

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