

# Retaliation, Revenge & Get Back

## Daz Dillinger

(daz talking)

I want them 20 dollar pores bwoy,

Get your sharp sticks!

We're going to la la land

(hahaha)we're going to the moon

We're going to serve these motherfuckers tonight

Boy you got your shit?

Bitch ass nigga!

You want static!?

Yo! go get the homeboys!

We got a meeting at the park, don't be late!They say the streets ain't safe no more

For us youngsters,

Take the chance to achieve and live the life of a busta

Gather up all the matter, yeah, we multiply

Many hood stories told, we analyze

See we bang for this colour and only this colour

Kill any colour, that ain't our colour

Get it in your head what's done what's done said

Embalmed on the wall for all my homies that's dead

I can't forget you homie

Drinkin and smoking because I'm lonely

Blastin all these motherfuckers cause they phonyMy heart flooded with anger

Deep inside, but who cares

Life is dead, we banging like soldiers

So beware if you scared

Then we torture the ? ? ? ?

For what the fuck you done done

Jump across these niggas so now the war is on

We rob, strapped busting until they all drop

Shit, we actually blowing your bitch ass off the block

So keep your glock clocked sucker!

For when I come through

Dump around something now your homies is nothing

20 seconds til death,

Weed, alcohol on my breath

You looking for your fucking homies

Ain't none left!

Hangin out with my niggas, real street niggas

They hearts is cold hear, bust them triggers

Taping flicks, pictures, modifying the street life  
Drinking liquer, sherm'd out, high as a kite  
Intoxication, ain't feeling that you can feel  
When the cops drive by suddenly  
And they was out to kill(daz talking)  
Yeah, tell your homeboy that!  
Dead on sight!  
Everytime we see y'all bitch assNow I'm shot!  
Barely made it!  
Killed four of my homies, it's gang-related  
Now what's next for us, we load up  
But keep adjust my set to murder, so what the fuck!(daz talking)  
Yeah, when I get wet, they're ain't nothing I won't do  
So intoxicate your mind to something new  
Always remeber  
Revenge, retaliation, murder, get backI'm in the world on my own  
I will roam I gotta stay strong  
My motto "you fuck with us, you fucking get domed"  
Two days later niggas come back and sprayed us  
Retaliation and get back this time just to face it  
We five cars deep, we jet out as we creep  
Blowing niggas ? ? ? hollering east side! long beach!!  
My feud ain't with them other niggas!  
It's with you  
Got a gauge to your head nigga what you goin do?  
Handle my business, for the cops come and get to snitching  
Reaching to our destination so we can kick it  
Nobody knows and we won't get caught  
Continue stacking paper, moving cavi on the block  
I thought you knew! but now you know!  
Don't ever ever come around no more!  
And why's that? and why not?  
Cause it's my money and I mash for my block!(yelling and swearing)The gang! daz dillenger!  
Taking all y'all bitch ass niggas the fuck out!  
You better watch out!  
'cause here we come, come,  
We goin getcha getcha  
We going getch getcha  
We going getch getcha  
We ain't finshed finished  
We goin getcha getcha  
We going getch getcha  
We going getch getcha  
Before the automatic hitsya hitsya  
We goin getcha getcha

We going getch getcha  
We going getch getcha

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