

DJ Quik, Till Jesus Comes

[12 second intro to start]

[DJ Quik]

I grew up with haters right under the same roof
Ain't never no food, but the whiskey is 80 proof
Niggaz is shootin at me, and my sister called the police
to tell 'em that my homies loaned me a piece
Devil-worshippin neighbors, niggaz borrowin penicillin
Rats and roaches is chillin, my sister makin a killin
Sellin drugs to my other sisters and now I hope
They break in her fuckin Buick and pinch on her dope
I transferred out of Compton High School with a gun in my pants
Ready for whatever comes and I'm prayin
I ain't gotta be the one shot up in the hospital
Simply because Compton never had one, fuck it
I shot them niggaz and I moved to another town
Gave the gun to Darryl and I had him go melt it down
How many times did they call me a fag
'Til they got stomped out and threatened with a 44 mag

[Chorus]

We gotta freak the freak the funk
We gotta seize and squeeze the pump
We gotta tease and beat these punks
Get on your knees 'til Jesus comes {*BLAM*}
Give up the keys, get in the trunk
And if he freeze, begin to dump
We gotta smash and kick and stomp, blast a punk
Get on your knees 'til Jesus comes {*BLAM*}

[DJ Quik]

Niggaz call me dumb but I'm smarter than your momma
For lettin yo' daddy ejaculate in her and stickin her wit'cho drama
Cause you ain't nuttin but a skanky welfare case
Livin in scum Bum-o-Rama
A shelf full of antibiotics and narcotics
Dwellin in a house full of lazy psychotics
Pissin and shittin on theyself and you too stupid to help
Because you just a dumb nigga yourself
Ain't that the kettle callin the pot round and hot? (Huh?)
Ain't the reason you 'bout to be found bound and shot? (Huh?)
You need to keep my name off your tongue, before they find you hung
with a letter in your own handwriting motherfucker

[Chorus] w/ "Get out your" instead of "Give up the";

[DJ Quik]

How much liquor could I consume in one sitting?
How many niggaz did I shake for bullshittin?
I run any console, I'm an engineer
And I drink imported beer while I'm lookin for the gear
I'm a stylist, I'm not a porn star
I know enough to where I can service my own car
I ain't ignorin you stupid, I just be watchin my own rhythms
and lovin how they fall, this music is different
A new generation
The beat is so fancy, look at my presentation
It's not 16, it's 12, makin a scene as well
Watchin my green and mail, how could I fail?
How could I fail?

[Chorus] w/ "drawn down and buck" instead of "begin to dump&am