

Kam**"That's My Nigga"**

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Watts Up, DJ Quik and KAM, damn, another dynamic duo
What, I thought you knew, oh
It's on and poppin with my nigga from Compton
Eastside hoo-ride and it ain't no stoppin
Hoppin the toys and poppin the boys
Cause see the West Coast test most rookie-ass decoys
So fuck what they goin through
Because I'm stayin pro-black on this track that I'm
flowin to
So go and do your dirt but don't get yourself hurt
Let you KAM show you how to pop a devil, then skirt
It's on like that as if you didn't know
They say life is a gamble, yeah? So what they hittin
foe?
I'm gettin mo' money, no honey, I don't want a white
companion
Leap the _Grand Canyon_
Shots, I gots to have me a Sister Souljah
Told you last single I don't mingle, tramp, so vamp

(That's my nigga) (nigga) (nigga)

That's my nigga

It's goin on to the break of dawn just like that
So roll up your sleeve and let me strike up a tat
I'm showin pride for my side, you wonder which God
I represent the sun, moon and star
A 'mad dog' spelled backwards since I was a pup, huh?
(Yup)
So don't forget it when I hit it up
I lit it up and had people sayin goddamn
But now it's never unusual to spot KAM
I'm just a regular nigga who ain't bigger than nobody
else
I can't hack it, homie, don't put no jacket on me
Yeah, it's all good and I probably should care
But see, I'm from the hood, I'm not no Hollywood
Square
So it's rare to see a rap nigga stayin down

Without losin touch or do too much playin 'round
But I be damned if I'm a let a TV tell me who's who
Cause I'm a real nigga just like you

(That's my nigga) (nigga) (nigga)

That's my nigga

So now I'm kickin it with DJ Quik
Street Knowledge, Hit Squad, Dogg Pound or any other
black clique

And you can bet your grip there's no set-trip involved
Let's hope all that shit was resolved

Out with the old, in with the new improved gee

Cause ain't no set-trip wet lip service ever moved me

Come at us right and you might get love

Come at us wrong and it's on, I break you off a doub

Ain't nothin to lose except some excess baggage

You ain't payin no dues, we'll be takin your cabbage

So the average Joe, you know the whole routine

We gon' be pattin down the pockets of them old blue
jeans

So welcome to the

Where little locs'll take a shot and not feel fear

Straight soldiers layin in the cut like a knife

Peace to the gees and Islam for life

(That's my nigga) (nigga) (nigga)

That's my nigga

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