

# Daz Dillinger, Intro: Gang Meeting / Gang Bangin

(feat. Tray Deee, Soopafly, Bad Ass, Tha Gang, Kurupt Tha Kingpin & Technique)

[Daz Dillinger]

Yeah, Daz Dillinger

I'm gonna take you into some gangsta shit

What y'all niggas don't even know about

And now you ?feels? to know about,

what we call Gangsta Rap

But this is for the niggas who was down from day one

Love to hear, love to hear you motherfuckers

I advise all you ghetto livin', struggling from day to day,

tryin' to flip a figure dollar devil up inside a bag of weed,

a fresh pair of khakis and take a bitch to the groovy ass niggas

To get your money man, get paid

These motherfuckers are cut off welfare

How are we go eat if we don't cheat

These (?) bitch to me made the game out of young black niggas lives

Striking us out from left to right

With no motherfucking one in sight

Fuck that!!

Sell your dope

Get your jack on, get your sack on,

put your rag on and get your motherfucking thang on, niggas

Cause it's on

God dammit it's on

Now what the hell you bout to go youngster

[The Gang (Tray Deee, Ty Cuzz, Bad A\$\$, Technique)]

Go ride nigga

Bout to go get the homies nigga, right now

[Daz] Oh yeah motherfucker it's on

[The Gang]

Ay come on Bad A\$\$ let's do it nigga, it's on now nigga

Ay ay nigga

What's up nigga (What's up)

Ay nigga

Nigga the homie called, the big shot today nigga (Word)

Nigga you were ment to meet him today nigga

(Man I take my baby inside today man)

What's up

Nigga

Nigga, Ay, We can't realy talk right now tough nigga (Alright)

But uh, it's going down later on 9-30 nigga

The big man hoe nigga

Be there nigga

Yeah

[Bad A\$\$ ]What's up Daz Dillinger

[Daz] Shit, Bad A\$\$, tryin' to keep it realer than real, man

Least half these punk ass....

motherfucking niggas around here bullshittin'

The big spot nigga, ain't clockin' no dollar.

[BA] Man I'm trying to have

Man I ain't trying to go for shit

[DD] Man you know my glock is hot

(Eastside)

Verse One: [Kurupt Tha Kingpin]

I'm coming through your zone late night, shit

Dogg Pound Gangsta to flame the light shit

Cause I hold on,

I'm 20 feet tall

The biggest walkin' bill fuck around to get killed

Get shoot  
Don't try to sneak a peak in my book  
(?Home at hose?) , overdose the thoughts when he look  
The forbidden  
The hittin' zone that I'm hitting  
Don't play with my intelligence nigga as the heat (?slittin'?)  
(?)  
So I only got two choices; loc me the blasin' bomb  
Vietnam  
I bring the pain rains no (?)  
Execution style is the shells from the heat veal  
Down to the ground like the rest of the dummies  
Just what the fuck you thinkin' try to play with my money  
It's nothing but the Dogg Pound Gangstas  
Mashes, verbal disasters, 38 stashes

Verse Two: [Tray Deee]

I arise in disguise to surprise that ass  
What you thought you caught me short  
I might ride to blast  
With the canna  
We let the shit all up in your nuts  
When niggas droppin', they stop with the plan they plots  
Got to stop for my gate  
With (?) of break  
Marked niggas caught in, they try to win and get sprayed  
Rip the gates  
Go flip the page to chapter three  
First groove, they fools can't come after me  
I mash to free,  
styles of catastrophe  
Ask for G  
A nigga best to answer me  
My rip long as the beach that I represent  
Dead nigga with my stare not to step to this

Verse Three: [Daz Dillinger]

Now o yeah Tray Deee  
I mean I see the whole plot  
Be on alert, niggas shot  
Anywhere under that nigga caught  
So drop the microphone on my own  
I shown to blown  
Away for these MC's with the sludge of a chrome  
I take the fang  
Down on my own lyrical name  
When the sees are changed ,  
when the storms and hurricanes  
Wide strand  
Spittin' rhymes, the beats so precise  
(?)  
skatin' on mics like ice  
Twice in the day  
I get drunk,  
(?) of plastic bags  
Sack in the truck  
because the rhyme as claim  
I shit buck like the doctor  
Coming through  
Bouncin' with the droptop  
Like gangstas chillin on the block  
Nah, we ain't worry for shit  
Got escape doors like Capone  
Whit chick your dick on my clip  
Forty-fives and nives

Three-eighties and automatics  
Sniveling, coming through for you  
when your boys with some stats  
I got to have eleven to thrill of the drama  
Enthusing me to gets my norm with the slaughter  
Ought to be known as Daz Dillinger  
For the shit that I known for  
A Dogg Pound criminal

Verse Four: [Soopafly]

Now if the spot's hot  
I hit the switch make the topdrop  
Don't stop  
It's Soopafly with the sho shot  
Won't stop  
I got ya whole shit to  
Look and listen  
I rendition the rhymes with precision  
You can't face  
Amaze me a place like a saddle  
It's Dogg Pound Ganstas (?) like a shadow  
I never met a motherfucker who can make you stick  
I never met a motherfucker who can feel my clique  
You serve, you'll make the twitch like a nerve  
You'll try to step to my wild style seperve  
Adjective the verve  
Action pack with the words  
I'll make it stop  
The jaws drop and observe  
I sold the block for Crook, Daz, Style and Tray Deee  
We be coming with the shit  
That be the bomb baby  
And ain't a Dogg Pound Gangsta will knock you to the flow  
Either you stupid as fuck or just don't know

Verse Five: [Bad A\$\$]

Now I know you, know you,  
stupid as fuck  
Cock, bust like a sawed off punk,  
double barrel on 'em  
Black gambinos at casinos  
Get De Niro on 'em  
If I want 'em  
I go get 'em  
If I gotta shot a nine  
Twice, that's what I rhyme like  
My clip ain't empty  
Do try to test the ridah  
Nativity simply  
Bust, I lead inside ya  
Find ya  
Fear them, frightened for your life  
With your last few  
Live with hot live from gunblast  
Outlaws, outcast  
Low life, south last  
Long Beach niggas blast  
Yeah the b-side is right  
The most, the coast  
The west, the best  
We damn bitches  
Sippin', hittin' switches  
Dippin' hittin' robbin' niggas  
Itchy fingers on triggers  
Itty, bitty niggas

Ready for war  
We kick down your door  
Draw eatin'  
Lay everybody down on the floor

Verse Six: [Technique]  
The same thing, different place  
With snakes, cowards and strong grown  
Robbery cases, niggas faces  
On paperchase  
It was seen, it was written  
It ain't forbidden  
For homies to be splittin'  
Disagree, no one was hitten  
Known with the curls  
The many obstacles  
Impressions to the feet from gettin' served  
Growing up is rough  
Your name  
Here's the streets it gets tough  
You can (?) and (?)  
Then I guess you had enough  
Over (?)  
It ain't coincidental that I be distorted  
And my manual  
Minds  
Is for seein', so I watch  
Bodies and plots  
Win the plots  
Call the shots for your nuts  
Nigga grips  
That's why I (?) my dippin' progress  
Cause why is all we tryin' to defeat the progress  
I just ain't the one mystic to hit  
Young Jonesy sees  
Who I got a mission to hit  
And constantly flips scripts  
Outta wall with balls fast talkin'  
And quick draws  
How the problem is solved  
I want it all (I want it all)  
But it's movin' to slow  
I'm out to blow  
I don't know which way to go,  
was on the right path  
I thought  
Without doin' a dirty word about getting caught  
(&quot;getting caught&quot; echoes)