

Ev'ryday

DJ Quik

Now...

Now who be the top OG from the W? (Who?)
Gangbang with heat, that's what I'm telling you (You)
If you feel defeat within'll dwell on you
And you aint got enough chip of what I'm sellin you (Ch-ching)
Now get up out them bandanas, try denim (Hm)
Cus if you keep 'em on you gon die in 'em Pop in that, in that and that hood
Hell I even call a little funk in the back woods
I give props to St Louis, props to Memphis
Buck the dirt weed, homie lets hit this
Props to Minneapolis, props to Mejioco
Or where ever we go the CPT flows
Four deep in the Lexo (Lexo!)
Rollin chrome and all wood (Mhmm)
All up in the wrong hood
Where bitches is no good but pussy be so good
Now that's your wife but that my trick (Yup)
And if you taste rubber then that's my ooh
Don't panic, I didn't bareback her
I manage to fight feelin, She was givin none
Now you got her in bandages
And walkin through the complex, cussin out managers
They let us in, playa we got advantages
Truth is she had homies, I was horny
so we laid on the bed and made sandwiches

Ev'ryday I gotta watch these suckas roll by, keep an eye on they
Started spotted (?) I don't know why
Turned my back on an awesome party, I'ma stay well guarded
And if you wanna bring me up back the fuck up off mine
then we can get it started

Crawf Dog come through, slap meat in ya mouth
Beatin it out, yeah we freaked it out
You sure know how to get a brother off off ya good when ya skeetin it out
So we seepin out, creepin out
Hittin hotels and eatin out
She got dropped off at the corner of the block
cus the man got heat in the house
I seen the nigga peepin out
What, what you gon shoot?
You got a deuce-deuce? Aw, that's cute
Scooter better scoot with his little boot
Before I put holes in him like a flute
So do I have to make the call to make you fall
Shit our shit come through the walls
You better not duck with ya ass in the air, cus I'ma knock off ya balls!

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I aint givin no respect to you bustas
that aint givin none to me (Why should I?)
And when shit get kicked up on the asphalt don't come run to me

Cus I'ma be up all in the S class doin doughnuts
Lookin for the best ass to fit on nuts
He said, she said, you talk a lot
Peel a niggas eardrums back in the parkin lot (Ya need to shut up)
Lyin and you puttin too much on it
Tellin that story with a touch on it (Damn)
Cus pimpin takes care of the playboy that let it take care of the P
You too! If you wasn't so concerned of another niggas business
How many cars he got, how many kids
And how many stars he knocked
How many years you done did that couldn't been spent on you
So get on out and get it crackin (G'on)
And send me a broad that's packin (yeah)
I need a little yellow real mellow playin Cello in the twelve grade
Lookin for a selve made G
One that comes from the CPT
The DJ Q-U-I-K with no C
Not to gangbang, sucka let my nuts hang
Getting down Crawf and JD

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