

## Luca

### "We Do This Passion"

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You see my homies is killas..  
(Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder, murder)  
(Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder, murder)  
(Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder, murder)..

[Daz Dillinger]

See if you come my way, I roll with tec-9's, AK's  
Murder machines, for where I hang and stay  
Obey the laws of the street, 'fore yo' bitch ass get beat  
And I'm hoein' and I'm only out to rob and cheat  
Get your pistols and rags, nigga prepare to blast  
It ain't no questions or discussion, get the dope and  
the cash  
We came up quick, plottin' on real bitch shit  
Three-hundred and fifty G's, three niggaz was split  
Flippin' and servin' chickens  
Any dirty work - I was down with it  
A true soldier and I stay committed

[Chorus]

You see my homies is killas and we do this for passion  
You better get your strap cause when I see you we  
blastin'  
And when we run up on you ain't gon' be no askin'  
Cause me and my homies we just straight out blast

[Daz Dillinger]

I guess the war's on, get your soldiers and let's go to  
war  
Put in work Death Row - even the score  
Mini machine guns, grenades, and forty-fives  
We crazy in the land where it's hard to survive  
Catchin' niggaz slippin' if you're Bloodin' or Crippin'  
On a mission blastin' niggaz if you all wit it  
You see we bang for a livin', use the gun  
Drugs and prison, niggaz doin' hella time  
Roll with these scandalous niggaz  
Back looped out, smoked out  
Hit another one, I'm bombed out, smoked out  
So we load and swerve in the glass house and we roll  
the street

My brand niggaz run up on you so we pull up the heat  
I said "What's up?"... he replied with the wrong set  
It's my duty and my job to put this nigga to rest  
Boom, boom - shots from the tec rain out  
Another wrong nigga dead, that's what I'm talkin' about  
Niggaz yell my name out and say they gon' kill me  
I ain't worried 'bout a thang, y'all niggaz can't kill me!

[Chorus]

You see my homies is killas and we do this for passion  
You better get your strap cause when I see you we  
blastin'  
And when we run up on you ain't gon' be no askin'  
Cause me and my homies we just straight out blast

[Daz Dillinger]

I kick off the war, with a calibur fo'- fo'  
Knockin' down doors and niggaz wonder what I came  
for  
Jumpin' out of buckets, dumpin' on them brand  
motherfuckers  
Who claim for the fame, puttin' somethin' up in you  
bustas  
Looped out, feelin' good no doubt  
With a tec ready to put some motherfuckin' heads out  
Servin' fools, pull around the corner  
Slow down and jump out, to show you what I'm all about  
I'm yellin' "Fuck you nigga!" and I hope you die  
Showin' y'all niggaz how real gangstas ride  
Come up workin' for birds early, busta young died early  
Ridin' dirty with a gauge underage  
Had to drop off the pump, that's when the real shit start  
Y'all bitch ass niggaz ain't got heart, y'all cowards  
We give it up, inject pain on niggaz and conversate  
with the trigger  
Blast, escape, then get to dippin'  
Set trippin's like an everyday thang, where we hang  
Still Tha Gang, where we blast to maintain at close  
range  
AK's, 357's, and tec's - all kind of shit  
Catch you niggaz slippin' because we Crippin' on the  
set  
Willin', looped out, your homie just got out  
Dogg Pound 'bout to take you niggaz out

[Chorus]

You see my homies is killas and we do this for passion  
(You see my homies is killas)  
You see my homies is killas and we do this for passion  
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