

# Daz Dillinger, Strizap

(feat. Ice Cube)

[Daz:]

Yo when I spit pay attention, just play your position  
Finna to stab you with scissors, I'm mad at the prison  
Mad 'cause I'm sittin', mad at these casualties missin'  
Bitchin' bout who bad and who isn't  
(Shit homie, we Dogg Pound Crippin')  
Man, I just handle my business and pop Impala's  
Keep a gang of thorough niggaz cold watchin' my product  
Still watchin' my dollars  
I'm a D.P.G.C. street rhyme scholar  
I got the world on my dogg collar  
(Y'all niggaz soft in the middle  
I'm bombin' on 'em, plus y'all ain't shit)  
With the heart of a hundred pits founds grippin' the system  
Gettin' they armor, launch a revolver  
We all plan contact when we yell 'woof'  
Scope vision, aim, fall back  
Fuck what it cost, Dogg Pound need all that  
I'll put the holes in you niggaz gettin' shit twisted  
Dissin' individuals who be snitchin'  
Duck down, here I come to get 'em, tell 'em

[Chorus: Daz (Ice Cube)]

Hold on to somethin' when the dogg put his foot down  
The ground gon' move somethin' viscous  
So you better hold on to somethin'  
(Better get your strizap, better get your strizap)  
So you better hold on to somethin'  
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"Sir, can you please call Animal Control  
Your dog has gotten out again and attacked four people"

[Ice Cube:]

When I rap niggaz get they straps  
They catch the claps tryin' to fuck with a maniac  
I'm brainiac, Ice Cube pyroclastic flow  
You niggaz know how I get down, if you don't then yo' ass a hoe  
I dip through there, like Happy New Year with distribution  
What's your resolution? I got the solution  
I got dope rhymes, cut 'em into nickels and dimes  
I got mixtapes, 6-4's and six eighths  
I'm at the Dogg Pound tryin' to save a dogg named Daz  
So all you suckas pass, hit the gate and got in yo' ass  
And that shit there is a felony, that's what they keep tellin' me  
That's that dogg from the LBC, now we got to put him to sleep  
S-T to the R-A-P, put it out first put him to sleep  
Grab Daz put him up in my jeep, drove him back to that 2-1 Street

[Chorus: Daz (Ice Cube)]

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[Daz:]

Takin' the strap up off my back  
I'm actin' if I was an action-less bastard  
When I could treat your fuckin' heart out  
and keep rappin' like nothin' happened  
This for them G's who keep the straps in they jacket  
When I could smack him, ask him if he got a heart like me  
Move weight, ask him if he hold the fort like me  
Bring some more of yo' niggaz, usually just be dead in the street  
Listen up, pipe down - I'm what you call a soldier  
Army fatigues, keepin' a pump up under my shoulder  
I get bolder therefore I got bodies to count  
Come up with quarters, how you talkin' with a gun in your mouth?  
I'm for real homie, I don't fuck with too many niggaz  
But the last real ones alive keep on livin', nigga  
Don't get it twisted, that's what come to my mind  
So recognize when you see a G, open your eyes  
Stay alive, keep the automatic nine when we ride  
Watchin' my back, blowin' dro, I stay on the grind  
I get dope, goin' broke never be on my mind  
I keep ya smoked, Dogg Pound, Long Beach Eastside  
Grab your arms, hater's holdin' on for his life  
This what the lock from a thorough' blue pit feel like

[Chorus: Daz (Ice Cube)]

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Westside!.. Eastside!..