

# 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....