

# DJ Quik, Ladies And Thugz

18 seconds of non-lyrics to open]

[Wyclef] Let's go Quik

[DJ Quik]

I wanna, punch them niggaz sayin gold don't rock  
And I wanna, rape that bitch that told a lie on 'Pac  
I wanna right some wrongs before I put my coast on lock  
So when you see the glock bastard don't you go into shock  
If the hood hates me I'll buy your enemies guns  
and have 'em clappin on you shermheads, takin your funds  
Scar in you motherf\*\*kers to death, give you the runs  
You better nice up, before you leak and warm the ice up

[Wyclef Jean]

I wanna murder the sniper that shot at Martin Luther King  
Then get rid of the Viagra cause I'm strictly ginseng  
Campaign in the hood if you want progress  
Take all the gangs, put 'em up in Congress  
Quik is so quick, listen to the ba-bum ba-bum  
Brooklyn Zoo, California, with guns the size of  
elephant trunk, trunk trunks, ladies shake your hump hump  
Get your "Flashlight" cause we crunk like P-Funk

[Chorus: Wyclef]

Ladies - I know you feel me  
If you up in the party let me see you shake your body  
like you got no bones and you tipsy off the Henny  
Thugs - easy with the slugs tonight  
I'm tryin to meet my wife tonight, make love tonight  
You don't wanna see yo' body on ice, right

[DJ Quik]

Now if I snapped, it was just a matter of time  
before I turned into the Mad Hatter, splatter your bladder  
On the morning after, you can't refute the disaster  
Cause body parts get musty in plaster (ew)  
Don't try to call a truce cause I'm still comin after you  
I don't like your kids but I'ma spare 'em; maybe later  
add 'em to my harem, and share 'em with the niggaz you like the least  
That still got it out for yo' ass when you swiped the piece

[Wyclef Jean]

Yo, ever since "The Score" Quik these rappers just bored  
So I ain't rap no more; I wrote songs for  
Whitney Houston you could catch me with Santana  
Bandana on tour, DipSet'n like Santana  
We don't sell like we used to sell?  
That's cause they live in America, we get worldwide sales  
I'm on tour half of the year, you can't see me 'cause  
And your career gon' be as long as Britney's wedding was, ya heard?

[Chorus]

[Wyclef - singing]

California, knows how to party  
when I land in the L-A-X  
Quik picked me up, four freaks in a stretch  
Big California chronic, me nah smoke sess  
But it's all buddha bless from the East and the West  
Throw up yo' set, I don't say this often  
But we gotta keep the peace, too many in a coffin  
Pour some liquor for my cousins out in Compton

[DJ Quik]

I'm not a kingpin, I'm just a wing man

Strapped to the teeth with a blunt, and a green can

A-B-C-D-E-F no G

Hennessey and Olde E, we run so deep

86 your concubine, he's just an old creep

You're so weak nigga and your hoes is so cheap nigga

You can't even get a prop on your own street

I'm at the Lake Park and Meridian if you wanna speak

[Chorus]