

2Pac F/ DJ Quik, Outlawz "Killer G's"

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Yeah, the Dayton family in this bitch for the 9-6 fool
Know what I'm sayin DTS
and I ain't talkin about downtown security bitch
Dayton Avenue be true nigga

I'm out for murder motherfuckers get prepared to go
And when I toot I gotta shoot and leave hoes cold in
snow
My whole objective in this game is kill and show no pain
Get a fool for his chains
and raise more throws and blows than Dana Dane
I'm always strappin on the jackin for your chains I'm
droolin
And checkin socks for the fat knots who the fuck you
think you foolin
Runnin from the sirens, stop the violence I ain't heard
that shit
Come in the hood, park at the club and find your ride
on bricks
Down where I dwell, them boys ain't ??? so motherfuck
your crew
Bring weed I smoke and sell more coke than Coca-Cola
do
I'm built to last, up in that ass my crew makes all the
noise
How you lookin like Emmitt Smith, runnin back to get
your boys
Its do or die and bitch believe me I'm not tryin to go
Many men have tried and failed, but those that failed
can come no more
I pledge allegiance to the flag, but there ain't no stars
or stripes
Just thugs, a bunch of drugs and the big thick bitches
with crack pipes
A vigilante gettin panties by some jaked up flake
To much to count, I stack amount ain't nothin about me
fake
Nobody move nobody die so bitch don't move in inch
And I'm puttin slugs in any bitch that I even think might
of flinched
Its time to bail, my since of smell is what cocaine

intices

Bail with Joe ?Staley? tried to ban me cause of high yea
yo prices

And on that note, I quote I'm deep and I'll stick yo
mama up

He got ten G's and an eigth in the safe, niggas you
know what's up

?? fools arousin for them thousands and that yea yo
stash

Drunk off that whiskey fuck John ?Cisk?, I'm fittin to rob
his ass

When shit gets tight, like Barry White I practice what I
preach

Little shorties wanna be down like Brandy when they
hear me speak

The B double O-T-L-E-G-T-H-E-R-A-P

C-A-P-O-N-E-D-A-Y-T-O-N-A-V-E

Chorus: repeat 4X

D-O-to the P-E-D-A-Y-T-O-N-A-V-E a killa

(G, D-A-Y-T-O-N killa)

F-L-I-N-T don't wanna see another killer G

(G's, these are motherfuckin killas)

He's a killa off Dayton Avenue, he's quick to point that
glock at you

I catch you and I dead you, I got you if I shot at you

Runnin for your life again, a victim of a homicide

I'm down for pumpin your chest, open your chest real
fuckin wide

You fuckin with a murderer, Caddie Coup burglar
sweep you off your Dana's, when you see me I'll be
serving a

Ziggy zag, 44 mag fuckin public enemy

Shakin and bakin and takin yo shit

Beatin your pussy and wreckin yo shit

Sendin you bitches up on yo way, that's the way face
the ray

Diggen them as they body lay, pickin them with this
oozie spray

Gats and glocks, moeny and rocks you best to believe I
gets the loot

Fuckin you in your booty hole, punk cause you's a rudy
poo

I empty this clip, so don't you slip, fuck around and trip

Three killas in the hood, got yo goods, pilled yo cap
and dip

Gotta ?? on my way on this set is like initiation

My posse pack more pumps than a motherfuckin gas
station

Better watch that yea that you've been boomon in this
dry town
Kickin down yo door bitch and you bitches best to lie
down
a skitzofranic that's makin you panic when I pull this
gage
I do more licks and throw more kicks, than Johnny Cage
I'm fuckin what you been talkin, you've been walkin
stalkin like a hawk and
trigger be trigggin when I click it cause my pain ain't
stickin
Its do or die we multiply on the for reala
But ask yo motherfuckin mother he's a motherfuckin
killa

Chorus

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