

# Shade Sheist, John Doe

(feat. AMG, DJ Quik, Hi-C, Swift)

[scratching]

[Verse: Shade Sheist]

Yo, it ain't nothin' new (ain't nothin'), just a change in the name  
Sheist done came and changed the game unexplained  
Ways for days show you how to wait for your pay  
Cause when Shade fuck up your sales, all your checks delay  
And now niggas mad cause Shade can pull up in a Jag  
Hands free, chaperone all gettin' the door  
And I ain't even interested in stealing your whore  
So why these niggas actin like they wanna marry the floor?  
Like they ain't seen me breeze past all the gaurds at the door  
Like I'm just wearin' this jacket to be hot  
I flash the juice card, man this shit ain't hard  
And It's the same thing at the same spot  
What's my name?

[Chorus x2]

[Vocoder Box:] It's John Doe

[DJ Quik:] 4-5's spittin' up outta the

[Vocoder Box:] Four Door

[DJ Quik:] No return fire cause they

[Vocoder Box:] Too slow {\*gunshots\*}

[DJ Quik:] What's the dilly?

[Vocoder Box:] Cause we kill for a living

[DJ Quik:] We kill for a livin'

[Verse: Shade Sheist]

They wanna know why I keep it so simple  
I see that they just don't get it like my Nextel signal  
Sheist on some other shit, Centinella gutter shit  
Cards on the table, you can hit me or split  
And see now I fucked around and got Quik on the shit  
So just imagine how many hips break when they dip  
And all the excessive paper cuts from counting the grip  
And how my legs hurt from humpin' back and forth in the whip  
At only 35, coverage is a bitch on a six  
And I ain't even got my first plaque yet (plaque yet)  
Sheist, will still run circles over niggas who want it  
And we ain't even gotta make the bets yet  
Nigga what's my name?

[Chorus x2]

[Verse: Hi-C]

Throat-choke a hoe, Big Giggolo  
Pimp the world, handcuff your hoe  
Twurk your girl, when I step into the atmosphere  
Niggas strapped wit fear, uh!  
Is he is what I said he is and all  
When I pimp bitches all dick and balls  
Shade Sheist nothin' nice, new to the game  
Get your money homie, bitch what's my name?

[Verse: AMG]

Hey-hey! we gon' hit these niggas where it hurt (uh)  
Put the worm in your mouth like a perch (uh)  
When I'm cum boo you gon' need a cert  
Bust one, jump in the Monte Carlo and skirt (skirt!)  
Give em naps, give 'em dap, then I holla holla back  
"Hey nigga where you goin'?"  
Boo I'm checkin' my traps

Yall niggas done shitted and stepped back in it  
I'll fuck a nigga up all I need is five minutes.

[Verse: Swift]

Swift, and I pimp hoes like it's a gift  
I got game so you know I'm "The Answer" like Allen I.  
Got your whole style shook like 'Quilles or Kobe Bry'  
While money multiply you haters ask why  
No you can't stop the pimpin' the pimpin' is too fly  
Runnin' game on yo wife while you out flossin' your ride  
But she said, "if you ain't busy, or close in the vicinity  
Stop on by and come get the thighs."

[Chorus]

[Chorus]

[Vocoder Box:] It's John Doe  
[DJ Quik:] 4-5's spittin' up outta the  
[Vocoder Box:] Four Door  
[DJ Quik:] No return fire cause they  
[Vocoder Box:] Too slow {\*gunshots\*}  
[DJ Quik:] What's the dilly?  
[Vocoder Box:] Cause we kill for a living  
[DJ Quik:] And we hungry nigga

[gunshots]