

# 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 tattoos 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, whatsup Big Nate

I got a bitch that gobble up dicks like steakShe 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 swoopThe 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 onLet 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 DPGIs 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 lifeDPGC, 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 youYou 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 SnoopFuck 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 duloYou 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 yaFuck 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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