

## Sisqo

# "Our Daily Bread"

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Prince Ital Joe (Daz):

Yeah, Death Row (give it up, one time)  
Yes, to the man sing  
them all beats they're crucial (give it up)  
Dogg Pound (???)  
Nobody moves, freeze!, nobody gets hurt  
Shoot first and ask questions later  
The motto, lyrically, artically, rip it...

Daz:

Stop and listen, catch a grip and realize, with your two  
eyes  
The price, nigga, is keep striving for more  
I broke laws, defined many, show skills of a rider when  
few was thick  
Revolved around forty-four niggaz for the rep  
Sweat the whole block with the Mack-90, automatic  
semi-tech  
Now the whole shit is respected  
Slowly but surely homies catching death wishes, and  
laugh  
You're trying to catch a check you can't cash  
I do, for the rapper the name and for the hood that I  
claim  
After the kill, it's remains the same  
The composure, gangstering, it's got me, still down to  
bang  
Who can get close to the most notorious gang of 'em  
all  
Dogg Pound, amazing Rage, rough and raw (DPG)  
The conversation ain't much, now what up?  
You're gapping and you're scrapping and you got a  
gap from the gat

Kurupt:

I found a (what?), more, I see the homies free  
I bound to make more money than I ever dreamed  
It's the DPG, the gangsters on the TV  
Completely, you can't defeat, delete species  
That fool over there is out of his nest  
He's off the hood with techs and vests

Dumping on different sets (who's that man?)  
D-A-Z's my nigga  
If he ever was to get any bigger and lose his figures  
he's my nigga  
The more I think about life and the world that  
surrounds us  
Being from Tha Pound, instantly penitentiary bound (so  
what's up?)  
I'm all about dropping bombs  
And possessing the deadliest rhymes the mind can't  
design  
So let's let bygones be bygones, aim to shoot  
And mash with your boys if you're down for making loot  
'Cause if not, when the heat gets hot you get scorched  
You're caught up like being in court, fighting the wars  
Now I pause to take a sneak peek through The Source  
(Magazine)  
Our force is not revealing (what?), we sold two million  
(damn!)  
Willingly we survived, willingly we strived  
We all multiply, Dogg Pound 'till we die  
I thought you knew about, the two about to run through  
about half your  
organization  
Sacred assassinations, fool, here's what you're facing  
The diverse, you're in a worse situation, like that...

Prince Ital Joe:

Yeah, Tell Babylon that we'll never give up hope in the  
ghetto  
'Cause everyday when we wake up we see the sun rise  
up in the sky  
We won't ever, never give up the fight, see  
We, down in the ghetto, will always put up the struggle  
The struggle to survive, and to live good  
To bring food on the table for our families, see  
Tell Babylon that we have hope  
Like our brothers Martin Luther King and Marcus  
Garvey  
We believe that we are true Africans  
And we handle (???) in this life  
We won't kill our brothers no more  
Stab them with a knife, or shoot them with a gun  
'Cause when we do we see their blood run  
And it's not a pretty sight  
So we don't love the parasites of this world  
Sucking the blood of the sufferers  
Yeah!

