

This Is Your Moment

DJ Quik

This is your moment
This is your moment
This is your moment
It's your time to shine
Then I blow it

Bitch ain't shit, free
I ain't them niggas, they ain't me
We just don't do it the same
It ain't the gang then we don't ride to it
I got to ride to the crib
Getting high, we both roll our own
Grab the vape, hit the bong
Teach you how to stuff a cone
A boss bitch, I do this on my own
Three cellular phones
A bad bitch, naw she ain't regular
Ain't the game nigga, you a competitor
I get to this bread instead of trying to chill
Or kick it with lame niggas
They only around you cause you famous
But me I'm the king of the underground
Getting with with my brothers
If I ain't with my son then I'm burning one

This is your moment
(Bitch)
This is your moment
(Man what up?)
This is your moment
(Tell that bitch don't miss her blessing she better get some dressing)
It's your time to shine
(Sauce)
Then I blow it
(Hahaha)
This is your moment

Who know the city better than me huh?
Who get the pussy wetter than me huh?
What it is, what's it gonna be?
As long as you know I get 'em gone by the morning
I put you in perfect situations so you can just be you
Nothing awkward or uncomfyy like them other niggas do
I like them party girls, so keep them tough old broads
Cause I'm a gentleman, sometimes I don't fuck hard
I'm dissing funky hoes, the ones you gotta impress
Then audition those in a bra and a dress
If what I'm saying is embarrassing to you, then blush bitch
Fuck taking your time, you better rush

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Understand you got chosen by a real one
Big dick boss to take care of all these little ones
Got it out the mud, stay cleaner than my Nikes
And no, I'm not alone, I came with twenty just like me
Baby I'm a dog, don't like me
Way too hyphy, just one night me
Give it to you nightly, your [?] will wanna fight me
Then I gotta beat him up, after that I beat it up
Roll a fat J and watch the homegirl eat it up
Like a parfait, I know you wanna leave with us
Hey, I'm in love with myself
One kiss from the [?], will have you cumming on yourself, bitch

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I tell her, I tell her
And she know we rock, yeah, yeah tell her
A skilled street nigga then I hop on the beat
Is this your man rolling weed in my passenger seat?
I know Quik got a hit when he sample a beat
To make the first nigga with a platinum plaque from the beach
I'm back in the streets, trapping on the phone with a freak
Tell a hoe to sell her soul to spend a moment with me
It's gotta be smooth, out the rover turn the zone to a key
Spent my life on the grind for y'all to notice it's me

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