up in the hill
Headquarters, look at how we footin the bill
Crem de la crem, who you with? Baby girl him?!
Hop yo' ass in the rag Jag, come to the gym
I ain't wit you fo' love, uh uh
Cause if I wasn't me, you'd probably be callin me a
scrub
But you love the marble tubs, and the marble flo's
You'se a copper bitch, tryin to be a platnum hoe
Head to toes, and dont nobody wear no Girbauds no
mo'
Take that shit back; baby have a six pack
I cant even say no more, where my dick at?

Hook: [James Debarge]
As we mooove toward the light
With broads on our right (broads on our right)
And haters to the left we part the way (we part the way)
Put aside our prestige (prestige)
We're really M-A-D (we lit up!)
From the cage to the stage we come to play (we come
to play)

[DJ Quik]
Ay.. we been doin this shit since we was little boys
So don't even trip us nigga, do your own shit

Gettin down for the crown ain't a puzzle for me
And you bitch niggaz can't put a muzzle on me
Cus when I'm gone on the vodka and the grape juice
I make the world rock when I let a tape loose
They say ghetto niggaz is desperate and we shiesty
But I turn down every celebrity bitch I see
Choppin game with my nigga Mr. AMG
And poppin dames in the coochie if it's F-A-T, fo' sho'

[AMG]
Tres-zero-cuatro, I got cho'
lady friends with new Mercedes mint (What?)
All five-double-oh's, watch these pretty toes
Hoes getint liquified (nut up) mystified (shut up)
Stick and slide, if I mince my ride (hey)
I'ma play you forever, wood and the leather
Me and DJ Q, and the rest of the crew
* (Quik and AMG, yeah it's plain to see)
We make G's like Donald T, bitch!
* (We make G's like Donald T, bitch!)

Hook: [James Debarge]
As we moove toward the light(Oww!)
With broads on our right (with broads on our right)
And haters to the left we part the way (we part the way)
Put aside our prestige (oh yeah)
We're really M-A-D (we lit up)
From the cage to the stage (Quik and AMG)
we come to play (we come to play)

[DJ Quik] And play well

[AMG]
We come to play
How you gon' play without us baby?
We do our thing
10 years in the game
And ain't nuttin changed
Q, tell them how we feel, nigga

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