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Dayton Family
"Outlaws"

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Where my ganstas at, where my bitches at
Where my soldias at, where my killas at
Ya'll motha fucka's ready to ride (let's ride)
Ya'll motha fucka's ready to ride (let's ride)
Dayton Family 2002
Let's go
Everybody get prepared and ready
Cause my palms are getting sweaty
Armageddon is commin and Dayton family is ready, for war
All my soldias stand tall, fo sho
I'm givin you what you've been waiting for, Bootleg!
I need a bitch to bleed in beg, sufferin till the end, the whole world is dead
I'm ready to die, but I'm more eager for killin,
Anxious and paranoid is describing the way I'm feelin
Niggas is phony like hobos without bologna
wanna catch me alone so you can whip your straps on
But fuck yall, till the day I murdered em' all
Stack em tall like you be da Paul, or don't stack em at all
Bitch you never see me craw, never see me run
In fact the only thing you see'n is the barrel of the gun
You need to let off
Any time it's getting set off
Take a deep breath and blow your fuckin head off
And they got me, said that some niggas is just tryin to cop me
Bitin the day stoppa make the shit sound slum
There's only one Dayton Avenue and one family
And that's all it's ever been and that's all its gunna be
Fuck Em'
My objective in this game is squeeze triggers for figures
So get prepared for the realist shit you ever saw
Bootleg is you brining the raw?
The last outlaws
(Chorus)
Come on my niggas is you ready to ride
Wit some outlaws, outlaws
With the last outlaws
Bitch niggas getting used fo sho

Out Out Laws
Cause we the last fuckin outlaws
What bunch of rappers think your ready for war
Dayton Niggas just walked in the door
2002 who's ill as you be prepared because we pointing at you

I be that last fuckin outlaw, cut through your jaw
Like a motha fuckin chainsaw
Now in da braw, ain't no fakin, don't nobody move
You get this pump, hear this gage goin Thump Thump
You shouldn'a jump
It ain't no telling where yo body is
Ain't nuthin left, Ain't no motha fuckin rules nigga
So fucka a breath
You got me searchin for yo momma house, right down the streat
Gotta me bustin at the FBI, until they leave
You got a plan to get away, real shit with no delay
Till he worries stay, then get away the toupee
And ain't no lookin back, Feds got yo ass jacked
Put you for a stack, then whip you with a black mat
Motha Fuck your boys, I run through ya'll like Tonka toys
Where the gat? I'm runnin and gunnin you bitches here on my tomb
Listen to the safe boom, Let me in this room, and I'm gunna hang you like a fuckin Kuhn
Yo click, them niggas phony, walk em into war and play em like a fuckin stonney
Dayton is what I'm killin, kill shit and star bettin
Big head niggas, I beat em down to a fuckin melon
This is to yo camp, we green, ya'll some food stamps
Grown like some amps, Don't fuck with these state champs, Ughh
And get prepared for the realist shit you ever saw
Bootleg is you bringin the raw?
(Chorus)
Come on my niggas is you ready to ride
Wit some outlaws, outlaws
With the last outlaws
Bitch niggas getting used fo sho
Out Out Laws
Cause we the last fuckin outlaws
What bunch of rappers think your ready for war
Dayton Niggas just walked in the door
2002 who's ill as you be prepared because we pointing at you
Come On
All my Dayton Ave niggas gunna ride wit me
All my niggas worldwide gunna ride me

Put yo muthafuckin guns in the sky wit me
Outlaws, Outlaws, Outlaws
All my Dayton Ave niggas gunna ride wit me
All my niggas worldwide gunna ride me
Put yo muthafuckin guns in the sky wit me
Outlaws, Outlaws, Outlaws
All my Dayton Ave niggas gunna ride wit me
All my niggas worldwide gunna ride me
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