

Daz Dillinger, Thing On My Hip

[Daz:]

What you talkin' bout? Nigga get your gats
Do niggaz know you? I'ma check your stacks
We can do whatever, nigga I've been around
I ain't been up to shit, I rolls from the underground
Look at the sun, man I see it comin'
I feel like I'm there, got my whole block runnin'
If I get hit, or get caught up with this
You'll get blowed the fuck down talkin' all that shit
One less nigga gone, got me a chrome
I'll do-low your man, fuckin' let the nina blam
I feel like some gats, flyin' just like a bat
Demonstrate it how you want it like that

[Chorus: x2]

I always got that thang on my hip, got that thang on my hip
(The worst thing that you can do is start bumpin' your lips)
I always got that thang on my hip, got that thang on my hip
(You can't even look at me crazy, look at me crazy)

[Daz:]

(What's up?!) I see they talkin' loud
But see they love to yap
I hesitate, NO! - put 'em on they back
You see we live forever, Big Tookie put it down
That's how we represent it, for life the Dogg Pound
Pistol packin' guns, my little homies gunnin'
We rat-a-tat at them, I got them niggaz runnin'
If I get attacked, I give 'em no slack
I make sure all them niggaz get some payback
Best believe it's on, guess who rule the throne
I'm in command, kill every nigga where they stand
I peel they caps back, I dust 'em *bat-baddat*
You hear that sound nigga? (click-clack, click-clack)

[Chorus: x2]

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