

Oh No

Daz Dillinger

Daz:

Oh no! murder, murder, murder...
Busting at these niggaz who claim to be hard
Murder, murder, murder...

Come and blast dat nigga daz and act rude
Coming through, murdering fools who claim to be hard
Pulling your motherfucker's cords
Me, we're going back for you to say that
Prepare for battle, load the narrator with pay back
Knowing where you motherfuckers rest and hang at
I'm in long beach, where the gangbangers hang at
Don't want more static, or panic, we're packing gats
And asking for shit, nigga, 'cause we're blasting
See, we're the gang, kicking just to maintain
Bang on niggaz for a living, busting upon the selling corners
We on 'em just for twelve figures
Money, dope, cars and bitches, to getting richer

(2x)

Oh no, niggaz just wanna get killed tonight
Tripping on you, the way I feel tonight
Niggaz better pack you guns

J-money:

Glocks are popping off like turbo
Step into my circle, my word is out to serve yo shit
Money busters lyrically in motion
About to whip a (? ? ?), the east side coast and
I'm the one they love to hate with a passion
I packs a blue steel, filled with skilled raps, blast it
Mc's get dealt with, my microphone's my third partner
Heat seeking like a missile when I drop ya
Style is proper, my execution-style of rapping
I'm packing a rap while you say "why, what's happening? "
My mind is going deep, like money mister, doing all
You couldn't see me with a crystal ball, y'all
It's critical, I'm thinking of a masterplan
Come out with your shit man, I'm broke, feeling critical conditions
Listen, money on a dirt mission
Creeping to the night, beating tight, armageddon

Chorus (2x)

Daz:

Watch out, here I come
Battling motherfuckers till the break of dawn
Homeboy, ring the alarm
It's d-a to the z, dropping the formula
And every nigga that I know in californ-i-a
Dat nigga daz will come out and play
Busting on niggaz with an ak
So any given day you want some
Come and get some, you don't want none

Why do we bang?

Why do we bang for a living? we just don't know

Now it's time to serve y'all bitches ass niggaz on an open platter
Yeah, haha

Fool, what nigga, you know that got your ass laying down?

Tray deee:

You see, I take the ultimatum, disregard the outcome
I'm hard to outrun, and won't be outdone
I hate fake take away motherfuckers
I come up from the slums and I run, motherfuckers
No other than the gang, it's the slang and prosper
And bang us mobsters, while claming oscars
While most niggaz froze, they control their coast
They be home and broke, 'cause they've been known to choke
Like malone, be gone when the playoffs come
But i'ma stay off one, liable to spray off some
Ammunition, I handle missions one on one
Niggaz, come on, come and get their (? ? ?) done
I'm the cannibal, the hannibal lector of rap
A nigga steps up wack, and gets a setup-tax
We're the gang, and we're mashing, blast to maintain
We're the kings in the game, and things ain't to change

Chorus (2x)

Oh no...