

Magic

"Niggas Just Jock Me"

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[VERSE 1: D-Loc]

Niggas just jock me, they try to clock me
I ain't havin that cause I'm the L to the o, the c
I'm not weak or soft like a geek
I'm a mack to the world as if I was Goldie
Brothers need to know exactly where I'm comin from
I knock a nigga out the box like a champion
Won't give a fuck if you duck and try to miss one
I come again with the pump shotgun
A bitch tried to diss, excuse me, miss
I'm D muthafuckin Loc, I don't give a shit
About yo nigga, I pull the trigger on his ass
Spit on the punk, then laugh
Yo, another day, another nigga, what the fuck
One mo' sucker to bite the dust
Now I'm on a gangster tip, straight ruthless
Wanted by the police for killin up a trooper
You gotta catch me to arrest me
Cause yo, I hold a grudge on a nigga with a billy club
I'ma die hard, that's my job
To straighten out niggas that try to get what I got
They don't understand what I'm sayin, man
Mister police, niggas just jock me

[VERSE 2: D-Loc]

Deion's the name that was given to me
But I'm D-Loc when I chill with the posse
Show respect to a brother that's a mack
And if you don't, me and the homies'll just rat pack
Muthafuckas know Loc is on a rampage
You better duck when I bust my 12-guage
I might move on a fool with a small gat
Lounge in the cut, catch him slippin, then jack
Now I just came up like a genius
Fat Benzo with vogues and zeniths
Hit the strip, slammin 'Groupie Ass Bitch'
See all the hoes lookin, it's time to get pussy
Hey cutie, you right there
Tell your friend behind you to come over here
And get with a real man, stop playin with a punk
Only chumps drive mini trucks

You got a feelin, boy? Don't sleep
You feel like a frog? Then leap
Hah, step to me if you want to
But be sure that you got a attitude
And a Uzi to back you
Niggas don't trip when I shoot gift
Mister police, niggas just jock me

[VERSE 3: D-Loc]

I'm from the Oakland streets, there's no peace
The 415 don't jive, we take lives, see?
You might think you can get with me
But Daryl's in the back with a sub-machine
Niggas get offended when I play this
But you gotta give me credit cause I'm so dedicated
I don't front, this is from the heart, punk
He that disagrees, D-Loc will just stomp
That's the routine, I don't give a fuck
Niggas jock, cause that's the name of this cut
So I expect that from young comrades
They get mad but they can't do shit about it
Goin out like suckers, stupid muthafuckas got dicks
But they cry like bitches or snitches
Or 'Snitches & Bitches', yo
You know the solo, Richie Rich kicked it
But they don't really get what we're sayin, Rich
Mister police, niggas just jock me

[VERSE 4: D-Loc]

Duck, you pigeon, peckin like a chicken
Snakin on a brother cause I'm doggin yo bitches
I'm not as big as you, so you think that you
Can fuck over me, but you're wack cause I'm strapped
I always pack a nine, you know
5'7", a one-man Rambo
If I can't handle, in other words a double team
I step off, then step back with a posse
What comes next, a one-round beatdown
To the street ???? in the Oaktown
Who called the police? Must be punks
The same young bucks that was fuckin with us
Cowards don't live long, you gotta be strong
If you wanna be in the game and wrong
Now I'm on a mission, sippin Olde English
Feelin tipsy cause my head is kinda spinnin
But I ain't towed down yet, just wait
I'm finna act a fool when I hit the dank
So you better step off when I'm comin through, boss
And watch your back before you take a loss
But niggas don't trip when I shoot gift
Mister police, niggas just jock me

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