

# Movin' Around

Daz Dillinger

Hawthorne to Longbeach, haha...  
Some of that Capone and Dat Nigga Daz shit  
Smackin y'all niggaz upside the head, beyotch  
Show y'all niggaz what it is..

Welcome to California where the gang stay  
Longbeach, Compton to Watts, Hawthorne and L.A.  
Outside we rip-ride, let the slugs fly  
I maintain just to bang with the gang till the day that I die  
Get crazy plus looney and insane, on yo' ass  
First just to blast on yo' ass if yo' talkin trash  
Cash; she in all them hardy-tardy no (?)  
They get some get back and get they whole wig peelt back  
Hangin out on the corner drinkin Sapp  
Little homies doin things from murders to jackin  
And they say, ("Yo Daz are you a rider?")  
And I reply with, "Hell yeah I'm a rider!"  
Motorola TV's - 'Lacs on D's  
Make us niggaz feel good when us niggaz got cheese  
Young niggaz robbin niggaz for they dope sacks (give it up!)  
Just to see where they hearts at  
Smokin weed and loots and hubs, roll around with beat in my truck  
Roll around with heat in the front, just to dump at two punks  
12 gauge sawed-off, thinkin my point across  
Cooperate nigga or get broke off  
Ask ya homies how we put it in work  
Now they here, now they gone, six feet in the dirt  
Rest in peace to my homie L-Dogg from the DPG  
Bringin drama to these niggaz, bringin drama to the streets

Whattcha gonna do if ya wanna hang and bang  
..and move around with those gangstas  
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..and move around with them gangstas, gangstas!

In L.A. ya dress cordial, accordin to the area ya goin to  
Ya might need to where a black khaki suit standin in grey and blue  
Ya never know who gon' be waitin, and watchin - plannin and plottin  
to getcha caught and leave ya shot and forgotten  
Remember back in the day, Lewsinger high  
Caught every park in the mornin, school was cool when ya high  
Knockin niggaz on they ass, put a nigga through the glass  
Capone got there so fast, the motherfuckers crashed  
And I laugh when I think back on the days of my past  
My gangsta-ass ways, take a sip like drinkin blaze  
in the Purple Haze -- finna get my smoke on  
Two o'clock in the mo'nin with my motherfuckin lotes on  
Getcha loc' on wit a nigga if ya wit a nigga  
Hit a nigga up in traffic, then go try and get a nigga  
Cause I'll split a nigga with millimeters from heaters  
Cop killers, case I gotta kill a cop I'ma need 'em to beat 'em  
They say, "Slip are you a rider?"  
And I reply, "Hell yeah I'm a rider!"  
My situation got illy, Kurupt was out in Philly  
When I hooked up with Daz Dilli, to slap ya silly  
Make a milli-on, when I drop to Leban-on  
Mega-tron, Veit-nam, napalm, Bombay bomb

it don't stay calm for long  
When a nigga livin in a warzone, then the war's on  
I'm a king on my throne, so put the crown on my dome  
And so it read 'Hawthorne: The city where I was born'  
Till the cows come home, in the southside of L.A.  
The City of Angels, but Hell surround us, all around us  
Makin it hot, I heat it up, slow my slow and speed it up  
Flip a rock and give a cut to the homies  
to get some new chucks to bang in  
Keep the rag hangin, Cutlass to slang in  
Got a whole gang of ends

Knick-knack patty-whack, give a G a strap  
If he a G put to work, if he a punk he pass it back

You want the AR-15, the glock 17, the M16 or the uzi 14  
Mini-machine, with the infrared beam, gangsta lean  
It's like a dream to be fresh on the scene, knahmean?  
Rest in peace to Strak-Lo, keep calm  
Rest in peace to the homie, NailBoy and radio ridin in peace

Yeah, that's how we do it  
Slip Capone and Dat Nigga Daz  
Funky Fresh '99.. yeah haha...