

Average Jo

"Here We Are/Go Killem"

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[Intro: Daz & (Kurupt)]

Psss... yeah...

It's about time served y'all bitch ass niggaz
Y'knahmsayin? Tired of ya'll bitch ass niggaz
everywhere
(Yeah nigga, Daz and Kurupt)
187 killin', everyday all day
I'm comin out!

[Daz Dillinger]

Niggaz you better come strapped with some tactics to
get back
Or get capped, the back slap, or laid flat
Swift as a cheetah when them thangs comin' to greet
you in the dark
I won't mislead you when you seein' the sparks
Dustin' off brand motherfuckers who start ruckus
Can't touch us, me and my homies reply wit fuckers
Me and my dogg's blast with intentions, leavin' y'all
missing in action
Bitch ass, sorry ass bastards
Heartless, senseless coward I was born to devauer
Cuts is ours, for all my real niggaz behind bars
Scarred for life, from the blade of a knife
To get strikes at thirteen for takin' your life
Seven tec's, I earn repect, you chin check the rep -
Or die when your bitch ass step
I take precaution, stalkin' these streets, flossin' and
ballin'
Keep your hand on your heat, cause we playin' for
keeps
Real niggaz do real thangs in this gangbang life we
lead
You can't hang, nigga die and bleed
Murder won't stop 'til every busta and sucka drop
Fuck the cops, they stop me from corruptin' the block
Rocks blast the glocks in the weed spot
Stop playa hatin' what we got and clock your own knock
Grindin', perfectin', and shinin' the fifty-eight carrots of
diamonds
Blind ya when we come up behind ya

[Chorus: Daz Dillinger + (female singer)]

Here we are... (here we are)

And there they are... (there they are)

Gon' get ya, aiyya, aiyya {*gun shot*}

Gon' get ya, aiyya, aiyya {*gun shot*}

[Daz Dillinger]

My philosophy's unheard of, I choreographed the
murderer

My morals are show no mercy and no sorrow

Fuedin' and layin' 'em down, forever ready it's
hereditary

Layin' 'em down dead up in the mortuary

Families mourn, another life is gone

Brandish your torn , forty weeks later a soldier is born

Enbalm your neighborhood to let me if you could

Be a G a you claim to be, let me know if you could

We back shootin' up homes and Cadillac's {*gun
shot*}

Don't ever ever come back, just to show me where it's
at

Off the rack comes the gauge -

Buck sprays and AK's retaliate in a major way

We in the land where it's man for man, clan for clan

Simple mistakes - you'll end up dead (say what?)

I ride with Crips and dip and dap for the chips

Grip the pistol to your brain, never takin' no shit

Whether, Heaven or Hell, I gots to prevail

Rather die makin' it happen than to die in a cell

Rather load up my hollow-point shells for niggaz who
snitch and tell

Leave they bodies with the maggots and snails

C'd up, fatigued up... (Criiip!), always G'd up

On a mission for my tuition, I need bucks

Big dollars... (why?), I jack niggaz cause I gotta

My kids got enemies now because of they father

[Chorus] - 2X

[Daz Dillinger]

Smokin', loaded, and fucked up, I ain't lucked up

On some niggaz who try to get bucked

In the fashion, the blastin', it's hard to imagine the cash

And known niggaz who be actin' like bastards

What do I do, but call my niggaz and my crew

To come do what they do, and put in work on you

Semi-automatic cause static

Static's inatic of a gun-play, like everyday, all day

You want trouble? HA HA, let's bring it quick, fast

And dash and blast up on they bitch ass

Adios as his ass got smoked -
He provoked the wrong nigga now his ass is ghost...
I smoke a blunt and stick my dick in some cunt (uhh!)
Cause to me and my homeboy's ya'll just some punks,
haha
Who really want it? Nigga, come get it
Slowly but surely, homie you ain't never forget it
How many times I gotta say stop fuckin' with mine
Livin' the life of crime where it's do or die
Y'all niggaz don't really want none of this
We the shit... blow your fuckin' crew to bits

[Chorus] - 3X w/ variations

[Outro: Daz]

Yeah, pull up on this nigga right here
Jump out, serve his ass {*gun shot*}
Boom, give it, get on the ground!

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