

D.P.G

"School Yard"

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[Kurupt]

Once upon a time in the ghetto, when I was livin' low
When it was all about your cash flow
Mind over matter, money over bitches
Young, hard, top dogg, '6-4 with all the switches
Catatonic, automatic backpack packin'
I had tactics to enhance my chips drastic
I touched the school grounds, hollerin' "Let's Play House"
Bumpin' Dogg Food on my dogg's on they way out
This is my zone, so stay out
Tryin' to invades, gettin' old and played out
I gots the - cutest skirts that like to flirt
When the heat's hot, the panties droppin' to the dirt
Fly as a Maserati
What's up baby, this Daz Dillinger
And my name's Young Gotti

[Daz Dillinger]

It's about lunch time, bail out of class, what it see like?
Mob down the hall, me and my dogg's into street life
Cause ain't no tellin' what my life might be like
School trouble-maker, pickin' for a street fight
Who rock the spot, who rock the spot? - Young Daz
All alone, I'm down to mash, my jealous school mates mad
Bail with a hardcore attitude, be on a attitude, a rude boy
Gangsta puts it down so harsh on the crew
Those who disobey the laws should pay the consequences
Your punishment's are SWAT's, detention, or suspension
45 minute detention, and I'm still in effect
I'm on my way back to gym, I spot my girl, little Kim
I get the digits, tell Young Gotti let's ride
Five minutes left, we all bombed out fully and high

[Kurupt]

Soon as the bell rings, I got a song to sing
I got future plans of smugglin' gram's and ki's
I missed my first class, my thoughts flooded with

visions of cash
And my rivalries, intentions to mash
With these goofy ass hoes
Goofy ass MC's and goofy ass flows
Wannabe G's, how you gon' roam like you hard?
You in my zone nigga, I own the school yard
A high school grad - nah I'm a high school mack
Rollin' to my high school with a mack, gettin' high off
contact
I want your name and your number 'cause you look
kinda new
I don't recognize your face, did you come from a
different school?
I had to get it all clear since we all here
Fattest ass I seen all year
I'm all up on her, like socks and shoes
With a glock and the game of a gangsta, I can't lose

[Outro: Daz]

Let's catch the bus man, we outta here
We headed back to the hood
See y'all tomorrow
Have my money, have my lunch
Suckas!... ha ha

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