

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 huh 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)

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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, Beeyotch DoggHouse, 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 me Don'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 rap Park 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 one
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 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 Soopa-fly, 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 clubbin
 DoggHouse, turnin it out, and if you aint dope you got 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 me
 Let 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 night
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Songwriters

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