

## **Juvenile F/ B.G., Big Moe, Bulletproof "Bacc 2 L.A"**

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[Soopafly]

Now I cant 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  
Its 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  
Its 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, its 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, im here to blame  
Now we here mother fuckers, treat us the same

[Soopafly Chorus]

They act like they just don't hear us  
They know we just don't play  
But don't be afaired to fear us, its off with s.o.k  
Don't be so loud, just cheer us  
Say what you want to say  
Its 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, its 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, its 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  
Im turn of the world bitch azz, niggaz, and girls  
Im 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

[Soopafly Chorus]  
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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, im from the place that thought the world how to  
gang bang  
Now im going take to top of the food chang

[Soopafly Chorus 2x]  
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