

## Daz Dillinger "Ridin' High"

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That nigga Daz and Dub C in this motherfucker  
(What's happening nigga?)  
Doing what we got to do, every day all day  
And if you didn't know, now you know  
So get it right, beeootch

Yah and it goes like that  
Gangsta shit, nuttin' but gangsta shit  
Gangsta shit, nuttin' but gangsta shit  
WC, Daz, nigga Daz  
Gangsta shit, nuttin' but gangsta shit

Just ridin' high  
(Just ridin' high)  
Just ridin' by  
(Just ridin' by)  
Come on, don't trip, don't trip

Just ridin' high  
(Just ridin' high)  
Just ridin' by  
(Just ridin' by)  
Come on, don't trip, don't trip

It's like chill, why do we have to fool and get ill  
On what we call the dollar, dollar bill?  
You can get killed for that paint job and wheels  
Oh my, oh my, I love the dollar, dollar bill  
Oh juicy, be like [unverified] when he shot steel  
Put the blame up on you and be out with the loot  
Slang coke or weed, pills

You got pinky when the cup of blood got spilled  
Shit outta luck, there ain't no refills  
I'm more deadlier then ever  
What I got'll see through your armor shield  
Show you breakdown with your bills  
Recognize the real side that'll ride and kill  
Just for sure

Just ridin' high  
(Just ridin' high)

Just ridin' by  
(Just ridin' by)  
Come on, don't trip, don't trip

Just ridin' high  
(Just ridin' high)  
Just ridin' by  
(Just ridin' by)  
Come on, don't trip, don't trip

Chronic's in the bag rollin' all day  
Blue [unverified] six with [unverified] called  
[unverified]  
Age sixteen, I'm tired of hearing mom's mouth  
"Motherfucker get a job or get ya punk ass out"  
A little wild seed, influenced by the G's  
Strong bombing, pistol whipping and twisting niggas  
for cheese  
It's the normal method, barrel start by the jail

Wreck a long one [unverified] the real stretch marks  
A juvenile packing millimeters  
And when I'm close to doing a third  
Nigga I got more stripes than a zebra  
Will I live and make it out of the ghetto but will I die?  
Only God knows nigga but for now I just know I'm just

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(Just ridin' high)  
Just ridin' by  
(Just ridin' by)  
Come on, don't trip, don't trip

You got the upper hand, take control and take  
command  
Get your blast over with and cut the bullshit  
I the need the chips in a hurry  
By the end of the day I'm having 'em, don't worry  
Sorta like a dream or a storybook, a born crook  
Shook all the bustas that snitch, now I'm a black book

It took a while, being so broke it's hard to smile  
Hard living, trying to be grown when I'm a child  
Overshadowed by negativity  
Running and stealing, running from security

Something like a mystery  
Drugs, bitches to county jails, penitentiaries  
My background history 'cuz the game is so trickory

Now what's the remedy, should we strive, the streets is  
killing me  
Or should we lay down in a cell shit's forgiving me?  
Criminal activity, crack sales are killing me  
(A bunch or syllables said really fast)  
Just chill  
I'm tired of living the life of crime

Just chill  
The life of the deaf, dumb and blind  
Just chill  
Why do we have to fool and get ill  
Don't trip  
It's all about the dollar, dollar bill

Just ridin' high  
(Just ridin' high)  
Just ridin' by  
(Just ridin' by)  
Come on, don't trip, don't trip

Just ridin' high  
(Just ridin' high)  
Just ridin' by  
(Just ridin' by)  
Come on, don't trip, don't trip

You motherfuckers wanted to know what the gang was  
all about  
And now you know, you ain't got to look no further  
WC and that nigga Daz  
Bringing it to you, hardcore, raw, smooth, gangsta shit  
Sucka, 98-97 99-2G, whoo

What? What? What? Hey  
What? What? What? Hey  
What? What? What? Hey

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