

I'd Rather Lie 2 Ya

Daz Dillinger

C'mon, whassup nigga...
Ride over here on the dope side...
Clockin like a muh'fucka yaknow?
Let loose!

Time goes by, whether ya to' off or livin fly
Like this life that ya livin, you could see life in my eyes
And I wonder why - when I decide the time'll find
Turnin earth into meantime, then catch me on the grind
What's mine, is bout mine - let it be known
For those who won't know and don't know, if we don't tell 'em
They ain't usin me but usually it's somethin I can sell 'em

I'd rather lie to ya, then sell ya hope
Ain't nothin I could tell ya so I'll sell ya dope
I said I'd rather lie to ya, then sell ya hope
Ain't nothin I could tell ya so I'll sell ya dope

(Put ya flag in ya hand)

Children come into the world with no, state of mind
Then mind state of mankind is that of earth - blind
From the time ya born till ya gain consciousness
ya loose it all, tryna prove it all
Mom and pops told me, "Son it'll be days like this"
But they never told me I could get paid like this
High risk, where my neck on the line
For the chips, get paid, get put in the twist, get sprayed
She pray; what else can she do?
Cops came to the door with four pictures of me bouncin with a .22
I guess that's life and then ya die
That's why we get high, cuz when ya gone bye bye.. (see ya)
And I ain't never seen a person that died again
And ya wonder why we finna go ride again
That was then, and this is now, and this is how
we execute our plans, nowadays it goes down
Ya flip a pound, ya work a bird, ya work the curb
They watch ya spot, they watch ya spot where ya serve that juice sweet
Just to get niggaz off the street
I got caught up in the mix went to the county and shit
Back on the street tryna figure out well if they hit first
Click your heat or take your beater or I can spit me a verse
Whichever happen, cappin, rappin, sellin sacks and mackin
I make it happen, nigga I make it happen

Will we quit? Nah I don't think so - no
We're remainin gangbangin, keep sellin this dope
We're remainin gangbangin, keep sellin this dope
We're remainin gangbangin, keep sellin this dope

I got all the homies at (Eastside!)
If you blue or red raggin (Westside!)
Walk around witcha flag in the air (Oooh! Oooh! Oooh! ...)
Put ya flag in ya hair
Where all y'all homies at? (Eastside!)
If you blue or red raggin (Westside!)
Walk around witcha flag in ya hand (Oooh! Oooh! Oooh! ...)

Put ya flag in the air

aww yeah, recognize game..

Dat Nigga Daz, Tray Deee, Big C-Style, Big AD

Soopafly, thugs, money from drugs

Felony crimes, poverty.. whassup with affirmative action?

We the United States? Seems like the Divided States

Liberty and Justice for all? Shit.. Liberty and Justice for y'all

It's eastside, westside gangbangin, on a daily

Flag hangin out ya pants, nigga life on ya last chance

One more stripe to lock it down till ya dead

Caught a felony case, made bail and then fled

Got caught up, a year or so later

with some player hater nigga tryna slang and got you claimin his game

What a shame; this game - I let it be known

For those who don't know and won't know, if we don't tell 'em

They ain't usin me but usually it's somethin I can sell 'em...

Will we quit? Nah I don't think so - no

We're remainin gangbangin, keep sellin this dope

We're remainin gangbangin, keep sellin this dope

We're remainin gangbangin, keep sellin this dope

Uh-huh, yea..

That's how we do it out here on the wild wild motherfuckin west

Ain't nuttin changed, put somethin up in niggaz chest

Niggaz think this a joke? Ain't nuttin to know

Just getcha motherfuckin money and keep ya heat by ya side

Cuz this the land where them niggaz ride..

Best ta recognize...