

# Daz Dillinger, Skirt Out

[Intro]

Calling all cars, calling all cars  
Be on the lookout for that nigga Daz  
He's known for 187's and known for 211's  
And he's also knowns to uh.... skirt out

Huh, check it  
Altogether now  
Shhh  
Altogether now  
Yeah, altogether now

[Daz Dillinger]

I can't call it  
Anything that have to do with money I want it  
Ro-ro's, turkles, and diamond chains, I flaunt it  
I'm a gangsta nigga, nigga you call it like you want it  
Hop outta the drop-top for you  
Look at me, I shine bright, blind your eyes  
I mesmerize, Diggy Daz nigga, back on the rise  
Suprise, muthafucka! - guess who it was  
To handle your biz in a undercover, swoop in the wind  
Havin' money, fuckin' bitches on the freak with my nigga!  
(You know why? Cause I'm a gangsta nigga!)  
You see, I roll by my lonely (say what?, say what?)  
If not nigga, you'll see me with my homies - skirtin' out

[Chorus]

SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out  
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out  
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out  
SKIRT, SKIRT

[Daz Dillinger]

I roll G with the 500 with a drop-top bumpin'  
8-0-8 b-b-b-bumpin'  
DVD widescreen to a T, nigga I'm fresh and so clean  
Pushin' a machine nigga when I'm flashin' my beam  
Banana whipped, went with the chrome Sprewell's, dipped  
And I'm cruisin' like a mutha in the mothership  
Like a Elco in a '89, low-low in a '99  
2003'd out every time  
Pull up in the parking lot, all on eyes on D  
A-Z, the shit that I sell ain't for free  
But it's gon' cost money, for the shit that I got  
Diamond pieces, big golden rocks  
Link for link, I sip my drink  
Now think about it, the neck says you a double XL  
Nigga read about it, nigga and what do you got?  
Dat Nigga D-A-Z nigga, back on your block

[Chorus]

SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out  
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out  
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out  
SKIRT, SKIRT

[Daz Dillinger]

I've seen bitches and hoes, pigeons in '6-4's  
20 inches on low-low's, that's how the shit goes  
Blow out your brain, rememeber my name  
Dat Nigga Daz, ain't no other nigga know how it came  
My system bumpin' loud, humpin' and shakin' the ground  
That number one gangsta from the Dogg Pound

I'm so funky fresh, nevertheless I love this shit  
You know how I ride, I'm cruisin' the fast lane  
Never crash mane, Dat Nigga Daz mane  
Wreck it and buy a new one so quick  
I got the hoes up on my dick  
For my gangsta ass whip that I push -  
Purple cush, the haters, they wanna stop and look  
(Y'all know Dat Nigga Daz be off the hook)  
Now when I clutch the fifth, you know I got to burn out  
You know I do it every time nigga, skirt out

[Chorus]

SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out  
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out  
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out  
SKIRT, SKIRT - skirtin' out