Down, Down, Down

Had to get it out, yeah, c'mon

My name is Quik an' I be movin' fast like a race car But I'm top seed, number 1, like the pace car Whether you up on me or you chillin' way far You can tell almost immediately that I'm aced off

So listen, muthafucka, why you comin' off hard? My objective is to catch you off guard Get covert an' infiltrate yo' clique Crack yo' shit an' mack yo' bitch

Now, tell me could you conceive A nigga all up in her beaver givin' her the love fever For hours at a time before I take a breather An' when she tell me she loves me, I don't believe her

'Cause I rock in stereo or mono, hot like gonorrhea Burnin' everytime you take a pee uh So when you see a nigga out with his girl Then, baby, play like you don't know me an' we'll keep in a twirl

Because I go deeper than the deep blue seas Baby, do you really wanna play the flute on me? I'll give you a sack an' take it back an' you'll die to get it Little punk 'cause I'm fly with it

When we come up we gettin' down, down, down Step in the club, they give us pound, pound, pound Lookin' for somethin' that be nice brown an' round DJ Quik an' AMG with a brand new sound

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I told her don't chase it but you can place it In between your jaws to taste it or leave it in the basement I be the riddler that's too familiar Get in the middle of ya an' then I diddle ya

Dick ya down 'til it tickles, smack the booty with no pimples caress ya back then rub ya nipples Baby, I'm a crack fiend, get the KY An' if I'm at a gigolo, baby, say, ?Hi?

Fly like a eagle in a Range Rover or a Regal Lookin' for the party people An' when I catch ya baby girl you should feel lucky We can make love but don't forget to fuck me

'Cause you got more bounce than Roger Troutman I don't know when it's in or out an' Soak me, baby, give me that good thang Ain't nothin' wrong with a coochie bang

DJ Quik

'Cause Suga Free, Mausberg, Quik an' the AM
Definitely knows how to play 'em
'Cause we went from demos to Limos to luxuriousies
To models from Milan on they knees

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Oh, you didn't know that I'm the bomb, baby? Well take a toke of this D I an' you gon' be feelin' flizie 'Cause I be's Mausberg, the superior Steppin' through the club, pound, pound, so ya fearin' us

But don't trip we keep the vibe right Baby, buy me some Remy an' if yo' baby daddy trippin' Tell him beep me 'cause I be's Black an' Tone An' swift up on my toes, G'd up in alligate's an' steel toes

Can I get a pound pound? Pound, pound If Free the flyest who am I? You the realest Look into my eyes an' tell me what do you see? Oh, you jockin' my entourage DJ Quik an' AMG

Well, get yo' groove on 'cause I ain't hatin' on the homies When that 9 5th drop you an' yo' sister gon' be on me All I wanna do is slide up in an' slide back out Slap you in yo' face an' stick it dead in yo' mouth

You think I'm bullshittin'? Well, meet me after my show Bring yo' lips to that all white stretch Limo So we can ride, slide, dip an' glide, booyah An' do our thang 'cause my whole clique fly

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It feel good don't it? It ain't no good if it ain't good enough To put the proper good on it Peep how I struck up bitch jump in the air Stay there until I tell you come down An' when you do, you shut the fuck up

She'll sell a nice dream, but bitch you'll have better luck Tryin' to find 2 Pac than me buyin' you somethin' Off the ice cream truck, Oxygen, you leave 'lone, leave me 'lone Before I lock you in that little bitty box again

Don't let up y'all just keep her soakin' wet up Playa, playa an' tell her when she need to shut up

Don't lighten up, naw, nigga You better, you better tighten up

Throw ya head back, back, back, back, lean it to the side Hey playas, tell 'em that we fly, catastrophe Bitch, rather slide down a slide of razor blades Into a pool of pimp piss, but this hoe had the audacity

To ask me for a dollar even though that's all I had left These greedy lyin' ass hoes'll fifty cents yo' ass to death

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