DJ Quik, Total Auto [DJ Quik] I've been closer to death than pallbearers Mutual disrespect is the sum of all terrorists I'm smarter than Maxwell, you'll get 86 Then 99 is not a problem, she's my bitch Baby mama named S--, she got a foul scent Get swiss cheese like 50 but she won't get a Cent I'm sayin' different shit that you niggaz ain't used to The shit you can fuck, smoke, and drink the juice to In South Cali, from Watts up to the valleys I'm a Manhattan a lot, shoppin' in the alley And I didn't really get the props a player deserves Cause I'm a country talkin' city boy with balls and nerves who - swerves in a sports car, two seats, no friend Two feet on the gas pedal, burn the whole street Police line-up, mugshot with a jheri curl Bad since the '80s, fuckin' all the ladies Sometimes bare-back, sometimes with a rubber And my dick still works, I'm a lucky motherfucker Let the top down, shut the shop down Pull up to them stupids that hate you and just clown All the way around, hit the block on three tires You ain't gon' be here that long nigga so set a fire Roll that blunt up, put that gun up Party like you dyin' and you tryin' to get done up One last time, every night 'til the sun up If livin' keeps you livin' have a drink, keep the fun up Cause life is shorter than a nipple on a midget So I'd rather be mackin' shorties, gettin' and smidgin' And pimpin' I was helpin' niggaz like it ain't shit Now that a player want his money back these niggaz wanna split But you dirty niggaz is cursed, you under a spell I could give more of these tapes away than Suga Free sells What the hell, that's dirty water under the bridge I just hope the pimp ain't out here havin' ugly kids I forgive you dirty niggaz, yeah fuck what you did You wasn't shit to begin with, that's what I'll end with I got this other homie, I'ma call him Napoleon A born loser, fuckin' groupies all in the colon I can't give you nothin' 'cause you lie like a perm And you ain't black, you be passin' for the tequila worm A don said he rule, a true Piru? Can't nobody fuck yo' baby mamma like he do Bootlegged & Double Eyez On Me& Double Bootlegged & Double Eyez On Me& Double Bootlegged & Double Bootlegg Then Lip socked you in yo' head, all yo' bitch came out Niggaz wanted you stuck, Jack tryed to warn me You wasn't my homie, you was only out to harm me You wanna preach God sellin' weed on the side You just a has-been gangsta hitchin' a ride, you bum I ain't name droppin' just for keepin' the hustlin' poppin' I ain't ass kissin' and I ain't on a crash mission

I just ain't bout bein' burnt, chillin' on the oceans current
Keepin' away from niggaz who say they down but really weren't
The only nigga in my family with talent
I'm a prince and I'm dope 'cause I'm funky and gallant
Gallant meanin' I like bitches and like fuckin' with fashion
Lookin' for jeans with pockets deep enough for my cash, man
I'm legendary, I ain't bitin', I empathise
Nothin' I can despise more then a hater, faggots die
I do what I wanna do, you do what I want you to
Now beat it nigga, before I give you what's comin' to you

& amp; quot; I want what's comin' to me & amp; quot;