

## **Michael W. Smith % William Owsley III**

### **"Retaliation, Revenge and Get Back"**

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(Daz talking)

I want them 20 dollar pores bwoy,  
Get your sharp sticks!  
We're going to la la land  
(hahaha)we're going to the moon  
We're going to serve these motherfuckers tonight  
Boy you got your shit?  
Bitch Ass Nigga!  
You want static!?  
Yo! Go get the homeboys!  
We got a meeting at the park, don't be late!

They say the streets ain't safe no more  
For us youngsters,  
Take the chance to achieve and live the life of a busta  
Gather up all the matter, yeah, we multiply  
Many hood stories told, we analyze  
See we bang for this colour and only this colour  
Kill any colour, that ain't our colour  
Get it in your head what's done what's done said  
Embalmed on the wall for all my homies that's dead  
I can't forget you homie  
Drinkin and smoking because I'm lonely  
Blastin all these motherfuckers cause they phony

My heart flooded with anger  
Deep inside, but who cares  
Life is dead, we banging like soldiers  
So beware if you scared  
Then we torture the ????  
For what the fuck you done done  
Jump across these niggas so now the war is on  
We rob, strapped busting until they all drop  
Shit, we actually blowing your bitch ass off the block  
So keep your glock clocked sucker!  
For when I come through  
Dump around something now your homies is nothing  
20 seconds til death,  
Weed, alcohol on my breath  
You looking for your fucking homies  
Ain't none left!

Hangin out with my niggas, real street niggas  
They hearts is cold hear, bust them triggers  
Taping flicks, pictures, modifying the street life  
Drinking liquer, shermed out, high as a kite  
Intoxication, ain't feeling that you can feel  
When the cops drive by suddenly  
And they was out to kill

(Daz talking)  
Yeah, tell your homeboy that!  
Dead on sight!  
Everytime we see y'all bitch ass

Now I'm shot!  
Barely made it!  
Killed four of my homies, it's gang-related  
Now what's next for us, we load up  
But keep adjust my set to murder, so what the fuck!

(Daz talking)  
Yeah, when I get wet, they're ain't nothing I won't do  
So intoxicate your mind to something new  
Always remeber  
Revenge, retaliation, murder, get back

I'm in the world on my own  
I will roam I gotta stay strong  
My motto "You fuck with us, you fucking get domed"  
Two days later niggas come back and sprayed us  
Retaliation and get back this time just to face it  
We five cars deep, we jet out as we creep  
Blowing niggas ??? hollering East side! Long Beach!!  
My feud ain't with them other niggas!  
It's with you  
Got a gauge to your head nigga what you goin do?  
Handle my business, for the cops come and get to  
snitching  
Reaching to our destination so we can kick it  
Nobody knows and we won't get caught  
Continue stacking paper, moving cavi on the block  
I thought you knew! But now you know!  
Don't ever ever come around no more!  
And why's that? And why not?  
Cause it's my money and I mash for my block!

(yelling and swearing)

The gang! Daz Dillenger!  
Taking all y'all bitch ass niggas the fuck out!  
You better watch out!  
Cuz here we come, come,

We goin getcha getcha  
We going getch getcha  
We going getch getcha  
We ain't finshed finished  
We goin getcha getcha  
We going getch getcha  
We going getch getcha  
Before the automatic hitsya hitsya  
We goin getcha getcha  
We going getch getcha  
We going getch getcha

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