

# Pet Semetary

DJ Quik

(Man, Quik what they talkin 'bout?)  
Man, they talkin 'bout R&B music and gangsta rap is dead  
(WHAT?! Damn...)  
Ay, we need to go bury both of them muh'fuckers in the pet semetary  
(Take 'em to Compton and Watts, then)

I hit the liquor depot, on Crenshaw  
where all the working class Gs' go  
Around the corner from Greg house, on the next block  
Knockin somethin down cause South Central got the best cot  
And the flyest bitches live in ran-down spots  
That's why them niggaz be Piruin and Crippin  
Tryin to protect that ghetto pussy they hittin  
And you know what you gon' get when you buy you a Quik beat  
And you know what's gon' happen when yo' bitches and Quik meet  
And I know that she gon' kiss and tell  
She can't keep it quiet, can't help it when the dick is swell  
Have to admit it, it was good, she just gotta laugh  
Like a parent, I put a whoopin on her bottom half  
I'm a playa from the Himalayas  
Niggaz don't agree, then them niggaz haters  
I'm just tryin to be the R&B savior with the instrumentals  
Or go down like JFK in the Continental  
The most underrated, so motherfuckin hate it  
Anything I do for music's never celebrated  
Y'all killin the game like pesticide  
...But DJ Quik is unpasteurized  
My music is flawless, my lyrics is lawless  
Your hood wouldn't be eating, I'm the reason for all this  
Y'all tryin to say I got my jaw broke in Compton  
What kind of fake gangsta movies y'all be watchin?  
That's some cowboy shit, this some now boy shit  
With them rounds at your car, that's as loud as it's gon' get  
Handle my lightweight, get 'em embalmed in the crates  
So don't FUCK with the great, you're much safer on skates  
...A thin ice with lead plates  
I'm bout to reboot, g'on and recruit  
Come thru and shoot, make 'em scatter like SHOO!  
So all that don't like me, you can suck a dick or somethin  
Turn over on your stomach. take a dildo 'til you vomit  
I know you niggaz crampin, I know the real you  
You keep fuckin with me, and I'm gon' kill you

Now what they wanna go cancel Arsenio Hall for?  
Now he got no place to kick it, that's uncalled for  
I'm a bad motherfucker cause my glock says so  
But my wallet says Gucci, I'm a fly killa yo  
Jewels on yo' ass, pullin tools on yo' ass  
Recite a scripture 'fore I put these B-B-BURRS in yo' ass  
I'ma just let it, collect it with a bag  
Put that in perspective, it's about a half O-Z of the OG  
Gettin low key, rollin' more trees  
in a hatchback chillin like it's '79  
My lyrics so wicked, nigga, go and rewind  
So, one more time, I'm from the world's most dangerous city  
Back on the scene with no cracks on my screen (yep)  
I'm like an addict gettin back on that thing

If R&B is dead - nigga, rest in peace  
But I'm still gon' write the shit that makes the stress release  
Preach