

Puffin the Dragon

DJ Quik

To whom are concerned
Don't take me vain
I plowed a hard road for people like Little Wayne
I put it all in place
To have it taken away
And live in ridicule and grief, dismay
Before my face got stubble
My house burned to rubble
The party that I planned for the world got me in trouble
Journalists asked what I did with my money
I gave it to the needy
Not that greedy, I'm Quik
I do it like I wanna'
Something like the South of France
I want to hear the thunder
Now open up the ceiling, ask the valet
Pull the roof off
I want to feel the feeling
So let the raindrops kiss me on my Angelic face
I'm such a sport, had to ask the turtle
Was it a race?
And now I yield for the snail's pace
Cross town traffic in a haze
I love this place
I'm up and I'm at it
I guess I'm just a musical addict
I like it when my life is automatic
I'm summoning Magic
I gotta avoid it when its tragic
So call me when you need a new gadget
I'm puffin the dragon
It's fried chicken in back of the wagon
Mercedes, Lamborghini we draggin
On the Interstate 15 to Vegas
We drunk and we niggas
They pay us, We playas Betrayed to the point where i pop my trunk
But why me?
Go to prison and send heaven a punk
I was the star of the show
But that turns your friends against you
Hence, they'll never get another opportunity since you
Salon shop talk now, Days are jaded

They ask a thousand questions
While im getting my hair braided
Staring at me funny
Counting one dollar bills
Greed is a sin but ignorance kills
And LA can be a very cold place at times
Alot of different drugs
No universal mind
On the same page of alot of different books
I swear that this could be as fun as it looks
Cause when you ride em right
You get the fun in the sun
But if you stab the [?]
Got one and your done
On the surface its calm
The naked eye can't see it
But the undercurrents there
To steal a body if needed
So be it
I'm up and I'm at it
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Rose Hills filling up with all of my friends
Emotions I can't show em
Im just keeping it in
Got alot of living to do
Avoiding the laws of the land
The grim reaper got the scythe in his hand
So its party on the stage
While playing everything
Scratch the record
Throw my hands up
Make everybody sing
Still the one man band
Still a Hip-Hop fan
A producer from Old Spruce
But with a mic and a band
Im not as passionate about it
But i hit now and then
Not naive to envy that fills the hearts of men
Im a G from the streets

But i need a new letter
One that announces my power and describes me better
Im a Q from a composition writer
I see it all in high lighter
From the perspective of a biter
So Drake I owe you a line and Diddy you too
Canada, New York and Compton lets get a brew I'm up and I'm at it
I guess I'm just a musical addict
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Lyrics provided by <http://counterlikes.com/>