Daz Dillinger, When Ya Lease Exspected

[Verse 1]

Motherfucker, cha-pow here I am let's get started off right With a gun or a fight, think you hard You a dog that don't bite, see I'm trained to kill Give a fuck about you hoes, spill ya blood for thrills Grip ya body, naked shakin' we neck breakin' Niggas in my hood be runnin' while them niggas salt shakin' Bone crush em' and rush em' and get out and then touch em' Doin' better than the Feds when they jackin' my box Watch out, surrounded by niggas that's plottin' and creepin' Lot of caps slippin' and jack me for my chips Nah, get the twelve gauge and load a gob Blowin' something in these niggas if they actin' calm Niggas'll blast, yellin' out "Fuck y'all" While they mashin' steady blastin' Ain't just here for nothin' doin' right for right Cause it's right, shit niggas gotta do to earn they stripes

[Hook]

Can't run, ya can't hide Gon' get cha' when ya least expect it Ya gon' diiiiiie, yeah, yeah Can't run, ya can't hide Gon' get cha' when ya least expect it Ya gon' diiiiiie

[Verse 2]

Took about the same looty to perform my duty Survey this thing to a nigga that knew me Little did I know he was settin' me up Wettin' me up and catch me up Barely escapin' heart beatin' fast mile racin' A shotty in hell, I thought I was dead But I'm alive and payback is a mother you fucker I'll be back carvin' Ruckers when the gauge start bustin' Penitentiary rap but we here and ain't shit Nigga dyin' quick and get ya throat split Comin' out do worse, I love to do work Retaliation, revenge make it hard to live Shoot-outs cop, when ya jackin' and robbin' and mobbin' Stabbin' on through the town, layin' em' down I'm a war street veteran, never say I better than anybody That nigga Daz and Young Gotti Blast em' with the shot after fleein' the scene Cause money, power, and dreams make a hell of a scheme Grippin' nine to ya brain, put the set on shade Writin' big, bold letter that'll weigh ya sign

[Hook]

[Verse 3]

My dreams and nightmares hard before I went to sleep So I stay awoke and cocked with four five loaded Cautious on my toes at all times, on the grind Mindin' my own, dropped and smoke in the zone It's a shame how we do it, how we represent the game Blast and maintain for the money and the fame You know the steelo, nigga we know We get down and dirty because we do low Keep it strong for so long, I couldn't go wrong But fuckin' with some niggas knew some shit would go wrong Niggas comin' up short chop em' down with the chopper Givin' em' all tones and one hand sole Nigga stop it, show me how you do it, how ya drop it

Give my dogs a fat just to get it poppin'
Got the dope and the scale and it ain't hard to tell
Hard bound but come around where the dogs dwell
When ya least expect it, you can die any second
Nigga stop check it and dwell on it and respect it

[Hook]

[Daz talkin]
Yeah ain't no where to run and ain't no where to hide
Ha ha (Don't die) so you might as well just go on and kill yourself
(When ya least expect it, ya gon' die) ha ha ya know why (Die, die)
Nigga ha, ha (Ya can't run) yeah