

Daz Dillinger, We Do This Passion!

You see my homies is killas..

(Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder, murder)

(Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder, murder)

(Kill, kill, kill, murder, murder, murder, murder)..

[Daz Dillinger]

See if you come my way, I roll with tec-9's, AK's

Murder machines, for where I hang and stay

Obey the laws of the street, 'fore yo' bitch ass get beat

And I'm hoein' and I'm only out to rob and cheat

Get your pistols and rags, nigga prepare to blast

It ain't no questions or discussion, get the dope and the cash

We came up quick, plottin' on real bitch shit

Three-hundred and fifty G's, three niggaz was split

Flippin' and servin' chickens

Any dirty work - I was down with it

A true soldier and I stay committed

[Chorus]

You see my homies is killas and we do this for passion

You better get your strap cause when I see you we blastin'

And when we run up on you ain't gon' be no askin'

Cause me and my homies we just straight out blast

[Daz Dillinger]

I guess the war's on, get your soldiers and let's go to war

Put in work Death Row - even the score

Mini machine guns, grenades, and forty-fives

We crazy in the land where it's hard to survive

Catchin' niggaz slippin' if you're Bloodin' or Crippin'

On a mission blastin' niggaz if you all wit it

You see we bang for a livin', use the gun

Drugs and prison, niggaz doin' hella time

Roll with these scandalous niggaz

Back looped out, smoked out

Hit another one, I'm bombed out, smoked out

So we load and swerve in the glass house and we roll the street

My brand niggaz run up on you so we pull up the heat

I said "What's up?"... he replied with the wrong set

It's my duty and my job to put this nigga to rest

Boom, boom - shots from the tec rain out

Another wrong nigga dead, that's what I'm talkin' about

Niggaz yell my name out and say they gon' kill me

I ain't worried 'bout a thang, y'all niggaz can't kill me!

[Chorus]

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You better get your strap cause when I see you we blastin'

And when we run up on you ain't gon' be no askin'

Cause me and my homies we just straight out blast

[Daz Dillinger]

I kick off the war, with a calibur fo'- fo'

Knockin' down doors and niggaz wonder what I came for

Jumpin' out of buckets, dumpin' on them brand motherfuckers

Who claim for the fame, puttin' somethin' up in you bustas

Looped out, feelin' good no doubt

With a tec ready to put some motherfuckin' heads out

Servin' fools, pull around the corner

Slow down and jump out, to show you what I'm all about

I'm yellin' "Fuck you nigga!" and I hope you die

Showin' y'all niggaz how real gangstas ride

Come up workin' for birds early, busta young died early

Ridin' dirty with a gauge underage

Had to drop off the pump, that's when the real shit start
Y'all bitch ass niggaz ain't got heart, y'all cowards
We give it up, inject pain on niggaz and conversate with the trigger
Blast, escape, then get to dippin'
Set trippin's like an everyday thang, where we hang
Still Tha Gang, where we blast to maintain at close range
AK's, 357's, and tec's - all kind of shit
Catch you niggaz slippin' because we Crippin' on the set
Willin', looped out, your homie just got out
Dogg Pound 'bout to take you niggaz out

[Chorus]

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