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, shermed 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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