

**Shaquille O'Neal F/ Sauce Money****"This Iz Not Over"**

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[Daz intro]

Throughout the city the gunfire lit up the street  
We ride for revenge honor and respect  
Death to all y'all homeboys,  
Catching niggas slipping, peeling there motherfucking  
caps back  
Yeah, the game, that's how we do it  
Everyday all day, straight riding  
Fuck all y'all homeboys  
(yo yo yo what's up)

[Daz Verse 1]

I'm back, banging on niggas after trying to murder me  
Caught in the middle of greed, witness to trickery  
Now I'm here, ready to die, remember me  
On a hunt for you bastards to put you out your misery  
Made a more ? they die with bullet holes  
44 explode that's when the story was told  
My heart is as cold as the tundra  
Automatic weapons warring like thunder  
My final destiny is to put ya under  
Come on warring whenever, me die, nigga never  
Through the storm and the weather my dogs a go-  
getter  
Polish da chrome barretta catching you punk niggas  
That's the element of surprise you niggas won't regret  
us  
Like shooting birds with pellets, let the streets reveal it  
Do or die motherfuckers trying to kill it  
Yes you can, and ever since we won't have no peace  
Till one of us rest in peace, alive or deceased  
It's your choice, your move, show and prove yo hand  
Get it off yo chest let me know that you's a man  
Get your pistols and niggas cuz it's about to get shitty  
No remorse, no pity, you hear it all through the city

[Chorus]

Trickery and scandalous bitches  
Niggas, that I fucked with  
Wasn't no good from the jump  
So now what we gone do

We gone ride,  
We gone destroy, build, come anew  
You know how we do  
It's not over, till we say so  
Nigga!

[Daz Verse 2]

Word on the street is that you better have some heat  
By your side  
Caught your homie slippin', did he survive?  
One to the head left him dead off the words that he  
said  
Could have been avoided if he would have drove off  
instead  
Nigga shot at my crib where my momma and kids live  
No doubt, now it's time to take some more of you out  
Scan the block with an inferred dot, just for a victim  
There he go, there he was, there he go let's get him  
My motto is no remorse and that you'll never surrender  
none  
Only rely on your self and your gun  
Biage, as I get high and look at the stars  
Wish and wish and pray to God for our downfall  
'Cause then it's back to the same thang, of this life I  
lead  
Bitches, money, and niggas, and weed  
Bust a left on one O feral with a double pump barrel  
Be careful, cause these streets could sometimes leave  
ya narrow  
With the faith of Moses, and the power of Pharoe  
With the bullets hotter than fire and as swift as an  
arrow  
Death becomes your every wish you try to blast me and  
miss  
Now me and my dogs commence to get in your shit  
You say the lord is your shepherd and you shall not  
walk  
It's time to gaffle up these niggas stick 'em dead in the  
trunk  
Behold the last words spoken by a dead man  
It seems to realize niggas 'll never understand

[Chorus]

Yeah, it's not over  
When I die my children will grow, and smoke your ass  
Starting our history book, Gangstaology  
Throughout the streets we shall survive and live

