

Shaquille O'Neal F/ Sauce Money

"Drama"

Visit "[Drama](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

[Intro]

It was a war between us and them
The fuse was ignited throughout the world
And it couldn't be put out
Mass murderin' throughout the street blocks and
neighborhoods
Somebody had to become a victim
An example, to let y'all bitch niggaz know that we
wasn't for play
And the story goes -

[Daz Dillinger]

We come out the bushes, aim and shoot
Takin' niggaz out who disrespect the crew
Boom, boom, boom, the automatic tools spit out
Usin' rounds and ammos, blowin' niggaz brains out
Payback for what you did to my cousin
Swerve in a bucket, dumpin' on niggaz that started
duckin'
I smoke a stick, then get back to the lynchin'
Premeditating on niggaz, I love squeezin' the trigger
Yeah, I'm weird it ain't no shame to my game
You'll get your pain close range, six feet in the grave
On the news I read "shot in the head", front page
Niggaz got shot and blasted with the 12-gauge
So again and again let the murders begin
Trends and bodies found unloaded with ten
Wrapped up with niggaz, catchin' the heat, caught in
the street
Late night crept out for somethin' to eat
Right before my eyes he died, scrap aside
Grabbed his burger and fries and disappeared in the
night
Dat Nigga Daz traveled the world for all my doggs
I shall not forget about y'all until I fall..

[Daz talking]

2Pac and Biggie was fallen soldiers
Of this war that we are fightin' here in the 2000
So we are faced with danger
Scandalous niggaz and bitches

Baby mamas and trader-ass homeboys
Who plottin' to make a deal with the devil
To assassinate us and our character
And act like you are homeboy..
But no evil shall come near me or my people or my
dwellings..
So though shall die by the laws of the street

[Daz Dillinger]

My murder method's untouchable, got a few niggaz to
touch your soul
From the gate, I never ever did trust your crew
You just a snake in the grass on that ass
I'll pull the trigger back and blast all over that ass
Get a call from my niggaz, your person talkin' to my
nigga
Enclosed plottin' or killin' a bitch ass nigga
Then shake you full of holes and no one knows
Barely alive, but eventually that nigga died
A ten year fued, this is what we breathe and what we
live for
Honor and respect from the door
We hardcore, rough, rugged and dangerous
Stay smokin' our weed, sherm and angeldust
It's just us, don't ever forget it
We down with it to the bone
(And once again it's back on)
I'll get domed without seein' battle or bein' battled
I'm posted, strapped with a million volts
Electricutin' they ass and knock 'em off
That's for thinkin' we soft, we plottin' the boss
(And everything in this world has a cost)
In this game nobody wins so a nigga just lost

[Daz talking]

Catchin' them bitch ass niggaz slippin'
Rollin' through they neighborhood (right, right)
Lookin' at them sucka ass niggaz while we dump on
them
BOOM!
Bullets goin' through car doors, screens,
neighborhoods, and everywhere
Who shall I fear? - no one
It's time to get rid of you you bitch ass nigga, your time
is comin'
Puttin' all y'all niggaz six feet in the dirt

[Daz Dillinger]

Blue rags, stolen cars with no tag we get away in
(Sprayin' it up to let you know we ain't playin')
Prayin' for an opportunity - soon to be your last

(When you double-cross Daz I'll put a foot in your ass)
Lessons taught by the one that played me out
(For the fame and the clout we got to take you out)
I can't be stopped by the fed or the cops
(No matter what these niggaz talkin' 'bout one way they
all get shot)
Yiggy yep, made an example, beaten and trampled
(It's all for the money, that's all that I'm out for)
You'll get filled full of lead, a closed mouth'll get fed
(No matter what you said you'll get a bullet in your
head, HA HA)

[Daz talking]
That's all I'm sayin'
It's overl, done for
It's time to put all y'all niggaz to rest
Don't sleep nigga
EVERYBODY DIES NIGGA! EVERYBODY DIES!
HA HAAAAAA..

Visit [Shaquille O'Neal F/ Sauce Money](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.