

# DJ Quik, Come 2Nyte

(feat. Truth Hurts)

[DJ Quik]

Alright look

Turn them cell phones off, turn that camera off  
As a matter of fact nigga, turn your memory off  
I don't want nobody knowin what just went on here  
Look...

Now we don't want nothing but the H-O-E-S  
Black Tone, Crawf Dog and me less  
All the niggas that came to see anything less  
Than a stripper in a NBZ, yes  
I'ma pass on the bud cus I'm off the Showpin  
Ran outta rubbers still tryin to go up in  
Ease up a store run, I'ma throw a ten  
But I aint trynna pink panty no more gin  
Getting sculled goin out to Playa Hamms, ouch  
?? and Alonzo layin on the couch  
Passed out, sippin on the Mickeys big mouth  
With Big Jam baggin on the whole damn house  
Penthouse Playin, nigga, who's the Clique?  
Hoes like you and her and you to pick  
Shabby Bleu, Pimpin Karl you'z the shit  
Niggas fuckin hairlines aint moved a bit  
Fly in here like flag (Yup)  
Jealous muthafuckas wanna call me a fag (No)  
Shall I skeet my copy to yo woman in a latex bag?  
Got her washin out her panties in my Maytag (Punk)  
Nigga stay mad  
Beer in the Volvo (Yeah)  
I flag em down; gotta show my new logo  
He said he love it; now we off to where the hoes go  
Cus aint nuttin like some fuckin on a solo  
Now what you hoes know?

[Chorus: Truth Hurts]

Come 2nyte, we'll do the most wanted things  
We'll party like there's no end to the parties we begin  
And if you shook off Tonite, you don't repeat what you see  
Do it like, it's the last time then we back at it next week

[DJ Quik]

Now KK hooked me with a blind date  
Got me on the phone mackin to her all night  
They say they comin out to meet us on the next day  
How come they never look nuttin like what they sound right?  
But the bitch got ass like a apple  
A derriette with a glass full of gin and snapple  
A hairy wet, damn, make a nigga wanna wrestle  
When I went to make a play, wouldn't no hassle  
Then they tell me AMG is comin out with the rum and the coke  
And broads in the Range Rover, they aint comin broke  
Asian and Italian with the fuckin skin tone  
That make you wanna bang em with the Vodka Jim Bone  
It's been ten years, (Yup) aint much change  
Niggas still party hard, haters still get it  
Remember that sweat suit?  
You know the gray one with the burgundy trim, nigga I can still fit it  
Allen Ives on my feet  
Black khakis and my fro lookin so neat  
And when I'm chillin with my niggas we so street  
You know the kind of muthafuckas that you wont meet  
But you got a choice, either you can kick with the hardcore

Or marks in them shear shirts that be chillin in The Source  
When the dick is bomb that'll make her call more  
Now bang her from the back, nigga make her fall forward

[Chorus: Truth Hurts]

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[DJ Quik]

Wake up feelin groggy of some nightal  
But got a feelin of tuition about tonight y'all  
I think it's down again cus G-one got a grin  
And tryin to fill me back up with Showpin  
Now I'm runnin from Minnie and Jackie with the blunt  
How many more days can I really just party or just bunt  
I'm tryin to kick back  
But Byze 1 keep callin me to let me know how we gotta get out make it crack  
Black Tone, Hi-C, Suga Free and me  
Listen to the same shit and we all agree  
That you gotta party till we platinum  
Fuck Osama Bin Laden  
Nigga drink up like we back in 93  
Compton is the city that I claim, I don't know much  
But I know the CPT just can't be touched  
So tonight I'm gonna party like it's  
Nineteen ninety bad little hoes keep callin me Prince  
Where the incense?

[Chorus: Truth Hurts]

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