

# 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 &quot;All Eyez On Me&quot; before it came out  
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

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