

Daz Dillinger, Skirt Out

[Intro]

Calling all cars, calling all cars
Be on the lookout for that nigga Daz
He's known for 187's and known for 211's
And he's also knowns to uh.... skirt out

Huh, check it
Altogether now
Shhh
Altogether now
Yeah, altogether now

[Daz Dillinger]

I can't call it
Anything that have to do with money I want it
Ro-ro's, turkles, and diamond chains, I flaunt it
I'm a gangsta nigga, nigga you call it like you want it
Hop outta the drop-top for you
Look at me, I shine bright, blind your eyes
I mesmerize, Diggy Daz nigga, back on the rise
Suprise, muthafucka! - guess who it was
To handle your biz in a undercover, swoop in the wind
Havin' money, fuckin' bitches on the freak with my nigga!
(You know why? Cause I'm a gangsta nigga!)
You see, I roll by my lonely (say what?, say what?)
If not nigga, you'll see me with my homies - skirtin' out

[Chorus]

SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out
SKIRT, SKIRT

[Daz Dillinger]

I roll G with the 500 with a drop-top bumpin'
8-0-8 b-b-b-bumpin'
DVD widescreen to a T, nigga I'm fresh and so clean
Pushin' a machine nigga when I'm flashin' my beam
Banana whipped, went with the chrome Sprewell's, dipped
And I'm cruisin' like a mutha in the mothership
Like a Elco in a '89, low-low in a '99
2003'd out every time
Pull up in the parking lot, all on eyes on D
A-Z, the shit that I sell ain't for free
But it's gon' cost money, for the shit that I got
Diamond pieces, big golden rocks
Link for link, I sip my drink
Now think about it, the neck says you a double XL
Nigga read about it, nigga and what do you got?
Dat Nigga D-A-Z nigga, back on your block

[Chorus]

SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out
SKIRT, SKIRT

[Daz Dillinger]

I've seen bitches and hoes, pigeons in '6-4's
20 inches on low-low's, that's how the shit goes
Blow out your brain, rememeber my name
Dat Nigga Daz, ain't no other nigga know how it came
My system bumpin' loud, humpin' and shakin' the ground
That number one gangsta from the Dogg Pound

I'm so funky fresh, nevertheless I love this shit
You know how I ride, I'm cruisin' the fast lane
Never crash mane, Dat Nigga Daz mane
Wreck it and buy a new one so quick
I got the hoes up on my dick
For my gangsta ass whip that I push -
Purple cush, the haters, they wanna stop and look
(Y'all know Dat Nigga Daz be off the hook)
Now when I clutch the fifth, you know I got to burn out
You know I do it every time nigga, skirt out

[Chorus]

SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out