

Daz Dillinger, When Ya Lease Expected

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

[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 awake 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