

# Our Daily Bread (Feat. Kurupt & Prince Ital Joe)

## Daz Dillinger

Yeah, Death Row  
(Give it up, one time)  
Yes, to the man sing  
Them all beats they're crucial  
(Give it up)  
Dogg Pound  
[Unverified]

Nobody moves, freeze! Nobody gets hurt  
Shoot first and ask questions later

The motto, lyrically, artically, rip it Stop and listen, catch a grip and realize with your two eyes  
The price, nigga, is keep striving for more

I broke laws, defined many, show skills of a rider when few was thick  
Revolved around forty-four niggaz for the rep

Sweat the whole block with the Mack-90, automatic semi-techNow the whole shit is respected  
Slowly but surely homies catching death wishes, and laugh

You're trying to catch a check you can't cash  
I do, for the rapper the name and for the hood that I claim

After the kill, it's remains the sameThe composure, gangstering, it's got me, still down to bang  
Who can get close to the most notorious gang of 'em all

Dogg Pound, amazing rage, rough and raw  
(DPG)

The conversation ain't much, now what up?

You're gapping and you're scrapping and you got a gap from the gatI found a, more, I see the homies free  
(What)

I bound to make more money than I ever dreamed

It's the DPG, the gangsters on the TV

Completely, you can't defeat, delete speciesThat fool over there is out of his nest  
He's off the hood with techs and vests

Dumping on different sets  
(Who's that man?)

D A Z's my nigga

If he ever was to get any bigger and lose his figures he's my niggaThe more I think about life and the world that  
surrounds us

Being from Tha Pound, instantly penitentiary bound  
(So what's up?)

I'm all about dropping bombsAnd possessing the deadliest rhymes the mind can't design  
So let's let bygones be bygones, aim to shoot

And mash with your boys if you're down for making loot'Cause if not, when the heat gets hot you get scorched  
You're caught up like being in court, fighting the wars

Now I pause to take a sneak peek through The Source  
Our force is not revealing, we sold two million  
(What)  
Willingly we survived, willingly we strived  
We all multiply, Dogg Pound 'till we dieI thought you knew about  
The two about to run through about half your organization  
Sacred assassinations, fool, here's what you're facing  
The diverse, you're in a worse situation, like thatYeah, tell Babylon that we'll never give up hope in the ghetto  
'Cause everyday when we wake up we see the sun rise up in the sky  
We won't ever, never give up the fight, see  
We down in the ghetto will always put up the struggle  
The struggle to survive, and to live good  
To bring food on the table for our families, seeTell Babylon that we have hope  
Like our brothers Martin Luther King and Marcus Garvey  
We believe that we are true Africans  
And we handle in this life  
[Unverified]We won't kill our brothers no more  
Stab them with a knife, or shoot them with a gun  
'Cause when we do we see their blood run  
And it's not a pretty sight  
So we don't love the parasites of this world  
Sucking the blood of the sufferers, yeah

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