

# Dog About It

## Mack 10

Look here my nigga, it's for your own motherfuckin' good  
You wanna keep your bling, stay out my neck of the woods  
    If you a stranger, caught anywhere in my hood  
How you get left, the only thing people can say is "Ughh"  
    I been know for reignin' choppers, bluka-bluka  
    Been stankin' baller blockers and duckin' coppers  
    Got a holla, from my nigga Mack 10-sion  
An told me to meet him at LA X and its 'bout some business  
    I flauge in, he tellin' me some busta trippin'  
    Please let your lil' dog pay this cat a visit  
    Fuck wit' the O.G. and B.G. get busy  
    Make sure his days livin', cut to a minimum  
    I speak this shit 'cause I mean it my nigga  
I creep and where I catch ya, is where I leave ya my nigga  
    A lot of niggas don't walk it, and talk about it  
    But this nigga B.G. gon' be dog about it  
Now when we come, we come, and dog we ain't playin'  
    It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame  
    We a dog nigga  
    We walks that walk and talk that talk, nigga  
Now when we come, we come, and dog we ain't playin'  
    It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame  
    I'm a dog nigga  
    And I'ma walk that walk and talk that talk, nigga  
    Nigga I'm 'bout Sherm' smokin' and trigga chokin'  
And leave my enemies dead and their fuckin' blood soakin'  
    Don't doubt it, it's C.M.R so I shout it  
Like navigation, I map it out, route it then be a dog about  
    I lay low, jack you for every dollar and paceo  
That's all Hoo-Bang did, homies above, everything else I love  
    Say B.G., you need a hundred stack from Mack  
    You'll need 20 jugs of water plus a whole gang of crack  
    But firsts things first, find him, hit' em wit the tool  
    Then make his blood ooze until there's no more to lose  
    Murder, murder's a must, take the stairway to Heaven  
    And if you fuck wit' Mack, then it's a 187  
    So if you do me, then I'll do you  
But when I do you, I want your whole fuckin' crew  
    So fill the church up and get the units you recite of

I'm a straight dog about it plus a Westside rider  
Now when we come, we come, and dog we ain't playin'  
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame  
We a dog, nigga

We walks that walk and talks that talk, nigga  
Now when we come, we come, and dog we ain't playin'  
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame  
We some dogs, nigga

We walks that walk and talks that talk, nigga  
I hit the street, you know I be thugged-the-fuck-out  
When I beef, slugs get bust at your house  
All week, its drama, ya block like ghost town  
You want peace, it's too late the water started to boil now  
I tried to tell ya when you was buckin', "Settle down"  
I tried to tell ya that, "Lil' B.G. is ghettoed down"  
I tried to tell ya that, "Niggas raw from Uptown"  
And release nothin' but a hundred plus rounds  
Hold up B.G. blood, check it, I gotta know homie  
And this punk we thought was a real nigga is a motherfuckin' phony  
Big Stunter Corlone gave the word and now it's on  
Said he wanted a close casket, chigga-chop 'em in his dome  
Then act like Rambo, turn into Mack Soprano  
Fill him full of ammo, the blood gushin' from his flannel  
Fluka-flames wit' nothing but red-dot aims  
Chicken heart plucking out a Chevy, ain't a damn thang changed  
When we in beef, we come, and dog we ain't playin'  
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame  
We a dog, nigga

We walks that walk and talks that talk, nigga  
When we come, we come, dog we ain't playin'  
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame  
We some dogs, nigga

We walks that walk and talks that talk, nigga  
When we come, we come, dog we ain't playin'  
It's bluka, bluka boo-yuka, boo-yuka, fla, fluka, flame  
We a dog, nigga  
We some hogs, nigga, whatever

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