

The End?

DJ Quik

[Garry Shider + (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 fuckin' 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

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