

## Gap Band

### "Dago"

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[Mr. Lil One]

\*Talkin\*

Yeah Yeah Yeah Yeah

Lil One, GHP, Traveiso

CLMT, hehe you know this

\*Rappin\*

Try to take me for mine, but I'ma take you for yours  
And I'ma tell these mothafuckas you's a bitch and a  
whore

Try to blemish my name, well I'm do you the same  
And I'ma bring all the pain, til you're feelin the same  
Better knock on some wood, I'ma boy in the hood  
I never thought that you would, but always knew that  
you could

You never rat on your friends, you never rat on your  
foes

You never trust in a bitch, you never trust in a hoe  
Drive around in my car, while I'm drunk at the bar  
Tellin all these mothafuckas I'ma wanna be star  
Baby Baby slow down, I might be comin around  
And before you even know it hear a pop and a sound  
Hear a pop in your ear, give it all but a year  
Couple kegs of beer, bring your death's up in here  
See I'm sick in the mind, I love the way that I'm paid  
I remember all the freaky little noises you made  
See I'm Lil Uno, still sippin Bruno  
And every where that I go, got a whole bunch of hoes  
Got a whole lot of tricks that be all on my dick  
And what ever you think I really don't give a shit

[Chorus: Mr. Lil One (Trav)]

Let us, let you know (Know what)

How we do this here (Where at)

In Dago (That's right)

In Dago

[2x]

[Trav]

Bring them skills pack them bills  
Bustin raps and dope deals  
Flock of hoes in high heels

Fellows always drinkin beer  
The one comin out  
Knowin what I'm about  
Bringin flow from the soul  
Spittin game, fuck the fame  
Fellows out tryin to bang  
Drop the slang but maintain  
Slow your mothafuckin roll man  
Cause people like you and people like me  
Could never be the same, gives a fuck what you claim  
Thought you were sick in the brain it's the Trav for the  
game  
Makin hoes scream my name  
Rub em up, dig em out  
Fuck me up, kick em out  
Leave hoes to shame  
It's the Trav biatch, always up to no good  
Since growin up in the hood  
Always end up in wood  
Never knew that you would  
Doubted Scout from the south

[Chorus]

[Mr. Lil One]

Well I'ma break it all down  
Another verse and I'm out  
You walk around wit a frown  
Now tell me where you at you now  
How does it feel to be down  
How does it feel to be broke  
Hear my name all around  
How I bet that you choke  
Hang around wit them fools that be all on my nuts  
Love the way that I laugh when I call you a slut  
Now you better be wise in the choices you make  
You's a bitch and a rat, you belong wit the snakes  
Call me up on the phone actin stupid and dumb  
Tell me it'll be on if I don't give you some fun  
Now you better beware, you better think I'ma stare  
No I'm not that mothafucka you wanna take there  
Let the evil begin and let the wicked begin  
Ain't no need to fuck around, play the role and pretend  
So where ever you are, got a permanent scar  
Cause the mothafuckin Lil knows who you really are

[Chorus]

