

# Daz Dillinger, It's Going Down

Ahh shit!

[Prince Ital]

Yeh

Everywhere I go

Nuff gunshot are firin out the ghetto area seen?

I haffa watch my back

Too much crack seen?

Watch yourself cuz nuff home-icide a gwan in de area

[Daz Dillinger]

I hear some niggaz clockin major on the other side of town

Strictly slidin for a proper come up to come around

Called up the homies from way back, who dream of gettin paid

Then finally get paid with the amount of 80 G's

6:30 layin in cut, prepare to get ready

Me and Ty grew up, mashin to get our feddi

Food stamps galore, kick in the door get on the floor

Make sure my homies get away smooth with the dough

A hardcore motherfucker raised up not knowin

Now my dream is just a dream we're sellin dope and hoein

Moms can't tell me shit, I make the rules that I live by

In and out the house, late at night, and plus I got high

The homies influenced me to be the G of all G's

Perfectedly innovated to all my homies

Pull out the Riviera, plus I kick up dust

Pull out the brain, pull out the thang, cock back and bust

It's just some gangsta shit, goin down on the Eastside

Some niggaz who died and tried to whoride on mine

Pull on the 7 Carter with the homey Flossy Floss

He's the homey from the Beach who's known for takin off

Pile up the bird then swerve, conversate on smoke and submerge

Finger on the trigger, cons-templatin on a murder

I mean, takin life for life, cause it's right

Shit, niggaz gotta do, to earn they stripes, straight merkin

[Chorus: x2]

It's some gangsta shit, that's going down

Homicide, straight murder/homicide

It's some gangsta shit, here in this town

Straight murder [blank]

[Daz Dillinger]

Word on the street is that them DPG niggaz shot they homeboy

Now the only sound in the town is gunfire

Going down I sport the crown I give it up on motherfuckers

when I roll through I thought you knew about them Doggs in blue

Now forty-five, niggaz bought em by the spot

I'm on alert I'm down to work every nigga that I shot

Niggaz skied out quick, around the block who know we comin back

Post up early on the attack

Slowly but surely spot an enemy slippin out his domain

Rode up on him and let him see the twelve gauge

The homey Ty banged him on GP because we stuffed him then we bagged him

cause he violated the rule of the streets

Two redrums under my belt, it felt good bout to murder

Haven't you ever heard of a murderer motherfucker?

Cause I'm, a straight gangsta, doin what I feel

Niggaz no need to tempt, for me to kill, straight blastin

the enemy, can't see the hoes who try to get with me

Understand where I'm comin from the D-P to the G-the-C

The niggaz who trip, niggaz that dipped

Niggaz that conversate with the Bloods or Crips

It's just a West coast thang, gangsta thang  
Niggaz come around here but surely can't hang because-a  
we don't hang with no bustas and sho' nuff  
don't hang with no fags and niggaz down to blast, straight merkin

[Chorus]

Check it out

[Krupt the Kingpin]  
I heard niggaz kickin static makin noise  
Cold hearted wanna get it started with my boys  
Automatic toys to tangle with niggaz for profit  
Got shit on lockdown cause I lets the Glock spit  
Soon as D-A-Z hits me on my hip, talk about chips  
The game run heatin them clips, the gaze kicks  
Automatic tech nine spits, I gotta  
roll with the Pound that's the neighborhood of murder  
Am I the only motherfucker ridin?  
Am I the only rider but I found a whole pound of niggaz violent  
I got the big homey Ty money worldwide  
from Portland, Oregon L.A. to the N.Y.  
I'm bout to crash in your door, unload the double four  
Then stash it, then we blasted all we saw  
The fo'-fo', the fo' double sparkin  
the gang walkin up your hood like nuttin but trouble  
We straight gangsta shit

[Prince Ital]

That's right  
We dat live by de knife will die by de knife  
You betta try save your life  
On your life dere might be a oversight  
Take my ad-vice and jump inna your ride  
Don't ar-gue with de Death Row pride  
DPG gangstaz they nah make you try  
We got keep every stone you keep  
in your life, you betta don't feel strife  
We dat live by de knife will die by de knife  
You betta try save your life  
Oh lawd, oh lawd  
Homicide it's a homicide  
Oh lawd, oh lawd  
Murderah it's a murderah  
Oh lawd

[Daz Dillinger]

We're in this motherfucker

Yo Daz!

OHHH SHIT! [car crashes]

Y'all niggaz alright? Man nigga let's get out this motherfucker  
Nigga the cops comin nigga!