## You'z A Ganxta

Siide! Oh no, it's '98 y'all & we got some new shit What we say? Yes ha ha fade the world in this motherfucker that's right oh, check it out

Fuck what ya heard baby I'm DJ Quik whether on T.V. or in these streets I'm still the shit I went from drinkin' eight ball and makin' demos to drinkin' Hennessey & Chivas Regal in the back of the limo Gettin' my issue in life you can't hate that and when I tell you about yo' self nigga you can't take that 'cause y'all be cross fadin' if you don't understand you got a side and I got one but you be crossin' over here to see what's in my hand Yeah but that's cool too I gets my money on the double that's what I do hittin' them brown bubbles and avoidin' trouble hoes to choose with nothin' to lose & a million mothafuckas wanna be in my shoes But you don't understand, beyond the parties & cheer I been broke my whole career breakin' bread with my peers bought a '96 Impala the new SS before the 20,000 mile mark I gave it to Sid I could never bust a new shoe if my nephews ain't got 'em Fila Jumpman Cortez yeah I'm comin' out the pocket for my homies in the 'hood up on it when I'm around 'cause there's a difference between bein' a thug & bein' down now

Bang bang boogie da bang da bang boogie to da boogie bang boogie da bang fuck what you sayin' nigga You's a gangsta! No I'm not! Nigga you's a gangsta! No I'm not! Nigga you's a gangsta!

Just 'cause I kick it with killers don't mean that I do it my occupation's a musician & I'm stayin' true to it I went from bein' a rider to bein' a provider while I was straddlin' the fence tryin' not to hit the divider Just an impressionable human being tryin' to do right every now & then I get my manhood tested in fights like I used to have a beef with this cat named Eiht and his homies approached me at the club El Rey What was I to do I'm on stage & I'm doin' my thang and this nigga's out in the crowd tryin' to hoo' bang givin' it up for his homies & set trippin' too but he wasn't from Rollin' 60's more like Tragney I wonder what's his problem what he tryin' to say Is this business personal or just Fuck Quik Day? I approached him like a man & not like a nut he turned around & put his drink down & straight knuckled up In the dark club punches is flyin' all around and even though it was me & him the rumors went 'round and said I killed somebody now how that sound How could I stomp somebody to death that's bigger than me and I'm just a hundred & fifty five pounds tell me

See some don't realize the power of lyrics

## DJ Quik

'cause when you rap about death you talkin' to spirits You see you can say the things that can help us all ball or you can say things that make it bad for us all fix the problem the only way is come to the source don't be a Trojan Horse help us change the course everybody knows that it's bad in the 'hood so check what you rappin' about if it ain't to the good I did my part a long time ago I changed my views ain't no gang bangin' & slangin' just hangin' with trues give it up to my Creator & that you can quote but mothafuckas still see me as a scapegoat yeah like that night when Biggie died at Quincy Jones spot like 400 other people yeah I heard some shots broke away with the crowd nervous obviously & the mothafuckas blamed it on me What the hell!?!

Check it out this song is dedicated to the two most prolific writers in rap music history Tupac Shakur & the Notorious B.I.G. It's also dedicated to the little homie from 60's that lost his life at that party Rest in peace y'all And to MC Eiht when you get yo' head together maybe we can do a record feel me I'm out

Bang bang ['til fade]