

Spanish F.L.Y. f/ Daz Dillinger

"Burning Down the House"

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(Daz Dillinger in background)
[Daz Dillinger] Yeah...
Ese Daz and Dat Nigga Daz, you know what I mean
We kickin' it like this
[Ese Daz] Yeah
It's Ese Daz from the real Spanish F.L.Y.
[Daz Dillinger] Yeah
[Ese Daz] Start them engines (And you know that)
Yo, Daz Dilli, you ready?
[Daz Dillinger] Spanish F.L.Y.
Tell 'em what's up

[Verse 1]
[El Fino] You don't wanna fuck with the black and brown
Snatch the crown and lay
Everybody down
[Ese Daz] Get down
[El Fino] Face down in the coca
Motherfucker
That's what you get livin' the crazy life, vida loca
Diein' slowly
(???)
(???)
Mama tellin' me it's corrupted, infested
Influenced by street demons (???)
[Ese Daz] Foolish Loco Youngsters and D.P.G. mobsters
5-6-2, 3-1-0 Southside Riders
[El Fino] Adversaries get buried, devoured by the hour
And you hear the sounds of the rounds and you see the
gun powder
Bow, get on your kness and come to please
Subliminal, subterranean individuals
With street concrete heat lyrics that'll ignite
Activate
Get ready for war and take flight

[Chorus: Ese Daz]
5-6-2 to the 3-1-0
Big pimpin' on the grind, fa' sho
Money, choppy
Hoes, let's go

Let's go, we
Burning down the house

[Chorus]

[Verse 2: Daz Dillinger]

I can't hold it
No one's showin' when I'm givin' it up
It's me and Ese Daz, doing it up and givin' it up
Get your groove on, move on to the next
Lookin' for that hot mami, which one will I pick
Hit the switch on the low-low's, up on the low pro
You know I do my thang in looking for them bad hoes
Looking for them gushes, them fine good-lookin'
Mami ruca doin' her thang and everybody lookin'
To all y'all haters, stop guessin'
We strapped for protection
Teaching all and y'all a valuable lesson
We out for the money, respect and the power
It's me and Ese Daz, and this spot is ours
Cause we will never stop (We never stop)
And all y'all fools will drop (Click-click)
It's Dogg Pound fa' sho
Dough comin' out the Vol' do
E-Dub and Khool Aid
Pocos Pero Locos

[Chorus] - 2X

[Verse 3]

[Ese Daz] From the port of Los Angeles to Long Beach
Let's take 'em to the streets and serve 'em California
heat
Like the Italians on an American meet
Causin' overdoses
Uncut gangsta potions
[Daz Dillinger] Ese, where you from?
[Ese Daz] The city's by the ocean
Pacific, to be exact
West coastin'
Panchos and Bennotens, bald-headed and braided
We made it, never faded, always hated, never
duplicated
It's Ese Daz from the real Spanish F.L.Y.
We rise, stakin' high, off the tequila sunrise
[Daz Dillinger] Every, every, everybody, better get they
strap
We bustin' 'em gats, puttin' them fools on the map
Tic-tac, , they shouldn't did that
Blowing they head back and blowing they rib back
5-6-2, 3-1-0

[Ese Daz] Spanish F.L.Y. and D.P.G.
On the grind, fa' sho

[Chorus] - 2X

[Daz Dillinger]
Everybody get live...

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