

DJ Quik, Trouble (Remix)

(feat. Suga Free)

[Chucky:]

Hey yo...
We flyin high speed
Boss major league
smokin on that great weed
West Coast baby
When we bubble it's like this...
"bub bub bub bub bub bub bub bub"

[DJ Quik:]

Hey
Shemar Moore said i'm doing the crip walk
"crip walk?! aww you clownin"
i shoulda smeared off his lip gloss
keep it Compton cause gangsta just ain't meanin a thing
when yall can come comercialize it with R&B singing
sucka i did speed knots
dealt with these rocks
hit with these glocks
tell them niggas im not
pimpin ya'll to the bone
stuff in my dogg tags
gangsta broom stick that im stuffin in yall fags
cause everybody wanna be Pac
but dont nobody wanna fill them shoes before they feel them shots
and Mausberg is the Realist (forever)
but all it took was a punk couple cowards bullets to close his book
so fuck it
FTPD thats what we yellin
dump ten times with a nine and keep bailin
what can yall do?
What you already could?
Beat me down, drag me up and drop me in a crip hood?
I'm trouble

[Chucky:]

Young stars rollin
trouble in beemers or benz
slowly down the street
I an I cherry hold a medi pon di green or mi fairy
whats life without a dream?

[Suga Free:]

Now baby, name one thing I did where you'll find free
Now you're right, you probably didnt have to mind that last muthafucka you was with
but bitch you gonna mind me
mayday mayday
Suga Free up to the pullpit
because everybody know that the whole congregation needs a lil bullshit
"Where Rochelle?"
I dont know man
After she put her panties on she went in the house
and i think this time she really went to go tell
but daddy want it
because he can pick his lazy ass up from a strip club, go home, lay down and she can squat down
and to these high fickle beats
R. Kelly went from nothing to platinum to getting cum smelling little girls bicycle seats
and i aint trying to get my dick soft
but im a pimp, i'm from Pomona
i got a prostitute that'll take that couple hundred you can go piss off
"Hey little man, where Patti went?"
Probably in there waitin on my momma to leave so she can go upstairs and suck my daddy's dick

Now run on
God gonna love you because He already made His mind up
He gonna love you whether you want Him to love you or not
so get up GO!

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[DJ Quik:]
Compton
Dont make me blow up
I'm seizing
P the reason, you know
cause pimpin'll have you seein me with a bad ass ho
legendary my name
secondary you came
and you wont see me stop makin hits til i walk with a cane
yep i'm still 5' 11" ;
6 feet with shoes
Compton
OG nigga givin bitches the blues
etched in stone
making your bitch fetch the bone
I'm callin the cops
punk muthafuckas catch the phone
the walkie talkie, the two-way and all of the above
knifestick up they ass til we all see blood
now hold up...
i'm a cop too
"what?"
i'ma "cop" me a kilo of meth and try to have 'em tweekin like its '92
with Monte Carlos
smoking European blunts
pop them E pills
have that gold lace trippin round the whole place
Whats a six pack?
Sucka, cop the whole case
And when them marks come nigga crack they whole face
The way my glock cock keepin niggas full
got it spittin like that pitcher from the KC Royals
sock the PD
haters RIP
very sincerely yours,
QUIK
nigga peace

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