

Shade Sheist, John Doe

(feat. AMG, DJ Quik, Hi-C, Swift)

[scratching]

[Verse: Shade Sheist]

Yo, it ain't nothin' new (ain't nothin'), just a change in the name
Sheist done came and changed the game unexplained
Ways for days show you how to wait for your pay
Cause when Shade fuck up your sales, all your checks delay
And now niggas mad cause Shade can pull up in a Jag
Hands free, chaperone all gettin' the door
And I ain't even interested in stealing your whore
So why these niggas actin like they wanna marry the floor?
Like they ain't seen me breeze past all the gaurds at the door
Like I'm just wearin' this jacket to be hot
I flash the juice card, man this shit ain't hard
And It's the same thing at the same spot
What's my name?

[Chorus x2]

[Vocoder Box:] It's John Doe

[DJ Quik:] 4-5's spittin' up outta the

[Vocoder Box:] Four Door

[DJ Quik:] No return fire cause they

[Vocoder Box:] Too slow {gunshots}

[DJ Quik:] What's the dilly?

[Vocoder Box:] Cause we kill for a living

[DJ Quik:] We kill for a livin'

[Verse: Shade Sheist]

They wanna know why I keep it so simple
I see that they just don't get it like my Nextel signal
Sheist on some other shit, Centinella gutter shit
Cards on the table, you can hit me or split
And see now I fucked around and got Quik on the shit
So just imagine how many hips break when they dip
And all the excessive paper cuts from counting the grip
And how my legs hurt from humpin' back and forth in the whip
At only 35, coverage is a bitch on a six
And I ain't even got my first plaque yet (plaque yet)
Sheist, will still run circles over niggas who want it
And we ain't even gotta make the bets yet
Nigga what's my name?

[Chorus x2]

[Verse: Hi-C]

Throat-choke a hoe, Big Giggolo
Pimp the world, handcuff your hoe
Twurk your girl, when I step into the atmosphere
Niggas strapped wit fear, uh!
Is he is what I said he is and all
When I pimp bitches all dick and balls
Shade Sheist nothin' nice, new to the game
Get your money homie, bitch what's my name?

[Verse: AMG]

Hey-hey! we gon' hit these niggas where it hurt (uh)
Put the worm in your mouth like a perch (uh)
When I'm cum boo you gon' need a cert
Bust one, jump in the Monte Carlo and skirt (skirt!)
Give em naps, give 'em dap, then I holla holla back
"Hey nigga where you goin'?"
Boo I'm checkin' my traps

Yall niggas done shitted and stepped back in it
I'll fuck a nigga up all I need is five minutes.

[Verse: Swift]

Swift, and I pimp hoes like it's a gift
I got game so you know I'm "The Answer" like Allen I.
Got your whole style shook like 'Quilles or Kobe Bry'
While money multiply you haters ask why
No you can't stop the pimpin' the pimpin' is too fly
Runnin' game on yo wife while you out flossin' your ride
But she said, "if you ain't busy, or close in the vicinity
Stop on by and come get the thighs."

[Chorus]

[Chorus]

[Vocoder Box:] It's John Doe
[DJ Quik:] 4-5's spittin' up outta the
[Vocoder Box:] Four Door
[DJ Quik:] No return fire cause they
[Vocoder Box:] Too slow {*gunshots*}
[DJ Quik:] What's the dilly?
[Vocoder Box:] Cause we kill for a living
[DJ Quik:] And we hungry nigga

[gunshots]