

U Ain't Knowin

Daz Dillinger

These motherfuckers ain't knowin...
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All I ever dream is to be rich, to live and enjoy this shit
Three houses and four cars before the A26
Livin the life I made, and learnt trades to stay payed
In any occasion in these scamless days
It was the street life, that make me do these with the thangs
Blowin niggaz shit out, for that, rock cocaine
I can't explain it, got to contain it, the gang status
Of being the roughest, the toughest, and the baddest for the capture
Livin lavish, a heart this cold, hearted down to a savage
A greedy motherfucker out to have it
Can I be wicked and do the things that I gotta do?
In pursuit of things I do with my crew

Daz - ya gotsta ride for ya side just to be recognized
Ain't no busters up amongst us, straight do or die
Put my life on the line, on the grind for mine
Doin crime, doin time for these nickels and dimes
On a mission, takin from riches, shakin the snitches
Layin niggaz down when I handle my business
Motherfuckers know to lay it low when I'm on the hunt
'cause for my chips niggaz get licked just like blunts
Terrorize in disguise to surprise that ass
Gang-bangin ass criminal, don't mind to blast
For my set to just a check a motherfucker on GP
To make it known, it's on, and you niggaz can't see me

You ain't knowin...
What can go on in the streets
Niggaz hustlin, competin for power everyday in the streets
These motherfuckers ain't knowin...
And you could die from a stray bullet, if you ain't
lookin on any niggaz, rest in peace
You motherfuckers ain't knowin...
Dealin with niggaz that are corrupt, when
thinkin a nigga 'posed to die at they feet
You motherfuckers ain't knowin...
And you could die from a stray bullet, if you ain't
lookin on any niggaz, rest in peace

I'm paranoid 'cause the cops, got me, under surveillance
A motherfucker got jealous, and D tried to tell him
So what do? We groove to a location that's new
Get to servin up niggaz and the rest of they crew
Rollin to Anaheim, rollin in my Riveira
I take a look in my rearview 'cause the cops be tailin
Bust a left in the alley and let the cops went by
And continue my day, feelin high as a rise
Stop by my homie Tray Deee house to pick up the gang
(Boo-Yaa!!) One sucker died in the Time's front page
'cause the boys in the hood are always hard
Ya come talkin the trash and we'll pull ya card
So you motherfuckers better stay the fuck off my block

If ya mind ya business, no one gets shot

Ya getcha wig split comin with that bullshit
Fuck with the gang and we bang, get yo hood licked (yeah!)
Through from that city where it's strictly all killas and G's
Keepin heat, known to creep, out to peel 'em for cheese
Ain't no passes, just the fastest to get they shit out
Or lucky to duck, when the slugs get spit out
You know what's happenin so don't be actin like it's fiction
'cause I'ma catch you slippin and put you in that position
And I ain't missin, I'm liftin everything I'm hittin
Hold the court in the street, 'cause I ain't waitin for the sentence
Catch me on the freeway, smashin while the beat play
Quick to let the heat spray, doin it the G way

That's what I'm seein
Y'all niggaz want some of this?
Huh? Do you know we killin niggaz pah?
Get the fuck out the way! (You ain't knowin...)
Hahaha, Dat Nigga Daz and Tray Deee the Beast..
Doin it like this, all day everyday..
So if y'all sucka-ass niggaz want some of this...
Y'all know where to find us... or we'll find you
One on one - fifty on fifty; it don't matter..
Nigga....