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Daz Dillinger "Long Beach 2 Fillmoe"

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Artist: Daz Dillinger & JT the Bigga Figga Album: Long Beach 2 Fillmoe Title: Long Beach 2 Fillmoe

feat. Killa Tay Uh uh (Geah, geah, geah, geah) Yeah yeah (Wha wha) Dogg Paw Records (Uh uh) G.L.P. Records (Geah, geah, geah, geah) Uh uh, check it out, check it out Tha Gamblaz (D-1-8) What?

[JT the Bigga Figga]

We low-key - city streets, we on the under Bring thunder, bomb beats for hot summers We at this, in and out just like a robbery Break bread, lay down slow because ya bother me Stressed out, ghetto shots the metal hot When the cats get to buckin and shit, peep the pot Camoflauge in the buckets we ride, get up inside On the other side, now we collide, it's Westside Certified, I make it happen for my real folks Representin Fillmoe, we make them hits All the way to the L.B., cuz them niggaz tell me They be gettin they grits

[Chorus: JT] - 2X We put it down for the real folks L.B. to Fillmoe - you can't fuck with this! And when it come to the tips Westcoast represent y'all - all we make is hits!

[Daz Dillinger]

I'm lookin ghetto fab, coordinated with some G shit to bang

Twenty cents on the hang, ain't a fuckin thang The Bigga Figga Dilli ride the city gettin greedy Ohh what a pity, smokin sweets and switchin Philly's I get off the chain, get loose sip juice On my way get down 'fore I start to produce I need a valet my frame of mind is madly Ohh how can I be happy when the feds tryna jack me They try to get at me and they try to get me Nothin but G's is ridin with me, all the bullshit can miss me

Westside, Eastside, we ride slide and die For the cause baby girl, be fuckin her out of her drawers

She know me from back in the days, I get the cabbage Dat Nigga Daz gots to have it, haha!

I'm a motherfuckin hustler, busts on busters Fuck all y'all suckers and ride on motherfuckers

[Hook: JT] - 2X

[JT the Bigga Figga]

Man it's more like nuttin to lose, and a lot for me to gain on

I stayed back waitin my turn and got my game on (Game on)

We're not a spotlight, shine every rhyme Maybe only cuz that's how us niggaz came on

I'm in the same zone of the twilight, livin the high life And I gotta rhyme tight, man cuz all my fuckin fans I'm puffin on grams, until a niggaz nearly can't see For tape three I can't come weak, I'm at my peak Do a hundred thou a week, through the streets Got us ready to start collectin 'fetti, swing cars like Andretti

Heavy chips that Tha Gamblaz flip, when we hit Like the '89 quake, that shook the fuckin Bay Day to day is what I'm talkin 'bout, who the fuckin tightest?

You know about Tha Gamblaz, G.L.P., Frisco's Finest Diamond cut records and beats, nuttin sweet When I speak, only represent for the elite We play for keeps, fast cars and jeeps, for all my peeps

Clearin up the Billboard charts, on a single sweep No retreat, I keep the heat, waitin in my notebook 50 bar rhymes with no hooks

[Killa Tay]

They say my mind's in the sky cuz I'm high as a kite I see the devils run for cover when my people unite Tryna get my thug life right, and change the way we all think Finally found the missing link (What is it?)

God is real, I felt the touch

No way to ignore that I recognize

Ain't no money from the third eye, so why lie?

Expectations sky high, then we all die, but the game won't change So many curses, so many hearses, stuck in my brain I know the way God works, took me 28 years To finally face all fears and see my real life clear I near thug heaven pledgin allegiance to my livin And the feds can't hate, they know my talent's Godgivin Never been to prison, I'm supernatural for real Remainin military minded, with a passion to kill So if the revolution pop off, I'm ready and deadly

I dare any one of you peckerwoods to play with my 'fetti So feel the fury flow, the planet revolves around me And now I'm thuggin more than sucker-free I pray for strength to keep my mind right Eternal limelight, still in my sight But now I see straight, my B.G.'s can't re-late Cuz I'm high-powered...

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