

Mc Eiht, Hit The Floor

(feat. Daz Dillinger)

[EIHT & DAZ]

We came in the door, said it before
West Side, East Side when we hit the floor
Got the paper for sure, got chronic galore
And the ho's keep beggin us to blow some more

[EIHT]

Money makes the world stay up (that's right)
Fiends to hook us up on the late night hype
G's flips on the corner while we chill in the club
Short skirts put in work, straight show you love
You know the title
Heavy weight nigga with the green, everybody know the spot
One times ain't hot
Gots the bomb
Everybody tell your friends
C-P-T and the L-B back again
Bring your heat
Eiht and Daz with the paper
One time won't be gaffin for the caper
Can't see me
Two black niggas from the West
Decide where they hoo-ride, two of the best
No contest
C-P-T so get it straight
Y'all don't know the program, switches on my Brougham
Skates to the L-B, three wheel motion
C-P-T chill with G's right next to the ocean

[EIHT & DAZ]

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[DAZ DILLINGER]

We too rough, we too tough
And the niggas that I hang with is just too much
And we'll fuck you up
When we acting up
Dat Nigga Daz and Eiht straight fucking shit up
Swervin down the block as my system knock
Niggas take what you got, get trip, you get shot
Come through like we usually do for you and who
Draped in blue
Nuthin but riders in my crew
Throwing it up
Mad dog, all in my cup
Smokin blunt after blunt ready to fuck shit up
Nigga what?
How you want it, ain't no survivors, just goners
It's gettin hectic when the 9 start spittin
Burn around and lay every rapper down in your town
Wash 'em up just like the verdict come down
We'll take your shit
Your bitch and your grip
And this is how it is when we take your shit

[EIHT & DAZ]

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[MC EIHT]

Hit and run

Just for fun

But it ain't no fun if the homies can't have none

Stop fakin', baby, cause we got paper to spend

More peso's, guaranteed to clock those

Suppose I be's the nigga with static

Watch my back, always packs the automatic

East coast, West coast fuck that, you dig?

Niggas in your own hood'll split your wig

But me, I'm on the premium

Never on the regular

Connects in bound, trips on my cellular

I'm telling ya

It must be the good life, son

Land of the sunshine, Crystal wine

Keeps one time thinking, suspicious

Twenty-six S-5 hun', twenty inches

Must be the money from the rob, they don't know

Must be the money from the gang, fo' sho'

[EIHT & DAZ]

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[DAZ DILLINGER]

Who's your friend or not?

Your old partners from the block

Take and pop shots

Trying to put my life to a stop

Prepare for the murder spree

Bustin' until I'm free of these bastards

Never heard of me and never knew of me

Supposed to love me, homie, show me

Through all the shit that we been through homie, you owe me

Make you pay fo' sho', it is rough

Off brand niggas getting rushed

On the boulevard, times is really getting rough

Call your bluff, why you wanna always front

To be a all day nigga it's a all day stunt

I'm from the East side of Long Beach, and we roll deep

Creep and blow your whole head off, you're caught in the street

Cause

[EIHT & DAZ]

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One two one two

I said the Half Ounce crew

Yeah

Eihthype in the house

Daz Dillinger in the house