

Daz Dillinger, Our Daily Bread

[Prince Ital Joe (Daz):]

Yeah, Death Row (give it up, one time)

Yes, to the man sing

them all beats they're crucial (give it up)

Dogg Pound (???)

Nobody moves, freeze!, nobody gets hurt

Shoot first and ask questions later

The motto, lyrically, artically, rip it...

[Daz:]

Stop and listen, catch a grip and realize, with your two eyes

The price, nigga, is keep striving for more

I broke laws, defined many, show skills of a rider when few was thick

Revolved around forty-four niggaz for the rep

Sweat the whole block with the Mack-90, automatic semi-tech

Now the whole shit is respected

Slowly but surely homies catching death wishes, and laugh

You're trying to catch a check you can't cash

I do, for the rapper the name and for the hood that I claim

After the kill, it's remains the same

The composure, gangstering, it's got me, still down to bang

Who can get close to the most notorious gang of 'em all

Dogg Pound, amazing Rage, rough and raw (DPG)

The conversation ain't much, now what up?

You're gapping and you're scrapping and you got a gap from the gat

[Kurupt:]

I found a (what?), more, I see the homies free

I bound to make more money than I ever dreamed

It's the DPG, the gangsters on the TV

Completely, you can't defeat, delete species

That fool over there is out of his nest

He's off the hood with techs and vests

Dumping on different sets (who's that man?)

D-A-Z's my nigga

If he ever was to get any bigger and lose his figures he's my nigga

The more I think about life and the world that surrounds us

Being from Tha Pound, instantly penitentiary bound (so what's up?)

I'm all about dropping bombs

And possessing the deadliest rhymes the mind can't design

So let's let bygones be bygones, aim to shoot

And mash with your boys if you're down for making loot

'Cause if not, when the heat gets hot you get scorched

You're caught up like being in court, fighting the wars

Now I pause to take a sneak peek through The Source (Magazine)

Our force is not revealing (what?), we sold two million (damn!)

Willingly we survived, willingly we strived

We all multiply, Dogg Pound 'till we die

I thought you knew about, the two about to run through about half your organization

Sacred assassinations, fool, here's what you're facing

The diverse, you're in a worse situation, like that...

[Prince Ital Joe:]

Yeah, Tell Babylon that we'll never give up hope in the ghetto

'Cause everyday when we wake up we see the sun rise up in the sky

We won't ever, never give up the fight, see

We, down in the ghetto, will always put up the struggle

The struggle to survive, and to live good

To bring food on the table for our families, see

Tell Babylon that we have hope

Like our brothers Martin Luther King and Marcus Garvey

We believe that we are true Africans

And we handle (???) in this life

We won't kill our brothers no more
Stab them with a knife, or shoot them with a gun
'Cause when we do we see their blood run
And it's not a pretty sight
So we don't love the parasites of this world
Sucking the blood of the sufferers
Yeah!