

Daz Dillinger, Run Tha Street

[Daz Dillinger]

Penitentiary scars, war stars, stolen cars
What you wanna be, a gangsta or a gang star?
Make your mind up before your times up
I'll pick my nine up, fore' they find up all in the cut
Fucked up, it's like I'm locked up
They let your man out
Thought he got twenty, he didn't do any
Now it's time to - carry our plan out
Fuck the handout and the charity case
I want your fam, hot, burned it down and murdered the place
Developed in court rooms, and they caught me in dark rooms
Cause I got caught with a yacht to Cancun - with a bird
You know it wasn't a parakeet
It was a ki, worth at least 10,000 G's
Plus I was indicted, then extradited
Sent to the County to fight it and my bail was priceless
Shit like this requires drastic measures
I heard Alaska's the best place for escaped felons
Because the ones don't wine and the sun don't shine
If I blow some hydro with some friends of mine
It's gettin' dark all the time, they gettin' jiggy wit it
I'm gettin' gangsta wit it, killas, Young Gotti wit it
I don't regret shit, I ain't sorry for nothin' I done
I did it all for a reason, the matter wouldn't have been done
I wanna -

[Chorus]

Run the streets and rule the world
Punch the boys and kiss the girls
Cease the peace and start the war
Kill the bitches and fuck the whores

[Daz Dillinger]

They wanna know why I nut up in the club
Cause they never showed me love before I was 21
Had to run to get a fake I.D
How you like me now?
Try me, I puts it down like gangs, black, brown
Should I get a sack or should I get some liquor?
What'll go first? Will it be my lungs or my liver?
Make me quiver as I sip and take a drink out the bottle
It's hard to swallow
Gotta hop over this bullshit at least 'til tomorrow
My heart is hollow with no sorrow or no sympathy
No positive energy, bad publicity, bad ass energy
Everywhere I go - wars show, they 'bout to hit a fo'- fo'
Go blow, then the flow, and then float
I give the people what they want, supply and demand
Put the money in my hand, work with me, I'm the man
Daz Dilly you on some crazy stuff
Now they all under the ground pushin' the daisy's up
The parts of life, nigga it's dirt cheap
The devilry is deaf is either cheap at first you don't sleep
If the words that the preacher preach don't reach
His home and each, there's no perception of the speech
Then what good is it, if the hood ain't in it
Don't act like you heard it
Act like you know it when I serve it motherfucker, I wanna -

[Chorus - x2]

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[Daz Dillinger]

I'm a G like Tray Deee, King Tee
And Eazy-E and Ice T and all the other G's like me
Niggaz like y'all pop like Utah Jazz
Shoot from the outside but can't come in and bash
Scared to mash cause your bitch ass ain't got enough cash
If you move too fast your ass will get blast
I'm out for cash and loot if I got to blast or shoot, in a khaki suit
Hit the witness before they can prosecute
The whole testimony - was stretched and phony
Have your ba-by mama testify for me
Say that she knew me, I was with her on the night, I was there
Said we fucked around in a cheap motel out of town
I don't know this much, the bitch clowned, she lied under oath
Now my niggaz got to catch you slippin', cut your throat
Ah bitch, you wouldn't listen, had to - rock the boat
I'll set you up with them Inglewood bitches to get you smoked
Now my niggaz is out for y'all
The Roman Empire's about to fall, Death Row is about to fall
God damn, this gangsta shit get deep
Caught him empty hand and then put his ass to sleep
We had to - creep, creep - cut the glass out the skylight
Slid into the window at the corner after midnight
And slit his windpipe, and did his wife with the same knife
Took his homie life under the street light
I think I - live a strange life, I'll probably die a stranger death
The dangerous words uttered under a strangers breath
A gangsta as decision was made - to have Marion "Suge" Knight straight blown away
I wanna -

[Chorus - x2]

Run the streets and rule the world
Punch the boys and kiss the girls
Cease the peace and start the wars
Kill the bitches and fuck the whores

[Outro]

Yeah nigga you know we run this right here
Everyday, all day
You know I'm in yo' streets
Diss me if you want to
I'll catch y'all slippin' homie
Yeah... the black phantom
HA HA, HO!