Dogghouse

Tha Eastsidaz

Dogghouse
Gimme some of that G shit Goldie Loc
Yeah, that's what I'm talkin 'bout
Yeah, check this out y'all, uh huh huhWe got Snoop Dogg in the house tonight, with the homeboy Tray-Deee
Waniac, Trip Loc and Goldie, 4 Tay from the bay, what you say
What you say, huh? (we do this like everyday)
We got Snoop Dogg in the house tonight, with the homeboy Tray-Deee
Waniac, Trip Loc and Goldie, 4 Tay from the bay, what you say
What you say, huh? (we do this like everyday)Did ya get the dank, did ya get the dank?
Yeah I got the dank, you got the gas in the tank?
V.I.P. status, don't need an apparatus
Cuz the niggas I fuck wit, they all about the cabbage
Down in yellobrick road my destination, the DoggHouse
Toastin Remys, fillin' jimmies, we goin all out
Lookin for the wizard, creepin through the fog
Got some bad ass bitches, headed to the player's ball
They gon be strippin and wigglin ass
Hope you brought your playa pass
Tray-Deee, Goldie half dead, the twins blaze sacks
Bigger than big everyday in L.A.
4 Tay representin for the whole damn yae, BeeyotchDoggHouse, turnin it out, and if you aint dope you gots to get
The fuck out, that's on the O G D P, (say what)
And that's how it is when you fuckin wit meDon't matter how you come, use all angles
Ties become tangled when the cutthroat strangles
My hookup, long rangers
Better float like a nationwide sky pager
Them hoes save us, talk about bein playas
On the real we can deal wit you playa haters
We hit the spot, every city got a block
What you makin when you take it to a different type of level that it pops
Know the dogg keep the hip rocks, steady bangin
Hoes steady sangin from the gang that we claimin
Yo, it's Waniac, the maniac, Trip Loc won't you spit that rapPark my shit and jump out, I'm at the homies spot
To see if he floatin with me up to the DoggHouse
Hit the weed he lightin, outside little niggas is fightin
This bomb, I'm likin
Holla at my folks I know up in the complex
Nigga ready to ride as soon as he get dressed

Now we ready to roll, hit the store, then the carpool lane
Once again it's on, big chiefin
Remind me of the noisiest place
Ladies all over the place, and niggas super laced
How we like it, saggin in my 5 0 1
Killin my lungs, keepin these homies and bitches on oneWe got Snoop Dogg in the house tonight, with the homeboy Tray-Deee
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What you say, huh? (we do this like everyday)Man I got warrants, bad tax, still sayin fuck it
Headed up to DoggHouse swervin in a bucket
Puffin on some bomb from my comrade Blue
And got my little bitch catch a contact too
House shoes with the blue khaki suit and my locs on
Swoopin to some Soopafly, gettin my smoke on
Nigga Goldie Loc got the heat on roast it
4 Tay on the way plus the twins is posted
Bout to set it off bet it's off the hook
Straight crooks, gettin money off the books
Makin nothin but that gangsta shit that niggas lovin
Thuggin at the house party, fuck goin clubbinDoggHouse, turnin it out, and if you aint dope you gots to get
The fuck out, that's on the O G D P, (say what)
And that's how it is when you fuckin wit meLet me hear you say pimps, banks, hustlers
Let's all get the money then murder these motherfuckers
Cocksuckers, they can't stop us
Now put up your choppers, just in case they rollin wit them coppers
I shut em down, DoggPound for them bitches
I be seein you with snitches everytime I'm hittin switches
Ice skatin over dicthes
I'm true to the game, plus I'm out to get them riches
I be mobbin down the road tryin to bag up my bags
I'm saggin so hard I'm tearin up the back of my khakis
I'm tryin to reach my dogg Dirty Red
But this hoe won't let me know, which way to go
I'm movin slow
My chucks only come wit a hundred miles of walkin
Hundred miles of runnin smellin funny and I'm gunnin nigga
DoggPound gangsta crip for life
And we gon party in this motherfucker all damn nightWe got Snoop Dogg in the house tonight, with the homeboy Tray-Deee
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Songwriters
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