

## Precious

### "Oh No"

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Daz:

Oh no! Murder, murder, murder...  
Busting at these niggaz who claim to be hard  
Murder, murder, murder...

Come and blast Dat Nigga Daz and act rude  
Coming through, murdering fools who claim to be hard  
Pulling your motherfucker's cords  
Me, we're going back for you to say that  
Prepare for battle, load the narrator with pay back  
Knowing where you motherfuckers rest and hang at  
I'm in Long Beach, where the gangbangs hang at  
Don't want more static, or panic, we're packing gats  
And asking for shit, nigga, 'cause we're blasting  
See, we're The Gang, kicking just to maintain  
Bang on niggaz for a living, busting upon the selling  
corners  
We on 'em just for twelve figures  
Money, dope, cars and bitches, to getting richer

Chorus (2x):

Oh no, niggaz just wanna get killed tonight  
Tripping on you, the way I feel tonight  
Niggaz better pack you guns

J-Money:

Glocks are popping off like turbo  
Step into my circle, my word is out to serve yo shit  
Money busters lyrically in motion  
About to whip a (???), the East Side coast and  
I'm the one they love to hate with a passion  
I packs a blue steel, filled with skilled raps, blast it  
MC's get dealt with, my microphone's my third partner  
Heat seeking like a missile when I drop ya  
Style is proper, my execution-style of rapping  
I'm packing a rap while you say "why, what's  
happening?"  
My mind is going deep, like Money mister, doing all  
You couldn't see me with a crystal ball, y'all  
It's critical, I'm thinking of a masterplan  
Come out with your shit man, I'm broke, feeling critical

conditions  
Listen, Money on a dirt mission  
Creeping to the night, beating tight, Armageddon

Chorus (2x)

Daz:  
Watch out, here I come  
Battling motherfuckers till the break of dawn  
Homeboy, ring the alarm  
It's D-A to the Z, dropping the formula  
And every nigga that I know in Californ-i-a  
Dat Nigga Daz will come out and play  
Busting on niggaz with an AK  
So any given day you want some  
Come and get some, you don't want none

Why do we bang?  
Why do we bang for a living? We just don't know  
Now it's time to serve y'all bitches ass niggaz on an  
open platter  
Yeah, haha

Fool, what nigga, you know that got your ass laying  
down?

Tray Deee:  
You see, I take the ultimatum, disregard the outcome  
I'm hard to outrun, and won't be outdone  
I hate fake take away motherfuckers  
I come up from the slums and I run, motherfuckers  
No other than The Gang, it's the slang and prosper  
And bang us mobsters, while claming Oscars  
While most niggaz froze, they control their coast  
They be home and broke, 'cause they've been known to  
choke  
Like Malone, be gone when the playoffs come  
But I'ma stay off one, liable to spray off some  
Ammunition, I handle missions one on one  
Niggaz, come on, come and get their (???) done  
I'm the Cannibal, the Hannibal Lector of rap  
A nigga steps up wack, and gets a setup-tax  
We're The Gang, and we're mashing, blast to maintain  
We're the kings in the game, and things ain't to change

Chorus (2x)

Oh no...

