

# Ridin', Slipin' And Slidin'

## Tha Dogg Pound

Ahhhhhwww shit, fuck!

It's a brand new day in the hood  
It's money to make, and I'm doin bad and it ain't lookin good  
It's all about the you know what everywhere that I roll  
And never leave emptyhanded without packin my chrome  
If it's on it's on, I put down my gangsta hand  
Show and prove and be gat, put the jack down a chance  
See I can put down like this, and you don't know why  
Niggaz always would try, but soon they all just die  
How they come up like I, would put my biz in the street  
I'd like to say is that the jack made my life complete  
Fifty-four thousand the cash he left cheesed and stitched  
But it still ain't enough, so what can I plot next?  
An armored truck'd be fine, as I come up from behind  
Grab 7 bags and fled, not wastin no time  
Coppers tailin my ass, breathin hard on my back  
Now my biz in the corner as I aband' the 'Llac  
Grab the satchel full of money brother Star crib  
I throw the money on the table say 'be back in a bit'  
I caught the biggest dope sack, I got my hood sewed up  
Now everybody bought to make the bomb soaked uncut  
Ridin', slipin' and slidin'  
Ran out a door my situation's back where I left  
A voice quietly tellin me -- you got to come up on some bread  
Don't get twisted for shit, see I be mashin on my own mission  
Never dreamin or wishin the money that I'm missin  
I heard some, niggaz doubt clockin rakin in all the dough  
And since I'm doin bad I gotta jack for they dough  
Called my partners in crime, Kurupt, Nate Dogg, and Style  
True soldiers from the Dogg Pound, puttin it down  
Kick the door in with the gauge and fo'-fo' (don't move)  
Blast a couple of niggaz as I style with all the dough  
Five pounds of coke, two pounds of ?  
Now we baggin it up, and smokin all night long  
I want to trip, then I didn't have no chip  
And my pockets be short, and I started to trip  
To maintain with no problem stopped by my bitch house  
She was poppin with them sales I don't play that shit (bitch!)

And sold five hundred in cavi barely happy today  
Feelin knockin rowdy and my homey had to say

Well I got me a plot on the Westside on the town  
With some mark ass niggaz from the other side (yeah let's put it down)  
Now Dogg Pound Gangstaz true indeed we see  
The layout down, as we proceed  
Two in the front, three in the back, about to make niggaz collapse  
Cocked back the strap two minutes before the jack  
Takes place now we face to face and I'm in the mood  
For a murder, so I'm all for the do low and you know  
The chances, advances stages  
Gauges and three-eighties, crazy, nigga shady  
To my lady, what I'm a do is mine for my loot  
With the homies mash on the massion about quarter to two  
When we arrive, I be the first nigga to dip  
Straight to the front door and intention's to straight trip  
I gotta make my grip and I made my grip with the quickness  
Niggaz here to lick and got paid, bitch  
Riding, slipping and sliding  
I don't trust a bitch, so fuck a bitch  
What's the function, what's the game  
All aboard, the cavi train  
All you busters, riding round  
You don't want to, see the Pound

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written by ARNAUD, DELMER DREW / BROWN, RICARDO / CONNERLY, SENTRELLE  
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