Our Daily Bread

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 itStop 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

Songwriters
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