

Killer G's

The Dayton Family

Yeah, the Dayton family in this bitch for the 9-6 fool
Know what I'm sayin DTS
and I ain't talkin about downtown security bitch
Dayton Avenue be true nigga
I'm out for murder motherfuckers get prepared to go
And when I toot I gotta shoot and leave hoes cold in snow
My whole objective in this game is kill and show no pain
Get a fool for his chains
and raise more throws and blows than Dana Dane
I'm always strappin on the jackin for your chains I'm droolin
And checkin socks for the fat knots who the fuck you think you foolin
Runnin from the sirens, stop the violence I ain't heard that shit
Come in the hood, park at the club and find your ride on bricks
Down where I dwell, them boys ain't ??? so motherfuck your crew
Bring weed I smoke and sell more coke than Coca-Cola do
I'm built to last, up in that ass my crew makes all the noise
How you lookin like Emmitt Smith, runnin back to get your boys
Its do or die and bitch believe me I'm not tryin to go
Many men have tried and failed, but those that failed can come no more
I pledge allegiance to the flag, but there ain't no stars or stripes
Just thugs, a bunch of drugs and the big thick bitches with crack pipes
A vigilante gettin panties by some jaked up flake
To much to count, I stack amount ain't nothin about me fake
Nobody move nobody die so bitch don't move in inch
And I'm puttin slugs in any bitch that I even think might of flinched
Its time to bail, my since of smell is what cocaine intices
Bail with Joe ?Staley? tried to ban me cause of high yea yo prices
And on that note, I quote I'm deep and I'll stick yo mama up
He got ten G's and an eighth in the safe, niggas you know what's up
?? fools arousin for them thousands and that yea yo stash
Drunk off that whiskey fuck John ?Cisk?, I'm fittin to rob his ass
When shit gets tight, like Barry White I practice what I preach
Little shorties want to be down like Brandy when they hear me speak
The be double O-T-L-E-G-T-H-E-are-A-P
see-A-P-O-N-E-D-A-why-T-O-N-A-V-E
Chorus: repeat 4X
D-O-to the P-E-D-A-why-T-O-N-A-V-E a killa
(G, D-A-why-T-O-N killa)
F-L-I-N-T don't want to see another killer G
(G's, these are motherfuckin killas)
He's a killa off Dayton Avenue, he's quick to point that glock at you
I catch you and I dead you, I got you if I shot at you
Runnin for your life again, a victim of a homicide
I'm down for pumpin your chest, open your chest real fuckin wide
You fuckin with a murderer, Caddie Coup burglar
sweep you off your Dana's, when you see me I'll be serving a
Ziggy zag, 44 mag fuckin public enemy
Shakin and bakin and takin yo shit
Beatin your pussy and wreckin yo shit
Sendin you bitches up on yo way, that's the way face the ray
Diggen them as they body lay, pickin them with this oozie spray
Gats and glocks, money and rocks you best to believe I gets the loot
Fuckin you in your booty hole, punk cause you's a rudy poo
I empty this clip, so don't you slip, fuck around and trip
Three killas in the hood, got yo goods, pilled yo cap and dip
Gotta ?? on my way on this set is like initiation
My posse pack more pumps than a motherfuckin gas station

Better watch that yea that you've been boomon in this dry town
Kickin down yo door bitch and you bitches best to lie down
a skitzofranic that's makin you panic when I pull this gage
I do more licks and throw more kicks, than Johnny Cage
I'm fuckin what you been talkin, you've been walkin
stalkin like a hawk and
trigger be triggin when I click it cause my pain ain't stickin
Its do or die we multiply on the for reala
But ask yo motherfuckin mother he's a motherfuckin killa
Chorus