Yeah

Vision 88 kilos of cocaine smack-dead in your face The street value of that is what you dream to make Run an illegal business, racketeerin Smugglin, doin things from handin a gun, is what they fearin Bodyguards and hitmen like some Al Capone shit Heavy artillery got the cops on my dick Different locations, spots where it takes place If you show them my money, your ass is gettin f-laid There's four major games that run the city of G's The violators, the Gambinos and the Corleones and me The violators and Gambinos they run uptown Me and my cousin Corleone we run downtown Murder's an everyday thang in the city Where you gotta plot chips, jag robberies and do in its Tanadian Nay, the charge of the weapons Hit from verandahs and do a thing unexpected So we plan a plot with an Uzi and 10 shot Buck em till they all drop, circle round the block Let em have it as soon as they come out Unload on their ass, commence to takin them out!

Throughout the streets of Long Beach
The streets was infected with drugs, dope pealers and addicts
Gangs have taken over 75% of our town as the young
youth behaviour is outrageous with crime
They feel no remorse whatsoever, as the law enforcements
have tried to stop the trafficking of drugs
from coming into our country, but they can't
The murders have increased more than 95% and the drug amount
of which they make is more than 700 million dollars
Now wanted by the IRS and we will convict them of tax evasion

I had no choice or remorse for time for puttin it down Niggas know the scoop is stupid if they come from my town I been around since the Jumpstreet makin it pop Young crook keepin hook, nigga, shakin the spot Had to be a standout not to get ran out Look for help, you help yourself cos there's no handout Since the city Long Beach is only G's and hos You hold on ya heat but them fiendish foes Trust, bust, be aware and I ain't ya curse Cos the niggas that I dared to (?agank?) the first Think I might be deceased 'fore I reach my calling As long as I'm haulin my heat I'm stallin I bring it to ya hard from the streets of life Where niggas get rewarded to grief for strikes Don't speak on the creep, mo' fools is listenin And war story glory ain't worth the riskin Real niggas still get a mob like respect If you represent ya set, till ya bite the deck Who I be?I'm the Dee, nigga check the file Under G you will see not to sweat my style I'm takin em out!

I come through blastin, me as a Downtown Assassin Mashin, may they rest in peace in they caskets

Shoot em down in front of Hassans Should've known from the gate, who's the baddest? In my zone, Don Corleone wanted For the murder of forty men Ordered to hit and watch him kill again and again From the U-S-C, I shift ki's, a 120 plane rides Multiplied by G's, 87.3 million in a matter o'months Big business and big dollars is all that I want I blaze up to celebrate, new empire to make Toast till we all die, till we burst and break From knives to guns, from the rich to the slums We ran outta dope, I don't think so son While I be gunned by a mark from the enemy park From daylight to reach dark and all the clucks a'spark From when I pick em off like darts Stab em in they hearts Make an example, what I said, ya end up dead Spayed the wall with graffiti like hogs for all my lost Doggs Never reach until I see the blue sky till I die All I ever want is to be left alone Me myself, me my dope, me and my chrome Got paid by cops and judges, I budge when I buzz I got the City of Long Beach goin crazy for drugs