

Brown Errol

"Down, Down, Down"

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Quik:

My name is Quik & I be moving fast like a race car
but I'm top seed #1 like the pace car
Whether you up on me or you chillin' way far
you can tell almost immediately that I'm aced off
So listen muthafucka why you comin' off hard
my objective is to catch you off guard
get covert & infiltrate yo' clique
crack yo' shit & mack yo' bitch
Now tell me could you conceive a nigga all up in her
beaver
givin' her the love fever for hours at a time before I
take a breather
and when she tell me she loves me I don't believe her
'Cause I rock in stereo or mono hot like gonno-
rhea burnin' everytime you take a pee uh
So when you see a nigga out with his girl
then baby play like you don't know me & we'll keep in a
twirl
because baby I go deeper than the deep blue seas
Baby do you really wanna play the flute on me?
I'll give you a sack & take it back & you'll die to get it
little punk 'cause I'm fly with it

Chorus

When we come up we gettin' down down down
Step in the club they give us pound pound pound
Lookin' for somethin' that be nice brown & round
DJ Quik & AMG with a brand new sound
(repeat)

AMG:

I told her don't chase it but you can place it
in between your jaws to taste it
or leave it in the basement
I be the riddler that's too familiar get in the middle of
ya
and then I diddle ya, dick ya down 'til it tickles
smack the booty with no pimples
caress ya back then rub ya nipples
Baby I'm a crack fiend get the KY & if I'm at a jiggaloo

baby say hi fly like a eagle in a Range Rover or a Regal
lookin' for the party people & when I catch ya baby girl
you should feel lucky we can make love
but don't forget to fuck me
'cause you got more bounce than Roger Troutman
I don't know when it's in or out and
soak me baby give me that good thang
ain't nothin' wrong with a coochie bang
'cause Suga Free, Mausberg, Quik & the AM
definitely knows how to play 'em
'cause we went from demos to limos to luxuriousies
to models from Milan on they knees

Chorus

When we come up we gettin' down down down
Step in the club they give us pound pound pound
Lookin' for somethin' that be nice brown & round
AMG & Mausberg with a brand new sound
(repeat)

Mausberg:

Oh you didn't know that I'm the bomb baby
well take a toke of this D-I- & you gon' be feelin' flizie
'cause I be's Mausberg the superior
steppin' through the club pound pound so ya fearin' us
but don't trip we keep the vibe right
Baby buy me some Remy & if
yo' baby daddy trippin' tell him beep me
'cause I be's Black & Tone & swift up on my toes
G'd up in alligate's and steel toes
Can I get a pound pound? (pound pound)
If Free the flyest who am I? (You the realest)
Look into my eyes & tell me what do you see
oh you jockin' my entourage DJ Quik & AMG
well get yo' groove on 'cause I ain't hatin' on the
homies
when that 9-5th drop you & yo' sister gon' be on me
all I wanna do is slide up in & slide back out
slap you in yo' face & stick it dead in yo' mouth
You think I'm bullshittin' well meet me after my show
bring yo' lips to that all white stretch limo
so we can ride, slide, dip & glide Booyah!
and do our thang 'cause my whole clique fly

Chorus

When we come up we gettin' down down down
Step in the club they give us pound pound pound
Lookin' for somethin' that be nice brown & round
Mausberg & Suga Free with a brand new sound
(repeat)

Suga Free:

It feel good don't it?

It ain't no good if it ain't good enough

to put the proper good on it

peep how I struck up bitch jump in the air

stay there until I tell you come down

& when you do you shut the fuck up

She'll sell a nice dream but bitch you'll

have better luck tryin' to find 2 Pac than

me buying you somethin' off the ice cream truck

Oxygen you leave 'lone leave me 'lone

before I lock you in that little bitty box again

Don't let up y'all just keep her soakin' wet up

playa playa & tell her when she need to shut up

don't lighten up naw nigga you better you better

tighten up

Throw ya head back back back back

lean it to the side hey playas (Yeah!)

tell 'em that we fly (We fly!) Ooooh catastrophe!

Bitch rather slide down a slide of razor blades

into a pool of pimp piss but this hoe had the audacity

to ask me for a dollar even though that's all I had left

These greedy lying ass hoes'll fifty cents yo' ass to

death!

Chorus

When we come up we gettin' down down down

Step in the club they give us pound pound pound

Lookin' for somethin' that be nice brown & round

and we come to hit the world with a brand new sound

(repeat)

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