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Daz Dillinger "Gang Bangin Ass Criminal"

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[daz dillinger] Yeah, daz dillinger I'm gonna take you into some gangsta shit What y'all niggas don't even know about And now you ? feels? to know about, What we call gangsta rap But this is for the niggas who was down from day one Love to hear, love to hear you motherfuckers I advise all you ghetto livin', struggling from day to day, Tryin' to flip a figure dollar devil up inside a bag of weed. A fresh pair of khakis and take a bitch to the groovy ass niggas To get your money man, get paid These motherfuckers are cut off welfare How are we go eat if we don't cheat These (?) bitch to me made the game out of young black niggas lives Striking us out from left to right With no motherfucking one in sight Fuck that!! Sell your dope Get your jack on, get your sack on, Put your rag on and get your motherfucking thang on, niggas Cause it's on God dammit it's on Now what the hell you bout to go youngster [the gang (tray deee, ty 'causez, bad a\$\$, technique)] Go ride nigga Bout to go get the homies nigga, right now [daz] oh yeah motherfucker it's on [the gang] Ay come on bad a\$\$ let's do it nigga, it's on now nigga Ay ay nigga What's up nigga (what's up) Ay nigga Nigga the homie called, the big shot today nigga (word)

Nigga you were ment to meet him today nigga (man I take my baby inside today man) What's up Nigga Nigga, ay, we can't realy talk right now tough nigga (alright) But uh, it's going down later on 9-30 nigga The big man hoe nigga Be there nigga Yeah [bad a\$\$]what's up daz dillinger [daz] shit, bad a\$\$, tryin' to keep it realer than real, man Least half these punk ass.... Motherfucking niggas around here bullshittin' The big spot nigga, ain't clockin' no dollar. [ba] man I'm trying to have Man I ain't trying to go for shit [dd] man you know my glock is hot (eastside) Verse one: [kurupt tha kingpin] I'm coming through your zone late night, shit Dogg pound gangsta to flame the light shit Cause I hold on. I'm 20 feet tall The biggest walkin' bill fuck around to get killed Getshoot Don't try to sneak a peak in my book (? home at hose?), overdose the thoughts when he look The forbidden The hittin' zone that I'm hitting Don't play with my intelligence nigga as the heat (? slittin'?) (?) So I only got two choices; loc me the blasin' bomb Vietnam I bring the pain rains no (?) Execution style is the shells from the heat veal Down to the ground like the rest of the dummies Just what the fuck you thinkin' try to play with my money It's nothing but the dogg pound gangstas Mashes, verbal disasters, 38 stashes Verse two: [tray deee] I arise in disguise to surprise that ass

What you thought you caught me short I might ride to blast With the canna

We let the shit all up in your nuts When niggas droppin', they stop with the plan they plots Got to stop for my gate With (?) of break Marked niggas caught in, they try to win and get sprayed Rip the gates Go flip the page to chapter three First groove, they fools can't come after me I mash to free, Styles of catastrophe Ask for g A nigga best to answer me My rip long as the beach that I represent Dead nigga with my stare not to step to this Verse three: [daz dillinger] Now o yeah tray deee I mean I see the whole plot Be on alert, niggas shot Anywhere under that nigga caught So drop the microphone on my own I shown to blown Away for these mc's with the sludge of a chrome I take the fang Down on my own lyrical name When the sees are changed, When the storms and hurricanes Wide strand Spittin' rhymes, the beats so precise (?) Skatin' on mics like ice Twice in the day I get drunk, (?) of plastic bags Sack in the truck Because the rhyme as claim I shit buck like the doctor Coming through Bouncin' with the droptop Like gangstas chillin on the block Nah, we ain't worry for shit Got escape doors like capone Whit chick your dick on my clip Forty-fives and nives Three-eighties and automatics Sniveling, coming through for you When your boys with some stats I got to have eleven to thrill of the drama Enthusing me to gets my norm with the slaughter

Ought to be known as daz dillinger For the shit that I known for A dogg pound criminal

Verse four: [soopafly] Now if the spot's hot I hit the switch make the topdrop Don't stop It's soopafly with the sho shot Won't stop I got ya whole shit to Look and listen I rendition the rhymes with precision You can't face Amaze me a place like a saddle It's dogg pound ganstas (?) like a shadow I never met a motherfucker who can make you stick I never met a motherfucker who can feel my clique You serve, you'll make the twitch like a nerve You'll try to step to my wild style seperve Adjective the verve Action pack with the words I'll make it stop The jaws drop and observe I sold the block for crook, daz, style and tray deee We be coming with the shit That be the bomb baby And ain't a dogg pound gangsta will knock you to the flow Either you stupid as fuck or just don't know Verse five: [bad a\$\$] Now I know you, know you, Stupid as fuck Cock, bust like a sawed off punk, Double barrel on 'em Black gambinos at casinos Get de niro on 'em If I want 'em I go get 'em If I gotta shot a nine Twice, that's what I rhyme like My clip ain't empty Do try to test the ridah

Nativity simply

Bust, I lead inside ya

Find ya

Fear them, frightened for your life

With your last few

Live with hot live from gunblast

Outlaws, outcast

Low life, south last Long beach niggas blast Yeah the b-side is right The most, the coast The west, the best We damn bitches Sippin', hittin' switches Dippin' hittin' robbin' niggas Itchy fingers on triggers Itty, bitty niggas Ready for war We kick down your door Draw eatin' Lay everybody down on the floor Verse six: [technique] The same thing, different place With snakes, cowards and strong grown Robbery cases, niggas faces On paperchase It was seen, it was written It ain't forbidden For homies to be splittin' Disagree, no one was hitten Known with the curls The many obstacles Impressions to the feet from gettin' served Growing up is rough Your name Here's the streets it gets tough You can (?) and (?) Then I guess you had enough Over (?) It ain't coincidental that I be distorted And my manual Minds Is for seein', so I watch Bodies and plots Win the plots Call the shots for your nuts Nigga grips That's why I (?) my dippin' progress Cause why is all we tryin' to defeat the progress I just ain't the one mystic to hit Young jonesy sees Who I got a mission to hit And constantly flips scripts Outta wall with balls fast talkin' And quick draws How the problem is solved I want it all (I want it all)

But it's movin' to slow I'm out to blow I don't know which way to go, Was on the right path I thought Without doin' a dirty word about getting caught ("getting caught" echoes)

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