

Daz Dillinger, Intro: Gang Meeting / Gang Bangin

(feat. Tray Deee, Soopafly, Bad Ass, Tha Gang, Kurupt Tha Kingpin & Technique)

[Daz Dillinger]

Yeah, Daz Dillinger

I'm gonna take you into some gangsta shit

What y'all niggas don't even know about

And now you ?feels? to know about,

what we call Gangsta Rap

But this is for the niggas who was down from day one

Love to hear, love to hear you motherfuckers

I advise all you ghetto livin', struggling from day to day,

tryin' to flip a figure dollar devil up inside a bag of weed,

a fresh pair of khakis and take a bitch to the groovy ass niggas

To get your money man, get paid

These motherfuckers are cut off welfare

How are we go eat if we don't cheat

These (?) bitch to me made the game out of young black niggas lives

Striking us out from left to right

With no motherfucking one in sight

Fuck that!!

Sell your dope

Get your jack on, get your sack on,

put your rag on and get your motherfucking thang on, niggas

Cause it's on

God dammit it's on

Now what the hell you bout to go youngster

[The Gang (Tray Deee, Ty Cuzz, Bad A\$\$, Technique)]

Go ride nigga

Bout to go get the homies nigga, right now

[Daz] Oh yeah motherfucker it's on

[The Gang]

Ay come on Bad A\$\$ let's do it nigga, it's on now nigga

Ay ay nigga

What's up nigga (What's up)

Ay nigga

Nigga the homie called, the big shot today nigga (Word)

Nigga you were ment to meet him today nigga

(Man I take my baby inside today man)

What's up

Nigga

Nigga, Ay, We can't realy talk right now tough nigga (Alright)

But uh, it's going down later on 9-30 nigga

The big man hoe nigga

Be there nigga

Yeah

[Bad A\$\$]What's up Daz Dillinger

[Daz] Shit, Bad A\$\$, tryin' to keep it realer than real, man

Least half these punk ass....

motherfucking niggas around here bullshittin'

The big spot nigga, ain't clockin' no dollar.

[BA] Man I'm trying to have

Man I ain't trying to go for shit

[DD] Man you know my glock is hot

(Eastside)

Verse One: [Kurupt Tha Kingpin]

I'm coming through your zone late night, shit

Dogg Pound Gangsta to flame the light shit

Cause I hold on,

I'm 20 feet tall

The biggest walkin' bill fuck around to get killed

Get shoot
Don't try to sneak a peak in my book
(?Home at hose?) , overdose the thoughts when he look
The forbidden
The hittin' zone that I'm hitting
Don't play with my intelligence nigga as the heat (?slittin'?)
(?)
So I only got two choices; loc me the blasin' bomb
Vietnam
I bring the pain rains no (?)
Execution style is the shells from the heat veal
Down to the ground like the rest of the dummies
Just what the fuck you thinkin' try to play with my money
It's nothing but the Dogg Pound Gangstas
Mashes, verbal disasters, 38 stashes

Verse Two: [Tray Deee]

I arise in disguise to surprise that ass
What you thought you caught me short
I might ride to blast
With the canna
We let the shit all up in your nuts
When niggas droppin', they stop with the plan they plots
Got to stop for my gate
With (?) of break
Marked niggas caught in, they try to win and get sprayed
Rip the gates
Go flip the page to chapter three
First groove, they fools can't come after me
I mash to free,
styles of catastrophe
Ask for G
A nigga best to answer me
My rip long as the beach that I represent
Dead nigga with my stare not to step to this

Verse Three: [Daz Dillinger]

Now o yeah Tray Deee
I mean I see the whole plot
Be on alert, niggas shot
Anywhere under that nigga caught
So drop the microphone on my own
I shown to blown
Away for these MC's with the sludge of a chrome
I take the fang
Down on my own lyrical name
When the sees are changed ,
when the storms and hurricanes
Wide strand
Spittin' rhymes, the beats so precise
(?)
skatin' on mics like ice
Twice in the day
I get drunk,
(?) of plastic bags
Sack in the truck
because the rhyme as claim
I shit buck like the doctor
Coming through
Bouncin' with the droptop
Like gangstas chillin on the block
Nah, we ain't worry for shit
Got escape doors like Capone
Whit chick your dick on my clip
Forty-fives and nives

Three-eighties and automatics
Sniveling, coming through for you
when your boys with some stats
I got to have eleven to thrill of the drama
Enthusing me to gets my norm with the slaughter
Ought to be known as Daz Dillinger
For the shit that I known for
A Dogg Pound criminal

Verse Four: [Soopafly]
Now if the spot's hot
I hit the switch make the topdrop
Don't stop
It's Soopafly with the sho shot
Won't stop
I got ya whole shit to
Look and listen
I rendition the rhymes with precision
You can't face
Amaze me a place like a saddle
It's Dogg Pound Ganstas (?) like a shadow
I never met a motherfucker who can make you stick
I never met a motherfucker who can feel my clique
You serve, you'll make the twitch like a nerve
You'll try to step to my wild style seperve
Adjective the verve
Action pack with the words
I'll make it stop
The jaws drop and observe
I sold the block for Crook, Daz, Style and Tray Deee
We be coming with the shit
That be the bomb baby
And ain't a Dogg Pound Gangsta will knock you to the flow
Either you stupid as fuck or just don't know

Verse Five: [Bad A\$\$]
Now I know you, know you,
stupid as fuck
Cock, bust like a sawed off punk,
double barrel on 'em
Black gambinos at casinos
Get De Niro on 'em
If I want 'em
I go get 'em
If I gotta shot a nine
Twice, that's what I rhyme like
My clip ain't empty
Do try to test the ridah
Nativity simply
Bust, I lead inside ya
Find ya
Fear them, frightened for your life
With your last few
Live with hot live from gunblast
Outlaws, outcast
Low life, south last
Long Beach niggas blast
Yeah the b-side is right
The most, the coast
The west, the best
We damn bitches
Sippin', hittin' switches
Dippin' hittin' robbin' niggas
Itchy fingers on triggers
Itty, bitty niggas

Ready for war
We kick down your door
Draw eatin'
Lay everybody down on the floor

Verse Six: [Technique]
The same thing, different place
With snakes, cowards and strong grown
Robbery cases, niggas faces
On paperchase
It was seen, it was written
It ain't forbidden
For homies to be splittin'
Disagree, no one was hitten
Known with the curls
The many obstacles
Impressions to the feet from gettin' served
Growing up is rough
Your name
Here's the streets it gets tough
You can (?) and (?)
Then I guess you had enough
Over (?)
It ain't coincidental that I be distorted
And my manual
Minds
Is for seein', so I watch
Bodies and plots
Win the plots
Call the shots for your nuts
Nigga grips
That's why I (?) my dippin' progress
Cause why is all we tryin' to defeat the progress
I just ain't the one mystic to hit
Young Jonesy sees
Who I got a mission to hit
And constantly flips scripts
Outta wall with balls fast talkin'
And quick draws
How the problem is solved
I want it all (I want it all)
But it's movin' to slow
I'm out to blow
I don't know which way to go,
was on the right path
I thought
Without doin' a dirty word about getting caught
("getting caught" echoes)