One-Nine-99(F Lil-C-Style, Big Pimpin)

Daz Dillinger

[Lil' C-Style]
Ooo Weee, it's going down Long Beach connect gang
Me an my nigga daz doing thangs
Yea, can't stop this shit, Im tired of all this bull shit
Nigga independent over here, now what im sayin
You cant count my shit, ya know[Daz Dillinger]
I smoked Tora before I had an call
Went from a little old nigga to an world wide rap star
My pockets stay fat
sometimes I want to say fuck rap and get an sack (Why's That)
That where's my heart is at, that why I started that
Somebody tell me party at
So I can get bombed in riding on the 110, to the 91 to 710
Im back in the beach again, just riding high jumped out with an grin
Mother fuckers shoot ten
Started off with fifty dollars, no Im up to an thousand
Hit nigga after lick, C.I.S now im on some gangsta shit[Daz Dillinger Chorus 2x]
One Nine, Nine, Nine, Nine[Lil' C-Style]
I touch more woman than I can ever feel
I stop at the set where the homeboys chill
I spot big homie C-bo with the gat and bat
Cross the street and the corner with the orange sack
As I continue my mission down m.l.k
I bust a right and see my homie hanging out on nineteen
Baby boy where that gangsta from who and g.c
Im that little nigga C Style from nineteen street
Not haft way to dip to my hood just yet
I spot an bad ass bitch she want to give me some head
So I take ten Tracy's, I got an bitch to get
I love fucking bitches that I just cant hit[Lil C-Style Chorus 2x]
One Nine, Nine, Nine, Nine[Daz Dillinger]
Yea, ha ha one nine nine nine
Daz an Lil Style coming through you like that
Now you know Eastside is where we hang
Got the one nine loc and doing the thang
Don't make curb serving, dub or die
Taking penitentiary chasing and rapping at the same time
My homie once want way back
You better read the walls and know where you at

Or get your little ass jack, that's why I stay strap
When im on the Eastside I keep it on my lap
Lil Style[Lil C Style]
Nigga I got stay strap
Even though im fresh out the county and aint trying to go back
To fucking roaches and rats
And nasty ass food, I aint try to eat that
Im trying to see brand new house and an cadillac
Where my six hoes, number one on the bizzat
Where my Daz and you know we on fizzat
I was carrying to and duce five to an four-five strizzat
So eaze up and recognize us
Me an my nigga D-A-Z aint we nothin but some riders
Aint an damn thang could divide us
This is real ass mother fucking Eastsidas[Lil C-Style Chorus 2x]
One Nine, Nine, Nine, Nine[Daz and Lil C Style]
We on some gangsta shit nigga
We on some gangsta shit nigga[Big Pimping]
Now you aint never show the feeling like the blow
That wind place the show and the nine nine that how shit go
Fa sho, smoking is what makes train go
Blowing circles around over here
How many is with the bullets on the bed
Yea, you heard what the fuck I said
Yea, that some of that gangsta shit
That aint representing with that master shit
Nigga just let it be known that about no bull shit
Cause this song, now that is some of that gangsta shit

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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