Tha Proem

"The following presentation is rated R." Hi-C Uhh! God damn! Yeah! Hi-C This my nigga DJ motherfuckin Quik We gon' take this shit back to the Mixmaster days and put it all in your jawmeat and wiggle it around a little bit, hahaha YouknowhatI'msayin? Party favors nigga Ahh yeah, y'all need a couple of 'em We ain't playin witcho' bitch-ass either YouknowhatI'msayin? Niggaz try to walk the walk, talk the talk But that bullshit ain't nothin man {*scratches*} I said that bullshit ain't nothin man! {*scratches: "aw, niggaz, niggaz.."*} Niggaz can't do what we do {"NO"} {*"Bullshit ain't nothin man!"*} Damn; so what you need to do.. is.. {"stop stop stop stop STOP!"} .. shut the fuck up and listen for a minute {"Listen!"} Pay attention - might learn somethin {"Now LISTEN!"} Don't you carry yo' ass in the studio fuckin wit dem boys neither or they put knots all UPSIDE ya motherfuckin head with the beats! That's my nigga Q.. I call him.. {"Quik, Quik-Quik, Q-Quik, Quik-Quik"} Quik-a-lodeon {"Too Quik!"} Yeah.. huh? Yeah.. {"Quik-Quik-Quik-Quik-Quik-Quik"} Talk.. {"Motherfuckin Quik"} spit it Yeah.. ooh! Haha, yeah

Now off of two-fifths of drank (drank drank) They got yo' boy lookin for a bitch to spank (spank spank) Baby you can kick it but ya sister cain't (nah nah) Runnin 'round smellin like a septic tank (ewwwahh) Girl you need to stop you know your ass is stank (stank stank) Runnin 'round beggin all the baller for bank (bank bank) Tryin to hit a lick but like that you cain't (nah nah) Cause everytime your ass come around I faint (wooo!) People get to passin out; I'ma give you one more chance but yo' ass is out Now don't you bring yo' ass back smellin like raw trout (trout) Cause everytime I see you I'ma bust you out! (Here she come, look out!) And you niggaz with the demos (demos) Man you just as bad as dem hoes (hoes) Talkin bout your record comin out (out out) But you need to put some gum in your mouth (hell yes) Cause before I hear you rhyme or you get a beat from Quik

Shyheim Da Kid Yo yo this Shyheim, and y'all can suck my DICK! Son you owe me, fuck the dough I want it in blood You was my homey, showed me nuttin but thug love Put me on to the game, bought me my first chain Let me ride shotgun, in your Benz and Range I'm thinkin how this big nigga gon', go against the grain

DJ Quik

Hit him up when it's foggy outside, about to rain It's about to rain teflon cop-killers But we ride teflon can't-stop-killers I thought you was fam 'til you switched the love Now you, rich and fuck, you forget the thug? Heard you on the radio, but I ain't get no plug And if you come around the way, I should get you stuck I wish you luck, I'ma make you kiss the gun And I ain't gon' stop until my justice done What you wanna be labelled as, a coward or a duck? What powder you cut, you wanted that building for what? When you rep that building, what you said for that building If it wasn't for me, you would been DEAD in that building You don't know what it feel like to say I own that building Get dough in that building, or control that building You don't know that feeling, you ain't condone that killing Cause when the cops came, you was like, "Shy in that building" I remember the days when you was shook in them buildings You in front of these buildings, frontin like you build them When Scrams was home, you was on his dick And you gave that bitch money cause you always been a trick You know Shy Da Kid, I'm back on the block Bought the crack in the spot, spit back in the block Fuckin clap at the cops, if I'm rappin or not Whatchu gon' do nigga? Shoot or get shot I'm hot on the block like new glocks out the box All y'all fulla dope, at the bow(?) .. what?

Talib Kweli

Yeah yeah.. yo

Kweli, I'm rock this body and so forth and so on You can get the dick, one to grow on or one to blow on Bet you Quik get his dough on, I spit kick the flow on Got swift shit I throw on, cause I'ma leave what I float on Plus I get my roll on like Baby and Mannie Fresh After I go on y'all niggaz'll never bust like tantric sex The universal nigga that represent the planet best How I manifest from Brooklyn to Los Angeles - people! We hold this down like wherever you're from Got my name all in your mouth like you pierced your tongue Pimped the game so hard we leave them whores numb The more I come, Kweli, I'm bout to blow like George Young I'm the Don Cheadle of rap, dope like arms and needles of crack My lyrics attack and arm the people like gats In Cali studios we rest the heat up on the console Peep Hollywood niggaz who think it's sweet like Comanco Claimin they gangster and street like they lookin for beef But with a gun in they teeth they just MC's lookin for beats Y'all don't want trouble, we pop bubbles and flex muscle Niggaz don't respect the lyrics, they respect your hustle The industry is like Kinko's, makin copies while you wait And the people always scream for NEW SHIT, like Clue tapes Y'all speed this in your face, slow down like Screw tape Cause as long as you rockin with Quik, nigga you straight