

Daz f/ Ice Cube

"Strizap"

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[Daz]

Yo when I spit pay attention, just play your position
Finna to stab you with scissors, I'm mad at the prison
Mad 'cause I'm sittin', mad at these casualties missin'
Bitchin' bout who bad and who isn't
(Shit homie, we Dogg Pound Crippin')
Man, I just handle my business and pop Impala's
Keep a gang of thorough niggaz cold watchin' my
product
Still watchin' my dollars
I'm a D.P.G.C. street rhyme scholar
I got the world on my dogg collar
(Y'all niggaz soft in the middle
I'm bombin' on 'em, plus y'all ain't shit)
With the heart of a hundred pits founds grippin' the
system
Gettin' they armor, launch a revolver
We all plan contact when we yell 'woof'
Scope vision, aim, fall back
Fuck what it cost, Dogg Pound need all that
I'll put the holes in you niggaz gettin' shit twisted
Dissin' individuals who be snitchin'
Duck down, here I come to get 'em, tell 'em

[Chorus: Daz] (Ice Cube)

Hold on to somethin' when the dogg put his foot down
The ground gon' move somethin' viscous
So you better hold on to somethin'
(Better get your strizap, better get your strizap)
So you better hold on to somethin'
(Better get your strizap, better get your strizap)
So you better hold on to somethin' when the dogg put
his foot down
The ground gon' move somethin' viscous
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"Sir, can you please call Animal Control
Your dog has gotten out again and attacked four

people"

[Ice Cube]

When I rap niggaz get they straps
They catch the claps tryin' to fuck with a maniac
I'm brainiac, Ice Cube pyroclastic flow
You niggaz know how I get down, if you don't then yo'
ass a hoe
I dip through there, like Happy New Year with
distribution
What's your resolution? I got the solution
I got dope rhymes, cut 'em into nickels and dimes
I got mixtapes, 6-4's and six eighths
I'm at the Dogg Pound tryin' to save a dogg named Daz
So all you suckas pass, hit the gate and got in yo' ass
And that shit there is a felony, that's what they keep
tellin' me
That's that dogg from the LBC, now we got to put him
to sleep
S-T to the R-A-P, put it out first put him to sleep
Grab Daz put him up in my jeep, drove him back to that
2-1 Street

[Chorus: Daz] (Ice Cube)

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[Daz]

Takin' the strap up off my back
I'm actin' if I was an action-less bastard
When I could treat your fuckin' heart out
and keep rappin' like nothin' happened
This for them G's who keep the straps in they jacket
When I could smack him, ask him if he got a heart like
me
Move weight, ask him if he hold the fort like me
Bring some more of yo' niggaz, usually just be dead in
the street
Listen up, pipe down - I'm what you call a soldier
Army fatigues, keepin' a pump up under my shoulder

I get bolder therefore I got bodies to count
Come up with quarters, how you talkin' with a gun in
your mouth?
I'm for real homie, I don't fuck with too many niggaz
But the last real ones alive keep on livin', nigga
Don't get it twisted, that's what come to my mind
So recognize when you see a G, open your eyes
Stay alive, keep the automatic nine when we ride
Watchin' my back, blowin' dro, I stay on the grind
I get dope, goin' broke never be on my mind
I keep ya smoked, Dogg Pound, Long Beach Eastside
Grab your arms, hater's holdin' on for his life
This what the lock from a thorough' blue pit feel like

[Chorus: Daz] (Ice Cube)

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Westside!... Eastside!...

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