

## The End?

DJ Quik

Ah, yeah  
I told you he'd be back  
Baby baby baby  
Ay Quik, I told 'em you'd be back (What up, Garry?)  
Yes, I did

Ah...(Ladies and gentlemen)  
Ah, one more—do it one more time for me (Garry Shider)  
Ah...ah (Yeah, it's Parliament Funkadelic forever—say that one time)

Quik and Funk and that street level, street level, street level  
Quik and Funk and that street level  
Quik and Funk and that street level, street level, street level  
Quik and Funk and that street level  
Say it boy...ah...ah...  
Ah...ah...  
Quik and Funk and that street level, street level, street level  
Quik and Funk and that street level  
(Garry) I told 'em you'd be back (Thank you, Garry)  
Quik and Funk and that street level, street level, street level  
Quik and Funk and that street level  
(My music teacher, Parliament Funkadelic)  
Quik and Funk and that street level, street level, street level  
Street...ah... (Ladies and gentlemen, Garry Shider, go find him)

Alright, now let's get back to this 2020 shit  
And I'm not talking about perfect eyesight, I'm talking about the year  
Then give me 20 more  
And I'ma keep poppin' this shit until my fingers plenty sore  
I'm not just cuttin' any hoe anymore  
But I love 'em thick like Demi Mo'  
Now I need my piano player—where did Kenny go?  
El Dorado rollin', got your El Camino stolen  
Taking off your 100 spokes to sell 'em to the old man  
'Cause they look a whole lot better when they rollin'

Double it back onto your block to come pick up your woman  
Pharrell asked me why I gangbang  
That ain't your f\*ckin' business, stay out my lane, mayne  
'Cause don't nobody wanna see my game plain and simple  
Them little niggas do the damn thang, mayne  
Yeah, they'll be dumpin' out the Maxima  
Throwing flaming hatchets at'cha  
Tiger claws scratching at'cha  
They tighten you niggas up and then throw the ratchet at'cha  
And when you mark niggas flip, we the spatula  
The 88 degrees with the lucky number seven  
It's woop music on your block, knockin' with my brethren  
I mold you into the shape of an octahedron  
While inspiring to be your headache aspirin—Excedrin  
I'm compelled to find every word that rhymes with orange  
You might be bouncing the door but I'm the door hinge  
I'll knock you out and in, go to the mountain then  
Exclaim it out that that nigga Quikster is 'bout to win  
Ol' bitch ass nigga [?] said he's never heard of me  
You're nothing but a buster, insignificant nerd to me  
Yeah, nigga, word to me

Keep gum-bumpin' I'll bust your head open where the curb should be  
You'll be talkin' out the side of your neck on purpose, G  
Gave him wounds in your torso, you fade out worthlessly  
You haters ain't heard the worst of me  
I'll bring you voodoo so fast, you'll think you on Bourbon Street