

## Daz Dillinger "DPG Fo' Life"

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Bangin' that gangsta music  
Dippin' with my forty-five  
You niggaz gon' make me lose it  
Fuckin' with a Dogg Pound nigga fo' life, yeah  
Fo' life, yeah

You better watch what you say  
Livin' on the West Coast California, hey

Hey yo guess who's back  
It's them niggaz you don't come around unless you strapped  
Check it Daz and Soopa', we pressin' the fact  
We givin' knockouts to niggaz plus a lesson in rap

You shoulda kept your mouth closed, left it at that  
Now we pullin' out the weapons, the tec and the mack  
You shoulda, played the back like a regular cat  
Ya fucked up, you let your heart get ahead of your raps

Now we all up on yo' dome like a Mexican hat  
Arriba bitch, I'll separate your neck from your back  
Punk nigga, I'ma tell ya straight to your face  
Right before I take off bombin' straight to your face

It's that West Coast, D O double G, flow  
Lookin' all around town but really don't see no  
Niggaz who can fuck with that, buck quick nigga  
Duck quick nigga, talk and get your strut hit nigga

What, who, pop and shit talk  
Step up ya get rocked, raw move jack  
Y'all niggaz better Crip Walk up out my business  
I'll finish ya, cold sinister

Hoe administer, no gimmicks bruh  
Slow quit it, ya, steppin' on the wrong turf  
We cock back with the glock strap  
Six feet fuckin' with this D.P.

Dippin' on these niggaz Llac'd up, chrome on the side  
To make these niggaz back up and I'm

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I'm a G in the highest degree  
I told the B U L L shit to back off me  
I ain't havin' it, let it smoke and I'll smoke yo' ass  
I finally can relax at last, on a mission on a serious task

The police wanna know who's under the mask  
Who makin', breakin' yourself for the jewelry and cash  
Like Luda' I'm 2 Furious and 2 damn Fast  
And this is how I'm gon' do ya, everyone around here  
who smoke Buddah

I stay high all the time, double my money in this rap  
game  
On point, hot to death, homie what a for sure aim  
Goddamn it's a motherfuckin' shame  
How niggaz keep kickin' up my name

You ain't nobody, I turn the book, rip the page  
I'm at the point where I'm about to get paid  
I crave for this, misbehave with him and draw down on  
him  
I had to learn, I had to stay focused

This goes out to you know who  
Who try to do what we do and try to be like my crew  
You fake ass gangstas, you'll never be true  
This is Dogg Pound Gang, Soopafly, Kurupt and Snoop

So back up or get rolled on, we love to ride  
We smoke kush, smoke purple  
'Cause we love to get high  
'Cause I'm

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I'm with my kinfolk, we blowin' big dope  
We on this big boat, this shit is no joke  
We on the West Coast, yeah, we got the best smoke  
Baby girl, jumped out the boat and did the breast  
stroke

And now a nigga floatin', but on a different note  
Cause 'Fly just flew in and 'cause bought some  
different smoke  
So, so, tell me what a nigga paid  
I'll back-slap ya, I'm your papi, what that nigga say?

You better keep it on the low or don't speak at all  
And tell Shameka, and Konica I'ma freak 'em dogg  
See when I ride up, you know I fire it up  
I throw a party on the block and get ya wired up

See it's the Big Boss, I'm in the big house  
With the bitch who suck dick with the big mouth  
I set the big trap for the big mouse, I left him  
Stuck him for his cheese, now I breeze, nigga please,  
bang on

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Yeah, So So Gangsta  
You know what time it is, we run this gangsta shit  
West Coast to the fullest, dat nigga Daz  
Soopafly, Kurupt, Snoop Dogg  
Yeah, that's what I'm talkin' about nigga  
The ultimate gangsta crew Dogg Pound Gangsta, Crip

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