

Def Squad, Focus

(feat. DJ Quik/Xzibit)

Hey!

[vocal box]

Never understood, how we did it
How we made this music groove your very soul

[Onasis]

Yo I lamp out in the rented E-7 V-12 screamer
The new Benz, seen her?
290 thou, wow
Somethin your rap budget does not allow
Why you laughin, I don't see nothing funny
Pull back two Mac-10's now it's a big Mac-20
That is the basics
Quik and I we run the Matrix
Hold your mouth don't say shit
Walk through any borough
That stretch from here past the tri ??
Better respect us dog we ?kernel?
Don't get it confused
We smashin crews, it's my rules
Don't come correct and get abused
I bring the ruck to any cats bringin drama
Make 'em feel it, like Tupac's Dear Mama
It could be pitch black and I spot ya
BOOM! Kick in your door like Big Poppa

[vocal box]

Never

Xzibit

DJ motherfucking Quik

Erick Sermon

[DJ Quik]

Ay, tell me what you get when your nigga Xzibit
And Quik get down with the E Double?
You get we trouble
E, make the beat bubble
Make the bass all on you shake they break out
To the ground and dig em out of E rubble
Partyin, happy that you shook the whole crib
And if you got a pound E Dub I got dibs
Cuz this is how we do it here
It's ironic that you done stepped into a room
Of purple hydroponic, fat booty bitches sparklin
Tryin to take you to a star
Tryin to get you to recognize they know who you are
Can't you see the red carpet, they lay it out
And if you got a fantasy Erick they play it out
We big figga rap niggas
From the gate, we been waited on and hated on since '88
Now cross my dogs or cross my path and I'ma whet ya
Way down from the Compton town, and I bet ya

[vocal box]

Ha, yeah, ladies and gentleman

Yeah, the bar is now open

C'mon, yeah, it's on me

C'mon, yeah

Presented to you, AvireX to the Z

Yeah, listen

[Xzibit]

I'm the spin doctor, Phantom of the Opera
If this was '89 I would break you off proper
Cockblocker, dump a few g's in my lolo
Not dough hoe, my nigga B came in solo, dolo
Most niggas react like a homo
And when they wit a crowd now they wanna get loud
Wanna act wild and act like a criminal, foul
And stretchin a mile, but really got the heart of a child
?? steal our tickets
Extra points like a field goal kicker
Like a fucked up D.A. wit a charge that aint stickin
I'm walkin away, a free man
Cuz y'all niggas softer than sand
Cuz we fuckin a fan and locin out wit your pan
I fucked your mother, so now I'm the motherfucking man!
Break fool on a track like it's supposed to be
And break bread with the real niggas close to me
EPMD

[vocal box]

C'mon, yeah, DJ Quik in the motherfucking house
Yeah, this dick in your mouth
Ha, c'mon, yeah!
Yeah, yeah, yeah, yeah, c'mon
Yeah, you think it aint
The west coast brought cats alive in 1999
All the way bouncin through millenium
Ha, c'mon, yeah
Yo, millenium shit, yeah, c'mon, yo millenium shit
Yeah, c'mon yo, millenium shit
Yeah, yo, DJ motherfucking Quik
Yeah, yeah, ha, yo, yo
Yeah, Green Eyed Bandit
Yeah, bitch niggas can't stand it
C'mon, yeah, keep it bouncin
Yeah, R.I.P. Roger Troutman
Yeah, yeah, c'mon, ha, yeah