

Ridin' High

Daz Dillinger

(Daz)

That Nigga Daz and Dub C in this motherfucker (what's happening nigga)
Doing what we got to do, every day all day
And if you didn't know! Now you know!
So get it right! Beeeootch!!! (echoes)

Yah

And it goes like that
Gangsta shit, nuttin but gangsta shit
Gangsta shit, nuttin but gangsta shit
WC, Daz, nigga Daz
Gangsta shit, nuttin but gangsta shit

(2x)

Just ridin high! (Just ridin high)
Just ridin by! (Just ridin by)
Come on!
Don't trip, don't trip

(Daz)

It's like chill, why do we have to fool and get ill
On what we call the dollar dollar bill
You can get killed for that paint job and wheels
Oh my oh my I love the dollar dollar bill
Oh juicy, be like ?vision? when he shot steel
Put the blame up on you and be out with the loot
Slang coke or weed, pills
You got pinky when the cup of blood got spilled
Shit outta luck, there ain't no refills
I'm more deadlier then ever
What I got'll see through your armor shield
Show you breakdown with your bills
Recognize the real side that'll ride and kill
Just for sure

(Chorus)

(WC)

Chronic's in the bag, rollin all day
Blue ??????six with ?double? called ?say?
Age sixteen, I'm tired of hearing mom's mouth
"Motherfucker get a job or get ya punk ass out!"
A little wild seed, influenced by the g's
Strong bombing, pistol whipping and twisting niggas for cheese
It's the normal method, barrel start by the jail
Wreck a long one ????? the real stretch marks
A juvenile packing millimeters
And when I'm close to doing a third
Nigga I got more stripes then a zebra
Will I live and make it out of the ghetto
But will I die?
Only GOD knows nigga but for now I just know I'm just

(Chorus)

(Daz)

You got the upper hand

Take control and take command
Get your blast over with and cut the bullshit
I the need the chips in a hurry
By the end of the day I'm having em' don't worry
Sorta like a dream or a storybook
A born crook
Shook all the bustas that snitch
Now I'ma black book
It took a while
Being so broke it's hard to smile
Hard living, trying to be grown when I'm a child
Overshadowed by negativity
Running and stealing, running from security
Something like a mystery
Drugs, bitches to county jails, penitentiaries
My background history
Cause the game is so trickory

(WC)

Now what's the remedy
Should we strive, the streets is killing me
Or should we lay down in a cell shit's forgiving me
Criminal activity
Crack sales are killing me
(A bunch or syllables said really fast)

(Daz)

Just chill

(WC)

I'm tired of living the life of crime

(Daz)

Just chill

(WC)

The life of the deaf, dumb, and blind

(Daz)

Just chill

(WC)

Why do we have to fool and get ill

(Daz)

Don't trip

(WC)

It's all about the dollar dollar bill

(Chorus)

(Daz talking)

You motherfuckers wanted to know what the gang was all about
And now you know, you ain't got to look no further

WC and that nigga Daz

Bringing it to you, hardcore, raw, smooth, gangsta shit

Sucka!!

98-97 99-2G

Whooooo!!

What, what, what hey(x3)