

## Mercedes F/ Silkk the Shocker

### "Tha Proem"

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"The following presentation is rated R."

[Hi-C] {\*vocals being scratched\*}

Uhh! God damn! Yeah!

[Hi-C]

This my nigga DJ motherfuckin Quik  
We gon' take this shit back to the Mixmaster days  
and put it all in your jawmeat  
and wiggle it around a little bit, hahaha  
Youknowhat!msayin? Party favors nigga  
Ahh yeah, y'all need a couple of 'em  
We ain't playin witcho' bitch-ass either  
Youknowhat!msayin? Niggaz try to walk the walk, talk  
the talk  
But that bullshit ain't nothin man {\*scratches\*}  
I said that bullshit ain't nothin man!  
{\*scratches: "aw, niggaz, niggaz.."}  
Niggaz can't do what we do {"NO"}  
{\*"Bullshit ain't nothin man!"}  
Damn; so what you need to do.. is.. {"stop stop stop  
stop STOP!"}  
.. shut the fuck up and listen for a minute {"Listen!"}  
Pay attention - might learn somethin {"Now LISTEN!"}  
Don't you carry yo' ass in the studio fuckin wit dem  
boys neither  
or they put knots all UPSIDE ya motherfuckin head with  
the beats!  
That's my nigga Q.. I call him..  
{"Quik, Quik-Quik, Q-Quik, Quik-Quik"}  
Quik-a-lodeon {"Too Quik!"}  
Yeah.. huh? Yeah.. {"Quik-Quik-Quik-Quik-Quik-Quik-  
Quik"}  
Talk.. {"Motherfuckin Quik"} spit it  
Yeah.. ooh! Haha, yeah

Now off of two-fifths of drank (drank drank)  
They got yo' boy lookin for a bitch to spank (spank  
spank)  
Baby you can kick it but ya sister cain't (nah nah)  
Runnin 'round smellin like a septic tank (ewwwahh)

Girl you need to stop you know your ass is stank (stank  
stank)  
Runnin 'round beggin all the baller for bank (bank  
bank)  
Tryin to hit a lick but like that you cain't (nah nah)  
Cause everytime your ass come around I faint (wooo!)  
People get to passin out;  
I'ma give you one more chance but yo' ass is out  
Now don't you bring yo' ass back smellin like raw trout  
(trout)  
Cause everytime I see you I'ma bust you out!  
(Here she come, look out!)  
And you niggaz with the demos (demos)  
Man you just as bad as dem hoes (hoes)  
Talkin bout your record comin out (out out)  
But you need to put some gum in your mouth (hell yes)  
Cause before I hear you rhyme or you get a beat from  
Quik

[Shyheim Da Kid]

Yo yo this Shyheim, and y'all can suck my DICK!  
Son you owe me, fuck the dough I want it in blood  
You was my homey, showed me nuttin but thug love  
Put me on to the game, bought me my first chain  
Let me ride shotgun, in your Benz and Range  
I'm thinkin how this big nigga gon', go against the  
grain  
Hit him up when it's foggy outside, about to rain  
It's about to rain teflon cop-killers  
But we ride teflon can't-stop-killers  
I thought you was fam 'til you switched the love  
Now you, rich and fuck, you forget the thug?  
Heard you on the radio, but I ain't get no plug  
And if you come around the way, I should get you stuck  
I wish you luck, I'ma make you kiss the gun  
And I ain't gon' stop until my justice done  
What you wanna be labelled as, a coward or a duck?  
What powder you cut, you wanted that building for  
what?  
When you rep that building, what you said for that  
building  
If it wasn't for me, you woulda been DEAD in that  
building  
You don't know what it feel like to say I own that  
building  
Get dough in that building, or control that building  
You don't know that feeling, you ain't condone that  
killing  
Cause when the cops came, you was like, "Shy in that  
building"  
I remember the days when you was shook in them

buildings

You in front of these buildings, frontin like you build them

When Scrams was home, you was on his dick

And you gave that bitch money cause you always been a trick

You know Shy Da Kid, I'm back on the block

Bought the crack in the spot, spit back in the block

Fuckin clap at the cops, if I'm rappin or not

Whatchu gon' do nigga? Shoot or get shot

I'm hot on the block like new glocks out the box

All y'all fulla dope, at the bow(?) .. what?

[Talib Kweli]

Yeah yeah.. yo

Kweli, I'm rock this body and so forth and so on

You can get the dick, one to grow on or one to blow on

Bet you Quik get his dough on, I spit kick the flow on

Got swift shit I throw on, cause I'ma leave what I float on

Plus I get my roll on like Baby and Mannie Fresh

After I go on y'all niggaz'll never bust like tantric sex

The universal nigga that represent the planet best

How I manifest from Brooklyn to Los Angeles - people!

We hold this down like wherever you're from

Got my name all in your mouth like you pierced your tongue

Pimped the game so hard we leave them whores numb

The more I come, Kweli, I'm bout to blow like George Young

I'm the Don Cheadle of rap, dope like arms and needles of crack

My lyrics attack and arm the people like gats

In Cali studios we rest the heat up on the console

Peep Hollywood niggaz who think it's sweet like

Comanco

Claimin they gangster and street like they lookin for beef

But with a gun in they teeth they just MC's lookin for beats

Y'all don't want trouble, we pop bubbles and flex muscle

Niggaz don't respect the lyrics, they respect your hustle

The industry is like Kinko's, makin copies while you wait

And the people always scream for NEW SHIT, like Clue tapes

Y'all speed this in your face, slow down like Screw tape  
Cause as long as you rockin with Quik, nigga you straight

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