

Omar Cruz f/ Volume 10

"I Hang With My Dawgs"

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Chorus: Javie Lopez (Omar Cruz)

"I hang with my dawgs" --> Volume 10

{*scratching*}

"Hang with my dawgs"

"I hang with my dawgs"

"I hang with my dawgs"

"I hang with my dawgs"

{*scratching*}

"Hang with my dawgs"

"I hang with my" (WOOF!)

"I hang with my dawgs"

"I hang with my dawgs"

{*scratching*}

"Hang with my dawgs"

"I hang with my dawgs"

"I hang with my dawgs"

{*scratching*}

"Hang with my dawgs"

"I hang with my dawgs"

"I hang with my" (WOOF!)

"I hang with my dawgs, man"

(Verse 1)

[Omar Cruz] I'm from where bullets took the life
Of B.I.G.

God rest his soul, homey

R.I.P.

I'm from where Pac threw up that Thug L-I-F-E

And he said it wouldn't be

L.A. without me

So what that make me, hun?

A Mexicano

Mixed in with the crazy half of Columbian

I know

I know

I know you love my style

Every record label out there tryin' to sign my style

But I'm the

[Volume 10] O! O!

[Omar Cruz] C-R-U-Z

Big guns and bad bitches, holmes, is all you see

Plus a little money, you know how I do my thang
[Javie Lopez] Talk to 'em, Cruz
[Omar Cruz] Rap's Carlos
Santana with hard flows
Come try, holmes
Ask your mans
Flip grams in the grands with my first advance
I'm the chance most rappers wished but never had
I'm the reason why you stay in the lab
Don't be mad cause I

Repeat Chorus

[Omar Cruz (Volume 10 in background)]

(Verse 2)

I
Hang with my dawgs cause my compas deep
Rep for the side of the game you ain't heard speak
I mean we speak
But we ain't known to speak on the streets
We the real muh'fuckers known to bust that heat
Riders
Keep something loaded right beside us
Ready for whoever's driving real slow behind us
You don't want us on your bad side, you bound to lose
If you got love for the westside, then holla Cruz (CRUZ!)
Yes, homey is sickest with every lyric
He spit it like it was written by Jesus delivery
The holy scripture ghetto commandments
The first, which is
Thou shall not
SNITCH!
You bitches make me laugh
Funny, how your whole attitude change
Now that everybody sayin' my name
You
Figure me this
Haters
Figure me that
Hands down, the sickest Latin kid alive in this rap shit

Repeat Chorus

(Verse 3)

We posted up, twenty deep, white T's
Yeah, homey
You ain't built for this like me
I get 'em on all levels, the lyrical sole rebel
So stand up
PUT YOUR MUH'FUCKIN' HANDS UP
This ain't no muh'fuckin' entourage

No turtles, no zygotes, just gangstas and guys
We
Hustle hard
And we
Bust on y'all, whether
Paid security
Or bodyguards
We hit up spots where we don't no ID
And whoever my dawgs at is V.I.P.
3 A-D
Keep it right next to me
Who's flyer than this Latin P.I.M.P. (Ha ha)
Yes, homey is sick with the mic instrument
Intricate flow bigger since Punisher left the buildin'
When
You see a gang of fools deep in the fog (WATCH
OUT...)
It's just me and my dawgs

Repeat Chorus

[Volume 10]
What
Real G-O-D's in the house
Javie Lopez
Omar Cruz
Volume 10
That's in them shout this out
Bitches
AH!
West coast is in the house

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