House Shoes

The Bar-Kays

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)
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
'Cause the niggas I fuck with, they all about the cabbage
Down in yellow brick 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 ain't 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' with 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 with 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 dog 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
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' clubbin'
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' with them coppers
I shut 'em down, doggpound for them bitches
I be seein' you with snitches every time, I'm hittin' switches
Ice skatin' over ditches
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 dog dirty red
But this hoe won't let me know, which way to go, I'm movin' slow
My chucks only come with 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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