

Dollaz + Sense

DJ Quik

Now let's get down to business, bitches
'Cause it seems like y'all just keep on tryin' to diss this
Nigga that you know that's been down for years
I've clowned for years, and y'all could never fade my peers
One two three four five six seven nine, ten, Eiht you can't win
'Cause all the way around nigga I gets respect
And youse a nigga that can't even get no props in your set
Tragniew Park you say huhWanna be rippin', but now it's time to do some set trippin'
So listen close, 'cause I don't want y'all to miss
That I'm bout to break it down for this bitch, check it
Acacia, Poplar Maple Spruce Cedar Elm
West side trees sprayin' all the fleas
that's from the three and four hundred block P-Funk riders
So niggaz watch yo' ass at that center divider
Now Aaron Tyler, tell my why you seem so tame
When I caught you at the airport, shakin' like a crap game
You looked up and you seen my niggaz comin
And you looked like your bitch ass was 'bout to start runnin'
But all I wanted to do was kick a little conversation
And see if we can fix this little situation
But would I fuck you up was what you wondered
Yeah, that's probably why you changed your little pager number
But bitches like you don't growYou can't even look me in my eye, let alone go toe to toe
And callin' me skinny, youse a clown
I'ma call you Theo, 'cause you weigh ninety-two point three pounds
Wack ass actor, movie script killer
Fool don't you know, Quik is still the nigga
Compton psycho, boy you oughta quit
Your records don't hit, and bitches don't jock your shit
You need to stay down you Compton clown
And get off of the nuts of the niggaz with guts
Because I'm down with the Trees, I'm down with Death Row
I'm down with Black Tone, and I'm down with the fo'
So when we cross paths and I hope that's soon
I'ma boot your motherfuckin' ass to the moon
You need to quit bangin' under false pretense
'Cause if don't make dollars, it don't make senseIf it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
So don't kill game, let the pimpin' commence
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
So don't kill game, let the people, commence
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
So don't kill game, let the pimpin' commence

If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
Because you gotta give it up to the crown prince
Now I'ma swing it to the right and, right into
the left hand

Take a deep breath and, cook it like a chef and
This is dedicated to the C-P-T

No better yet T-T-P, or the niggaz that look up to me
I make it my business, to be that true forever
And whenever I can come clever well that's my endeavor
So whether or not you understand, that there's only one DJ Q-U-I-K
With no C still you can't be me

Because I'm floatin' in my Lex and, depositin' fat checks and
Gettin mad sex while I floss the NSX and Doin' what I wanna, and youse a goner nigga
For thinkin that you can catch me slippin' on a street corner
Remember Compton's in the house, and Quik is in the hood
Sippin' yak with all my niggaz 'cause it's tooted good
So don't knock it till you try it, 'cause Eiht he tried to knock it
But he's still walkin' round with my nuts in his pocket
So put tha P in it represent and sip that Miller
And for those of y'all concerned, this is still Eiht Killa

Let me take a load off my scrotum little pest
If it don't make dollars nigga, you know the rest
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
So don't kill game, let the pimpin' commence
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
So don't kill game, let the people, commence
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
So don't kill game, let the pimpin' commence
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense

Because you gotta give it up to the crown prince
Now I done sold my fuckin' soul to the shit that
I kick

While you groupie ass niggaz keep on ridin' the dick
You oughta know that DJ Quik ain't your average
Everyday motherfucker, slick like a snake 'cause I stuck ya
Now, I never had my dick sucked by a man befo'
But you gon' be the first you little trick ass hoe
Then you can tell me just how it taste
But before I nut I shoot some piss in your face

You fuckin' coward, tremblin' like a nervous wreck
'Cause when I caught your ass, you put
yourself in check

And when you left my presence, you left expedient
You ain't no fuckin' killer, youse a comedian, beyotch
Tell me why you act so scary
Givin' your set a bad name wit your misspelled name
E-I-H-T, now should I continue

Yeah you left out the G 'cause the G ain't in you
Remember that time you was rollin' on the West side
And a little brown bucket pulled up on your side
Caught at that light in your Camry in the midst
of a

Real killer, tell me did you feel a little nervous
You was in the shadow of death with two Trey-Five-Sevens

Pointed at your chest whatchu gon' do, where was your
Niggaz that kill at you ain't got no killers so kill dat
Holdin' up your hands and beggin' for a pass
You lucky they didn't just to get to dumpin' on yo' ass
'Cause this game you think is funny is some real shit
So you need to be more careful who you fuckin' wit, beyotch! If it don't make dollars, it don't
make sense
So don't kill game, let the pimpin' commence
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
I'm through playin' with your punk ass
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
So don't kill game, let the pimpin' commence
If it don't make dollars, it don't make sense
Because you gotta give it up to the crown prince Shouts goes out, to my well known road dog
What's up Dozun Tru, they don't understand it baby
They can't fade us out here on these Compton streets
It's bigger than they can imagine to the whole entire
Death Row family both sides, whassup niggaz
And my nigga Big Suge, known for keepin' shit poppin' To my nigga Big J, my little nigga Hi-
C, little straight G
And that little singin' ass nigga Danny Boy
Y'all don't understand, y'all can't fade this
I'm the first nigga that was "Bangin' on Wax"
Yeah if you remember, nineteen eighty-seven underground tapes
And it don't stop, and it won't stop

Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>