

Dj Quik "What They Think"

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[Nate] This is what they think, of you
[Quik] Here's what they think about you
[Nate] Think about you
[Quik] This is what they think about you
[Nate] Think about you
[Quik] Here's what they think about you
[Nate] This is what they think, of you

[DJ Quik]
They say you suckers ain't got no hustle, no drive
If it's West then you came to settle, no jive
Yo B, yo God, yo Son, y'all ain't real
Yo Money, y'all cats be frontin - what the deal?
It's a, conspiracy made by the rest no doubt
It's like the game is designed to keep the left coast out
So how 'bout instead of doin 106th & Park
we do 108th and Crenshaw, after dark?

[Nate Dogg]
Seen a nigga smile so I turned and asked him
"Why yo' mouth got so much platinum?"
Thankin you the shit, all young and sporty
Can't wait to see your grill when you turn 40
Far from a sex symbol and you can't pronounce
But 2Pac passed, so they signed it anyway
Stretch your pimp toes, yeah you're flossin poorly
You need to pump your breaks, YEAH SLOW DOWN
WODIE!

[Chorus: Nate Dogg]
This is what they think, of you
Think about you
Think about you
This is what they think, of you
Think about you
Think about you
This is what they think, of you

[DJ Quik]
Yeah, they sayin y'all smoke cigar shape, that's the
craze
Cut up in a blunt, lick it back and blaze

Over hurr, over thurr, that's the catchphrase
Skip the bathwater, y'all be dirty for days
Brown weed, gold teeth, hit the flo' now
Robitussin all in your cup, got you slow now
Let the streets tell it, nigga word of mouth
CAUSE AIN'T NOBODY CATCHIN NO COLDS DOWN
SOUTH

[Nate Dogg]

Where you from nigga? Yup, had to be
Actin all mad, mad doggin me
Yeah I know you got the bombest weed and palm trees
But you shoulda cut that fuckin curl in '83
When girls come around you don't even flirt
Busy throwin up rags, fuckin up my concert
While we be busy makin paper, chasin cheese
You still set trippin off them B's and C's

[Chorus]

[Nate Dogg]

There ain't shit you won't do for a record deal
While we be makin moves, you be keepin it real
While we comparin bankrolls, you comparin skills
One mo' thang mayne, backwoods kill
You wanna be famous, nigga sound like us
Gotta copy the West to go platinum plus
When I come through the East and hang homey I
swang
I leave my radio cause y'all no players out there

[DJ Quik]

Heh, what the hell are y'all hatin for? (Hmm?)
Can't a young player make money any more? (Hmm?)
Without havin to be from the South or East shore
It's the gangland, bangin is payin a G more
Nate Dogg, he done bust your girl bubble
Compton and Long Beach together now you know you
in trouble
Takin death chances bangin just to show that we true
But still..

[Chorus]

[Nate Dogg]

Think about you
Think about you
This is what they think, of you
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