

# Dj Quick, Fandago

DJ Quik:

You might find me in the Century Club  
Fresh kicks, fresh cut, pocket full of dubs  
Box of Altoids for my paranoid niggaz actin foul  
Stop smokin if you can't be proud  
Adult star night, not another bar fight  
Inglewood players actin right in the spotlight  
Me I'm righter than invisible set  
I'm visibly wet, slurrin and I'm lookin for my pet  
I pass to the massa with her whip on her, ask her  
If she sippin wit'cha bird, if she not we move past her  
And I ain't hatin I'm just diggin ya ass girl  
Is that the collagen shot, is that what'cha momma got ?  
I'm so rugged, bullet wound in back  
Of the axe handle blunt force trauma kinda tuggin  
And I ain't never been what the cat drug on  
B-Real Quik's to keep ya mean muggin  
California clownin, bounce to sundown  
In the moonlight groovin, trippin off the saloon fight  
We Fandago, the next day hangover  
got me feelin like I hit a train with my Range Rover

B-Real:

Feel free to lose your mind, let'cha brain go  
Fuck the tango do the Fandago  
Triple step, right left, then you let'cha dame go  
Spin around 'til you get a hangover  
Take your doo rag off, let your brain grow  
Fuck the tango do the Fandago  
Triple step, right left, then you let'cha man go  
Spin around 'til you get a hangover

Watch me climb out the whip with the bird on my hip  
She wanna set it off in the club, don't trip  
We crack a bottle and all my fam take a sip  
Any haters wanna pop at the lip, we come equipped  
We get the paper and the savor the flavor  
but never forget about the haters who constantly imitate us  
Homey we creators and players and rhyme sayers  
For layers of words, let me say it in terms that you can understand  
So clearly, you feelin me fam ?  
She's on the floor cause of my homey Quik man  
And she hits the mall but you don't really understand  
Yeah I seen it before but now it's gettin out of hand  
Mami's diggin for more, and she's posin for the cam  
Little beef got the dancefloor slammed  
No tango, straight Fandago  
Birds flock to us like heads to Kangols, c'mon

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DJ Quik:

I'm a master in disguise, movin swiftly to the thighs  
Move faster than me, then I recognize  
That I ain't really got nuttin to hide  
But the bratwurst skinny girl second, fat girls first  
And Compton is still on my mind

I remember when we used to get scared when they got behind us  
One-time sayin they been tryin to find us  
But they got the wrong niggaz, never mind us  
My tongue tumbles like I?m bumblebee stung  
Rip out the stinger, you keep talkin shit I whip out the ringer  
How many times does it have to end  
Right before 12:00 A.M., why you packin a Slim Jim ?  
I gets down on the mic like I rode down on a bike  
Road rash, skin peelin tonight  
The club ain?t never crackin ?til the haters be gone  
We need to build the eliminator hater light, and put it on ?em

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