

## Late Nite

Daz Dillinger

Daz: Sup Dub?

WC: Sup Daz? You know what we are right?

Daz: Real G shit you know what I'm saying?

WC: God damn right. Still. What we call it nigga?

Daz: Westcoast! All day nigga. Yeah. C'mon!

(Still)

Poppin out a light on a late nite. Fire up a Phillie Blunt to get my head right.

Rolling in my 500 Benz.

In the home of drivebys and ak-matics.

I rep this city of angels, wearing round locos, dulo and bangya

Built off the anger

Attracted to the danger, I love the drama on what it brings

Drug rank, the game seem like a still of jeans

But allusion niggas losin', that's how it goes down

Conclusion ain't losin', when I dump those rounds, at ya clowns (ha ha ha ha )

Homie don't play that, from then and down now, nigga OG playback (OG nigga!)

Sit back relax, smoke one, let me drive

Glide though the coastal region, atmosphere, (dead and alive?)

Weed in the air, dubs up, nigga burn the rubber

Life ain't fair but take that motherfuckers

Show them how to come and go then run up they can die slow

Hold court in the street, nigga fuck the po-po

(?) was stuck in my ways, I can't change

Worldwide, niggas dyin' for the same old thangs

(2x)

The S to O to the U-T-H C-E-N-T-R-A-L

Got me turnt on, a nigga NA, ha-a-ard to tell

From the way I bail

I'm from the capital L

A, and you can tell from the way my weed sme-e-ell

I try to shake it, but I'm in the (deep sorrow?)

From back then when them busters threw led on my car

So I cope the automatic, ya, the avoid the close caskets

Enemies, and all these thirsty-ass ratchets

Never put your trust in

The cemetery is full of niggas who thought that bitch was they best friend

But not me, niggas told me, I bang on my loney

Keep my thang on me, cuz every homie ain't a homie

And all day and late night the bud get lit

And even though its fucked up, nigga I love the shit

It ain't a shame, it's the real nigga

Fuck what's right

From my hood to your hood, you know whats up tonight

(2x)

Roll the ammo

Good with handles

Pack like rambo, hit the back of the part then gamble

California, better keep ya pistol on ya

Cuz every nigga down to shoot ya like Christopher Dorner

Let the bullets lash out (uh)  
Pull the rags on em  
Rollin wit' D-A-Z and Dub-C in the glasshouse  
And pay homage when you see them fingers swaging  
Ain't a damn thang change, but we know what we claiming

We the west coaster  
Double barrels in the holster  
Ferocious, up on a BEOTCH so you know so  
Blow the roof down  
Shut it down so quick  
By the end of the night, we gone fuck your BITCH (beotch)  
Said shit that should've come from free dues, get paid  
Ain't afraid, point-blank shit get fade  
Made an example what nigga, how you down with  
West coast mentality is what its killed with

(2x)

Daz: Yeah, west coast gangsta shit, Dub  
WC: Nothin' less, nigga  
Daz: Yeah, uh  
WC: ha ha ha, can't fuck wit' this  
Daz: BITCH!