

# Daz Dillinger, Ridin' High

[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

[Chorus x2]

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  
&quot;Motherfucker get a job or get ya punk ass out!&quot;  
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'm a 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 of 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]