

Puffin' the Dragon

DJ Quik

Yeah...

To whom all concern, don't take me vain
I plow the hard road for people like Lil 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
Somethin like the South of France, I wanna 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
Crosstown traffic in a haze, I love this place

[R:]

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 summonin magic, I gotta avoid it when it's 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 niggaz
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, you'll never get another opportunity sent you
Salon shop talk now, days is jaded
They ask a thousand questions while I'm gettin my hair braided
Starin at me funny, countin one dollar bills
Greed is a sin, but ignorance kills
And LA can be a very cold place at times
A lotta of different drugs, no universal mind
On the same page, but a lotta 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 horse, you're infamous, got one and you're done
On the surface it's calm, the naked eye cannot see it
But the undercurrent's there to steal a body if needed
So be it

[R]

Rose Hills fillin up with all of my friends
Emotions I can't show 'em, I'm just keepin it in
Got a lot of livin to do, avoidin the laws of the land
The Grim Reaper got the scythe in his hand
So it's party on the stage while playin everything
Scratch the record, throw my hands up, make everybody sing
Still the one-man band, still a hip-hop fan
A producer from on Spruce but with a mic and a band

I'm not as passionate about it but I hit now and then
Not naive to the envy that fills the (Heartz of Men)
I'm a G from the streets, but I need a new letter
One that announces my power and describes me better
I'm a Q from the composition writer
I see it all and highlight it from the perspective of a biter
So Drake I owe you a line, and Diddy you too
Canada, New York and Compton, let's get a brew bruh

[R]