

Soopafly

"Bacc 2 L.a"

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[Soopafly]

Now I can't be called never loosing yall
No sweat, no disrespect (I aint tripping)
I didn't know we were picking choosing yall
So look back for them westcoast niggas
The come and toast niggas
We ride back and fly flat
We fly, we high off contact
Eastside representer, Soopafly with bomb raps
Westcoast, hit em up we all that, yea we trip they fall
back
We cool like the wind yo, but don't sabotage we lead
We gangsta azz niggaz, we could still be friends
though
A here drink and smoke my weed
It's the bomb, I hit with yall
Do your thang, aint no found no harm
A nigga need a hand, I lend him my arm
We knock that bad homie, we like to party hard
Do our thang too, whips and chains too
It's all lame though, real niggaz connected closer to
the seen yo
No matter where you from we should all have some
We all going stay fight, we all going run
The game, it's a shame that niggaz think I want the
fame
Naw, I don't give a damn just know my name
As far as coming out, I'm here to blame
Now we here mother fuckers, treat us the same

[Chorus: Soopafly]

They act like they just don't hear us
They know we just don't play
But don't be afaired to fear us, it's off with s.o.k
Don't be so loud, just cheer us
Say what you want to say
It's like long beach can feel us
Welcome bacc to L.A

[Daz Dillinger]

Who am I the d.a.z

Give to fuckin fresh soul la v
His name is soopafly, it's all dp
Westcoast from the seas, most definitely (I don't like
that Shit)
When you see me in the crowd, high talking loud
Acting wild, it's just my style
You feeling this labeled as an minis as a game of
affiliates
Six-hundred of lorenzo's, nigga we willing it
I make the party say hoe, I kick flow
Rock shows, be on flows like the wind blow
Stay out and burn rubber and leave clouds of indo
smoke
Like Rock "I aint no joke"
Don't fold up, but choke up
Don't provoke us loc, we coast to coast that rock the
most
A band from f am dial, say fuck it have a joint and
smile, still on the
Proud,
Be on the underground I drop sounds pro-found out of
bounds
Capture your audio, flow like with me like an accordion
I'm turn of the world bitch azz, niggaz, and girls
I'm on the cross fade, I made and learn trade to get
paid
You might be slave for the crave what I made
Dropping at the 1, 2, 3

[Xzibit]

X to the z rocking with dpg

[Chorus: Soopafly]

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[Xzibit]

Look, now tell me what's stopping you from hanging
around
Stuck in you hotel room whenever you come in to town
I see niggaz prupotrating like they loving L.A
They show it in video and radio play
Everyday I got to deal with this industry shit
A bunch so call heavyweights that's scared to get hit
Prepare to get lick, what the best choke of the smoke
Politics separate chips, we all can get rich

Be off like Tennessee's, we on the same team or we
enemies
I aint got to many of them, a lot of hand guns and
homies
I got plenty of them, I just make one phone call you get
Rid with ten
That's only when you try to get slick and try to cross me
Now let's talk about promotion of croissants and coffee
Look, I'm from the place that thought the world how to
gang bang
Now I'm going take to top of the food chang

[Chorus x2: Soopafly]
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