

Here We Are-go Killem

Tha Dogg Pound

Psss... yeah...

It's about time served y'all bitch ass niggaz
Y'knahmsayin? Tired of ya'll bitch ass niggaz everywhere
(Yeah nigga, Daz and Kurupt)
187 killin', everyday all day
I'm comin out!

Niggaz you better come strapped with some tactics to get back
Or get capped, the back slap, or laid flat
Swift as a cheetah when them thangs comin' to greet you in the dark
I won't mislead you when you seein' the sparks
Dustin' off brand motherfuckers who start ruckus
Can't touch us, me and my homies reply wit fuckers
Me and my dogg's blast with intentions, leavin' y'all missing in action
Bitch ass, sorry ass bastards
Heartless, senseless coward I was born to devauer
Cuts is ours, for all my real niggaz behind bars
Scarred for life, from the blade of a knife
To get strikes at thirteen for takin' your life
Seven tec's, I earn repect, you chin check the rep -
Or die when your bitch ass step
I take precaution, stalkin' these streets, flossin' and ballin'
Keep your hand on your heat, cause we playin' for keeps
Real niggaz do real thangs in this gangbang life we lead
You can't hang, nigga die and bleed
Murder won't stop 'til every busta and sucka drop
Fuck the cops, they stop me from corruptin' the block
Rocks blast the glocks in the weed spot
Stop playa hatin' what we got and clock your own knock
Grindin', perfectin', and shinin' the fifty-eight carrots of diamonds
Blind ya when we come up behind ya

Here we are... (here we are)
And there they are... (there they are)
Gon' get ya, aiyya, aiyya Gon' get ya, aiyya, aiyya
My philosophy's unheard of, I choreographed the murderer
My morals are show no mercy and no sorrow
Fuedin' and layin' 'em down, forever ready it's hereditary
Layin' 'em down dead up in the mortuary
Families mourn, another life is gone
Brandish your torn , forty weeks later a soldier is born
Enbalm your neighborhood to let me if you could
Be a G a you claim to be, let me know if you could
We back shootin' up homes and Cadillac's {*gun shot*}
Don't ever ever come back, just to show me where it's at
Off the rack comes the gauge -
Buck sprays and AK's retaliate in a major way
We in the land where it's man for man, clan for clan
Simple mistakes - you'll end up dead (say what?)
I ride with Crips and dip and dap for the chips
Grip the pistol to your brain, never takin' no shit
Whether, Heaven or Hell, I gots to prevail
Rather die makin' it happen than to die in a cell
Rather load up my hollow-point shells for niggaz who snitch and tell
Leave they bodies with the maggots and snails
C'd up, fatigued up... (Criiip!), always G'd up
On a mission for my tuition, I need bucks

Big dollars... (why?), I jack niggaz cause I gotta
My kids got enemies now because of they father

Smokin', loaded, and fucked up, I ain't lucked up
On some niggaz who try to get bucked
In the fashion, the blastin', it's hard to imagine the cash
And known niggaz who be actin' like bastards
What do I do, but call my niggaz and my crew
To come do what they do, and put in work on you
Semi-automatic cause static
Static's inatic of a gun-play, like everyday, all day
You want trouble? HA HA, let's bring it quick, fast
And dash and blast up on they bitch ass
Adios as his ass got smoked -
He provoked the wrong nigga now his ass is ghost...
I smoke a blunt and stick my dick in some cunt (uhh!)
Cause to me and my homeboy's ya'll just some punks, haha
Who really want it? Nigga, come get it
Slowly but surely, homie you ain't never forget it
How many times I gotta say stop fuckin' with mine
Livin' the life of crime where it's do or die
Y'all niggaz don't really want none of this
We the shit... blow your fuckin' crew to bits

Yeah, pull up on this nigga right here
Jump out, serve his ass Boom, give it, get on the ground