

Tha Dogg Pound, Here We Are/Go Killem

(Daz)(Kurupt)

Psss.. yeah..

It's about time y'all bitch ass niggaz (f**k this.. shit)
Y'knahmsayin? Tired of ya bitch ass niggaz everywhere
(Yeah nigga, Daz and Kurupt) 1-8-7 killin, everyday all day
I'm comin out!

(Daz)

Nigga cause you better come strapped wit some tec's
to get back or get capped, the back slap, a late flap
Swingle's the cheater when them thangs come in screechin in the dark
I want my snija when you singin the sparks
Dustin off bread, motherf**kers for startin Rucker's
Can't touch us, me and my homey reply wit f**kers
Me and my dogg's blast attention leavin y'all less in the action
Bitch ass sorry ass bastards, heartless, senseless coward
I was born to devauer, cut your sorry's
For all my real niggaz behind bars
Scared for life, from the blade of a knife
The kid strikes at thirteen for takin ya life
Seven tec's, I earn repect; you "Chin Check" the rest
or die when your bitch ass death
I take precaution, stalkin these streets, flossin and ballin
Keep your hand on yo' heat, cause we playin for keeps
Real niggaz do real thangs in this gang-bang life we lead
You can't hang, nigga die and bleed
Murder won't stop 'til every buster and sucker drop
F**k the cops, stop me from corruptin the block
Rocks pass the glocks in the weed spot
Stop playa hatin, whodie got and clock yo' own knock
Tryna perfect the shine, the fifty-eight camera's die
Blind ya when we comin from behind

(Chorus: male singer + female singer)

Here we are (here we are)

and there they are (there they are)

Gonna get gone, aiyya, aiyya (get gone, get gone) {*gun shot*}

Gonna get gone, aiyya, aiyya (get gone, get gone) {*gun shot*}

(Chorus)

(Daz)

(?)'s a herb, call the choreographer the murderer
Camaro's, I show no mercy and no sorrow
Fuedin, layin 'em down, for every radio, seveditary
Layin 'em down dead up in the montuary
Death is more, another life is gone
Brandish your torn; forty weeks later - a soldier is born
Inbine your neighborhood to let me if you could
Be a G or you claim to be let me know if you could
Back shootin up, hoes Cadillac's {*gun shot*}
Don't ever come back, you show me where it's at
Off the rack comes the gay, buck sprays
and A.K. retaliates in a major way!
We're in the land where it's banned from man
Clan for clan, where simple mistake, you end up dead (yeah.. say what?)
I roll with Crips (?) for the chips
Grip the pistol to ya brain, never takin no shit
Whether, Heaven or Hell, I gotsta prevail
Rather die makin it happen and to die in a cell
Rather load up my hollow-point shells
but nigga, you snitch and tell
leave they bodies wit the maggots and snails (UGH UGH!)
Shit, duck for T-Duck.. (ahh!), always G'd up

On a mission for tuition, I need bucks
Big dollars.. (why?), I jack niggaz cause I gotta
My kids got enemys now because of they father (shhh)

(Chorus) - 2X

(Daz)

Smoked and loaded and f**ked up by a locked up
On some niggaz who try to get buck
In the fashion, the blastin, it's hard to imagine
Not cashin no niggaz who be actin like bastards
What do I do, but call my niggaz and my crew to come
do what they do, and put they work on you
See me automatic, cause static, static's inatic of a gun-play
Like everyday, all day
You want trouble? Ha-ha, let's bring the fan
and Daz you blast, so donate bitch ass
Adios as his ass got smoked
and f**ked the wrong nigga now his ass is goast
I smoke a blunt and stick my dick in some cunt (ahh AHH!)
To me and my homeboy's, ya just some punks, haha
Who really want it? Nigga come get it
Slowly but surely, homey you ain't never forget it
How many times I gotta say somethin, I'm f**kin wit mine
Livin the life of crime where it's do or die
Y'all niggaz don't really want none of this
We the shit, but ya f**ked ya crew, bitch!

(Chorus) - 3X w/ variations

(Daz) {*w/ female singer singing in background*}

Kill 'em, kill 'em

Yeah, pull up on this nigga right here

Choke out (?) {*gun shot*}

PLO! KILL 'EM!...