

Kurupt F/ Daz, Xzibit

"Nothin' But The Cavi Hit"

Visit "[Nothin' But The Cavi Hit](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Intro: Mack 10, Kurupt (), Dat Nigga Daz []

(Blaze up)
[Oh yeah]
World wide, west side
Yo
Mack 10 with Tha Dogg Pound
Yeah, and the hits don't stop [Sucka]
[Nothin but the cavi]
Hey, Daz [Sup]
Check this out, dog

[Mack 10]

Now when I come to ya'll hood, ya'll watch my back
And when ya come to Inglewood I'm a front you a sack
So we can grind and get away with the cash like a
caper
Cause it ain't about the set-trip, it's all about the paper
Made the poverty cease, on the rise like yeast
A parvay lex piece, and I keep my khaki's creased
Mack 10 is the lick, and ya know what my set be
Connect gang from the west, nigga, where the best be

[Dat Nigga Daz]

It ain't no questions asked
You down to blast for me?
Down to ride for me?
Down to die for me?
I come through for these sucka-ass niggas who rep
Come creepin up on shorty slowly, show him death
Pull out the Mack 90 automatic for static
Blast a coupla niggas, leave em all panicked
We swirve and hit the curb, smoke some herb
We came up too much, and too tough, and too grub

[Kurupt]

We in the war zone,
Where the war's on

Where ya gun, nigga?
Show em where you're from, nigga
Ridin-ass young nigga
Arsenal equipped, hot enough to scorch
With the double fours on the hip rollin with the force
He's out to catch a body
Talking, but I thought this was a gangsta party
Now he's walking around smarter
Now he's about to see, talking about who's jumpin
I'm about to get the pump to pumpin and start dumpin
on somethin

Chorus: Mack 10, Dat Nigga Daz (), Kurupt []

Fuck you over there
(Party over here)
[And if you wanna trip, we got the straps near]

Cause niggas like us do platinum every year
(And if I ruled this sphere)
[Your shit'd disappear]

Now everybody in the house, throw your dubs in the air
And wave em all around like ya just don't care
We're ridin dope, so, nigga, act like ya savvy
Mack 10 and the Pound, dog, cookin nothin but the cavi

[Mack 10]

I'm servin niggas like a host with the pound so take a
toast
Dog, this west coast and our shit bump the most
Cause vine to vine I swing through the woods of Ingle
And everything I make, fuck around and be a single
From the who bangin hit, to the yes, yes, ya'lls
Now all down my halls, got plaques on my walls
We might slow the roll, sit back and still kick it
But the shit don't stop till we hit a meal ticked

[Dat Nigga Daz]

I'll be goddamned
I'm in it for a meal ticket
And the goal's succesful
I don't know who to prove a show
Usual swirve a corner and hit a block back-to-back
Ya'll don't know us like that,
Where the gang-banger's hang at
They "Daz, are you a rider?"
I reply "Boy, hell yeah, I'm a rider!"
From the east side of Long Beach to the west side of

Inglewood
On a cash mission bailin hood to hood

[Kurupt]

Once upon a time in the early stages of my life,
sacrifice,
I feel like loose-shakin niggas like dice
Forever in the day
Say what you say
On the mic I display, Philly to L.A.
I've been all over from Crenshaw and Impearl
To 108th, I'm sure Mack got my back,
It's all about mashing, cashin heat in the stash
When you're in the neighborhood of assassins
What you say?

Chorus

Outro: Dat Nigga Daz, Mack 10 ()

What do you consider fun? (Pass the bomb, pass the
bomb)
All day night, and all night long " "
When you wake up in the morining
And you start to yawn " "
All day night, and all night long " "
C'mon, C'mon

(Yeah, dub S.C.G.
D.P.G.C.
Ha ha ha,
Take a picture, trick
Take a picture, trick
Take a picture, trick
It might make ya rich
Wesssydeeee,
Biatch)
Death Row

Visit [Kurupt F/ Daz, Xzibit](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.