

Ride On/Caught Up! (Featuring Kurupt)

Snoop Dogg

Back by popular demand
Dope pound gangsta feel
Want a real DJ, with a OGAA bitch is a bitch, whether she poor or rich
She still gettin' a gang of dicks
It don't matter what you do or say
'Cause bitch you can't change my feelin's no way I've been across the whole U.S.A.
Same ol' hoes on different days
Just ask my big homeboy Snoop de Snoop
Bitch you ain't cute with all that, woop de woop I might just rock ya, I ain't afraid to blast
I might rock a fella like Dame and dash
Grip the heater and slap your ass
Cock it back, automatic clap your ass Now this is how a gangster mash out
The homies in the Coupe, me and Snoop in the glass house
Bouncin', bouncin', bouncin', swervin'
Blaze up a whole ounce and get the ramen with the cotton candy Yeah, and all my niggaz say, ride on, ride on
Yeah, and all the homies say, ride on
Yeah, and all the bitches say, ride on
Yeah, and all the robbers say, ride on, can't get caught up Yeah, and all my niggaz say, ride on, ride on
Yeah, and all the homies say, ride on
Yeah, and all the bitches say, ride on I'm out to paper count the paper bump some bitches and move
I take a trip with my click on a three day cruise
Spank the corner in the fo', sittin' low gettin' low
Now we headed to the sto' in the fo', hoes holler Top dollar with the gold flea collar dippin' in my blue Impala
They say Snoop Dogg is a fool 'cause he got the bitches
And the little homey sellin' weed up outta high school I never ever break the law, I just bend it
Keep everythin' splendid, that's how I intend it
Class is in session, you might get suspended, shh
If you don't shut the fuck up and listen for a minute I've been in it for life with two kids and a wife
With no tattooos just stress and stripes, so
I'ma do what I feel and do what I like
But I won't go to sleep without my heater at night, ride on Yeah, and all my niggaz say, ride on, ride on
Yeah, and all the homies say, ride on
Yeah, and all the bitches say, ride on
Yeah, and all the robbers say, ride on, can't get caught up Yeah, and all my niggaz say, ride on, ride on
Yeah, and all the homies say, ride on
Yeah, and all the bitches say, ride on Nigga gimme evrything you got, from your hat
To your contacts, T-shirt to your socks
Dogg Pound affiliate, Hell naw nigga
Certified branded Cedar Paul nigga Mashin', grey and blue all day

All night all heated with heaters, Mac-11's
 Nine millimeters, whattup Big Nate
 I got a bitch that gobble up dicks like steak She lives upstate and I don't think
 Near a one of those bitches is proper, stash the chopper
 DPology, D P G but first call Snoop
 Whattup big homey niggaz with the swoop The homey jumps in whips out the four pound
 When we get there, we shakin' all motherfucker down
 It's what I had in mind, let's get paid hit the spot
 Just like a raid one of the homies got a gauge, come on Yeah, and all my niggaz say, ride on, ride on
 Yeah, and all the homies say, ride on
 Yeah, and all the bitches say, ride on
 Yeah, and all the robbers say, ride on, can't get caught up Yeah, and all my niggaz say, ride on, ride on
 Yeah, and all the homies say, ride on
 Yeah, and all the bitches say, ride on
 Yeah, and all the robbers say, ride on Let me holler at y'all for a minute man
 I mean this game is gettin' real deep
 We got niggaz that be misrepresentin'
 I mean, motherfuckers you know thinkin' that DPG Is a motherfuckin' football game or a football team or
 somethin'
 Niggaz walkin' on and shit like they free agents
 And just leavin' when they want to nigga this ain't no game
 This is a motherfuckin' way of life DPGC, Dogg Pound Gangsta, nigga
 The fuck wrong with these niggaz man?
 Niggaz be straight tryin' to put they little twist down, holla at 'em
 But you know we tryin' to stay two steps
 Ahead of the game baby, y'know?
 Let me holler at y'all for a minute, especially you You done stepped in some Dogg Shit, check your shoes
 Nigga this ain't Hollywood, the House of Blues
 It's the Dogg House so regroup your troops
 And tell 'em it's Kurupt and Snoop Fuck your crew it's on I take your Brome
 It's Don Corleone in the Chronic zone
 I turn your dubs into nickels while I'm chillin'
 I melt your rhymes into icicles while I'm killin' Sell 'em, I tell 'em, Kurupt, what's up?
 I know you feel like givin' it up
 We can't stop, won't stop, what for
 'Cause every other day another nigga tryin' to pull a dulo You know when I was fuckin' with the hood
 It was all bad, thought it was all good
 A nigga had to take a breather now I'm Living Single
 Like Khadijah 'cause they'll squeeze ya Fuck a feedin' fish, I put my dick in your bitch
 And make a wish, ha hah
 Nigga that's gangsta shit with the gangsta twist
 Yeah, Dogg Pound gangsta

Songwriters

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