

You'z a Ganxta

DJ Quik

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' Hennessy & 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
'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)

Lyrics provided by <http://greatlyrics.net/>