

Ghetto Rendezvous

DJ Quik

Rendezvous, I guess it's time for another
Aw, look at what you muthafuckas done went and did
Y'all done pissed off
Yeah, what up, sis? I hear you out there
You know you done fucked up
I'm glad y'all set it off You prolly mad 'cause you can't eat off me no more
Don't wanna hear you cryin' or offer you no dough
You tried to make my life shabby
With the zodiac sign of the cancer, you crabby
Plus you got away with murder twice, nice
Just like that nigga that's on thin ice now
I think it's time for another ghetto rendezvous I hate you so much, it just shows
I hate you more than Michael hated Joe
And your son looks like a fuckin' Al Qaeda
I'mma call him whop daddy 'cause his chin is to the side, yo Now that's the mark of the beast
You had a Damien in 1977 to say the least
Your house is full of mole, body full of yeast
I bet you bakin' a loaf of bread down between your cheeks
You stanky little rodent, yeah, bitch, you molded
You never see your brother that's why your love's corroded Emphysema all in him
You can't hurt nobody, ain't no toxins in your venom
You just a grandmama in denim
Looking for some little kids to put some shit up in them Maybe it's time for another ghetto
rendezvous
The problem is you ain't have no fuckin' loyalty
And the only thing you wanted was my royalties
You stole a car and a bike from me
Lookin' back, I was the caretaker of a dummy And that husband of yours, you dumb witch
Was still a husband of hers, you stupid bitch
You never acted your age
You only came to embarrass me out in public for days That's why a little clarity pays
You got the boot, now I'm chipping like Frito lays
Rest in peace to my niece Delyse
When she was lying in state, she had a grin on her mouthpiece
Now what that tell you about you
You disturbed to the curb and it's better without you I'm coming strapped to another ghetto
rendezvous Fat boy, you know you really been dummin'
Going over peewee house showing off your triple stomach
With a strap in your waist
Now what you gon' do when you see my face? I doubt it
I'm tired of playing with you cocka roaches
I gave you bitches life trust and you stupids broke it 'Cause you a muthafuckin' sex offender

Put some honey on your dick and put it in a blender
They caught you fuckin' on your sister daughter
That some incestuous shit, get the holy water Compton alumni a-no go
Nigga, you really for passer robos
Upstate in Y.A. with your homeboys
Cheekin' each other butt making no noise I'm takin' off when I hit the ghetto rendezvous If I
bought you equipment and you sold it, that's on you
Helped you get into a home and you lose it, that's on you
You niggaz acting like babies
You feeling entitled to another man's money, that's crazy More like insane, schizophrenia
Struggles with love and money, happiness you got plenty of
While I'm staying fly like LaGuardia
I'm a guardian, I'm the ardistal I'm the flyest MC that you've ever heard
On the normal microphone, muthafucka, that's word
Now give me the mic and let me be heard
'Cause I'll be quitting surely, I am the shep-erd
Now what you know about my lyrics and style?
I got a clico backwash, fly spit, we wild I think it's time for another ghetto rendezvous

Lyrics provided by <https://www.songarea.com/>